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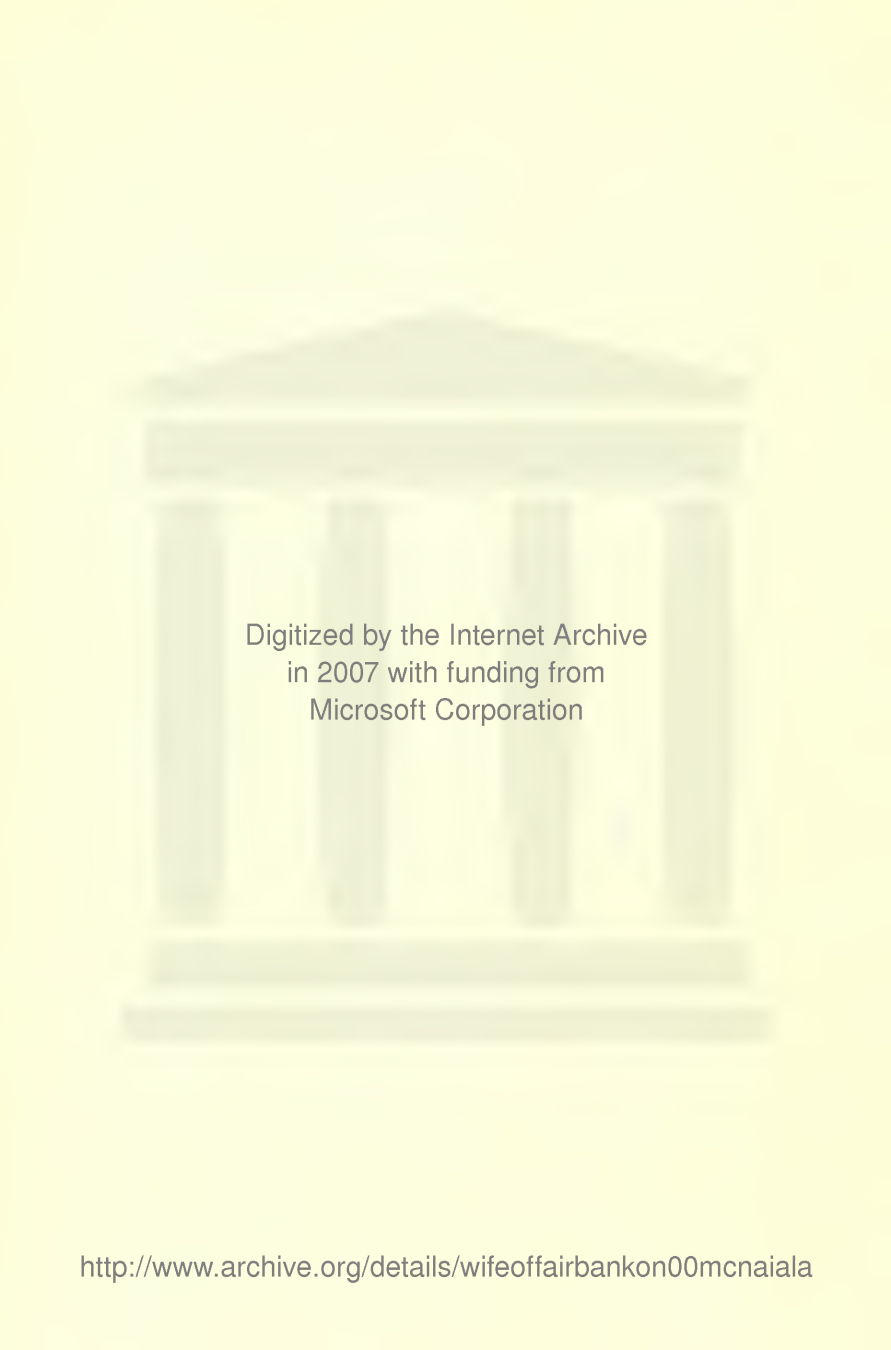
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Yours truly
D. McNaughton

THE WIFE OF FAIRBANK

ON

KIRKS AND MINISTERS.

BY

REV. D. MCNAUGHTON, M.A.

Author of "Laura Clarence," &c.

TORONTO
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Entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, by the Reverend DUNCAN McNAUGHTON, M.A., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

To

THE MODERATOR
OF THE VENERABLE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
THE MINISTERS, OFFICERS-BEARERS
AND
MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

This Work is Respectfully Dedicated.

THAT IT MAY CONTRIBUTE IN SOME DEGREE TO THE PROMOTION OF THE CAUSE OF CHRIST IS THE EARNEST PRAYER OF

YOUR HUMBLE FELLOW-SERVANT IN CHRIST,

DUNCAN McNAUGHTON.

PREFACE.

After examining a number of works on the subject of Church Government and observing that they were generally written with the object of bolstering up some favorite theory, I resolved to undertake the work which I now offer to the public. After I had written all I intended on the subject, it was suggested to me by a highly esteemed friend, who had listened to a course of lectures I had given on the Unity of the Christian Church, that I should extend the work so as to include Doctrine as well as Government. In endeavoring to carry out this suggestion the work has undergone in reality a change almost as great as Burns said was possible in one of his epistles to a friend. He said

> **Perhaps it may turn out a song,**
> **Perhaps a sermon.**

I have endeavored as far as possible to treat the subject from an independent standpoint, and to show the strong and weak points in the different systems now in use. The various characters introduced are intended simply to illustrate different phases of Church life and work. And I would here say that though there is no incident given which is not true of some character, there is no living individual to whom they will all apply. The Blands, the Bishops, the Nestors, the Narrows and Crankies hold the same place in this book as the Tulkinhorns, the Guppys and Buzfuzes in the works of Dickens, and are

as little intended to disparage the high and holy calling of the Christian ministry as the others are the noble, the honorable and necessary profession of the law. The object which the writer has kept constantly before him was to promote Christian Unity. And the earnest prayer of the author is that it may in some humble measure tend to draw nearer together the broken fragments of Christ's body, and aid in bringing about the fulfilment of the Lord's promise, that "there shall be one fold, as there is one Shepherd."

THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM BEVAN.

I have read the Rev. D. McNaughton's book, "The Wife of Fairbank on Kirks and Ministers," with very much pleasure and interest. It deals largely with two most important and difficult questions—patronage, and the respective interest and rights of the people and the ministry. They have always been vexed questions. Away back in the sub-apostolic age, St Clement's letter to the Corinthian Church shows that "contentions about the overseership" had commenced even thus early, and down through the ages there have been ever recurring disagreements between the lay and clerical elements regarding these questions.

There can be no doubt that the people have rights, and the ministry has rights.

The preservation of the just rights of the people will work in the interest of the ministry no less than in the interest of the people, and it is equally true that the preservation of the rights of the ministry will work no less in the interest of the people than in the interest of the ministry itself. The difficulty has been to rightly adjust these respective rights and interests, and the cultivation of a mutual spirit of concession in order to their hearty observance.

Mr. McNaughton's book bristles with shrewd and original sayings regarding this subject. Of course, the whole book is not occupied with this subject. Every conceivable question of popular religious interest is touched upon, and often in an uncommonly interesting manner. All sorts and conditions of men, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Church of England people, High and Low, have their say.

The tone of the book is liberal and broad, and side-lights are flashed upon many problems which are a source of trouble to many Christian people. The main trouble seems to be that people are growing more and more to desire all the freedom and liberty of congregationalism and all the advantages of a federation of local churches. The two things are impossible together. The peculiarity of the present state of things is that the spirit of congregationalism seems growing in non-congregationalist bodies, and the spirit of federation growing amongst congregationalists themselves.

WM. BEVAN.

St. Paul's Rectory, Mount Forest, Ont., July 10th, 1894.

FROM "THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN."

"The Wife of Fairbank on Kirks and Ministers." By Rev. D. McNaughton, M.A., author of "Laura Clarence," etc. Toronto: Press of the Canada Presbyterian, 5 Jordan Street.

Under this quaint title the author writes a book whose object is to promote Christian Unity. It is written in an interesting, conversational, colloquial style, with a good amount in it of the broad Scotch now so much in vogue. In the form of dialogue or conversations carried on by several fictitious personages introduced into the work almost all the knotty points in church polity which separate the different denominations are discussed in a racy, interesting style. This also extends to some of the points of doctrine on which they are divided. The method adopted by the writer draws the reader on from chapter to chapter, and much valuable instruction on the points at issue between the different bodies of Christians is imparted, which, had it appeared in the usual form of a treatise on them, would never have been gained because it would not have been read. In this way the author has given us a very useful and at the same time most readable book. We have only to add that the writer of it is a retired minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and dedicates his work to the Moderator of the Venerable the General Assembly, the ministers, office bearers and members of that body.

FROM THE REV. JOHN MacMILLAN.

The work pleases me very much. It is an excellent work, both in style and matter, and displays wit, humour and versatility in the writer. I am, indeed, very much pleased with it, and hope it will tend to do much good. I am,

Yours truly,

JOHN MacMILLAN.

Mount Forest, July 14th, 1894.

FROM ALEXANDER McLACHLAN, author of "The Emigrant and Other Poems."

"The Wife of Fairbank on Kirks and Ministers" is the title of a book by the Rev. D. McNaughton, M.A., and is dedicated to the Moderator of the General Assembly, the ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The author has embodied his ideas in the form of a very entertaining story, in which he carries his leading character through a number of scenes which are well calculated to show the gross injustice and indignities to which individual ministers are but too often subjected by ignorant congregations having in their power to hire and dismiss them, as if they were so many hired hands in a harvest field. And though the writer gives no opinion of his own, yet it is easy to see the side to which he leans. The question is the same (though with a difference) which in the days of Robert Burns created so much noise in Scotland, and was known as "patronage." And while reading the Rev. Mr. McNaughton's book we could not help recalling to mind the view that Burns took of the matter as expressed in his celebrated poem, the "Ordination," one verse of which kept running through our mind :

"Our patron, honest man, Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin',
And like a godly elect bairn
He's waled them out a new ane."

The opinions of the Wife of Fairbank, who is a shrewd, well-informed, clear-headed Scotch woman, and to the point, are mixed with a great deal of quiet, sly, pawky, cunning humour. Her wise sayings frequently brought to our mind the opinions of the celebrated Mrs. Poiser of George Eliot's novel. Altogether the work is one which ought to find a warm welcome from every intelligent Presbyterian in Canada and from the public generally.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

Amaranth Station.

THE WIFE OF FAIRBANK ON KIRKS AND MINISTERS is the title of a book from the pen of Rev. D. McNaughton, M.A., author of Laura Clarence, etc.

We have read the M.S.S. with great pleasure and profit. The subject of Church Polity is discussed in the form of a humorous, racy, and attractive story which cannot fail to rivet the attention of the reader and hold it to its close, and we think few who begin to read it will care to lay it aside till he finishes. In it sound scholarship, acute reasoning, wit, humor and pathos are happily blended. We were particularly struck with the strict impartiality of the writer. He appears to be thoroughly acquainted with the theories and the practical working of all the various systems of Church government and discusses them in the freest and most forcible manner, showing the strong and weak points in all, and laying bare the many sophistries employed by their various supporters, and showing the fallacies of many of the Scripture arguments adduced to support them, but he does it in such a way that it is next to impossible to see his own proclivities. It is evident that the object of the writer is to promote the cause of Christian unity rather by showing how trifling the differences are between different bodies, thus removing obstacles in the way of union, than by advocating it directly. It appears to be just the book required at the present time, when the subject of Church union is attracting so much attention. All denominations should aid in disseminating the work. We trust it will have a large circulation. We read Laura Clarence when it first appeared, and, like all others who read it, were delighted with it; but we think the Wife of Fairbank on Kirks and Ministers far superior to it.

T. CLEWORTH, Methodist Minister.

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THE WIFE OF FAIRBANK

ON

KIRKS AND MINISTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Edinburgh Convocation—Holidays at Home—Theological Course—Licensed to Preach—Experiences as Probationer in Scotland—Goes to the United States.

THE long-looked-for day had at last arrived. The Convocation Hall of Edinburgh University was crowded. The Chancellor, attired in his hood and gown, was seated on an elevated platform. On both sides of him were seated the Professors of the University and a number of other distinguished men, both lay and clerical. Immediately in front of the platform the graduating class was seated. Behind them were the undergraduates. The body of the hall and galleries were filled with eagerly interested spectators, the greater number of whom were friends and relatives of the students. My parents were seated in front of the gallery, in full view of where I was sitting. Each member of the graduating class went forward in turn, knelt before the chancellor, received the badge of the University and rose an M. A. The higher degrees of the University were conferred on a few

others. The President of the University delivered an eloquent address. He spoke in the highest terms of the great proficiency of the graduates and predicted for us all a brilliant future. When he mentioned my name as the winner of the Gold Medal of the University my mother wept for joy. She had dedicated me to God and the work of the ministry in my infancy. To this end she had prayed and laboured and toiled and deprived herself of many comforts, and now she had her reward. When the proceedings were over I accompanied my parents to their home. The simple fervent expressions of heartfelt gratitude uttered by my father that evening as we knelt around the family altar, made an impression on me never to be effaced.

I spent the summer with them in the home of my childhood in order to recruit my health. I had taxed my nervous energies to their utmost extent to keep my position in the classes.

It is much to be regretted that instructors of the young should encourage this competition among the students to the extent that they do. Many valuable lives are lost by it. I was pretty well broken down and needed rest, and there was no place where it could be better obtained.

On the advice of my parents I totally discarded books. I spent the greater part of my time in assisting my father with the farm work (for he was a small farmer) and visiting among our old neighbours. By the time

the summer was over my health was thoroughly recruited. When the College classes were opened in the fall I entered upon the study of Theology. Through the influence of one of the professors I obtained the position of tutor in a gentleman's family. By hard work and perseverance I succeeded in discharging my duties as tutor and keeping up with the classes in college. It was a great joy to me to be able to relieve my parents of the burden of my support. My income as tutor nearly paid my expenses; my father had only to make up a slight deficiency.

My theological course was in due time completed and I was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. Being young and my spirits buoyant I expected that the best vacancies in the church would be waiting with open arms to receive me. Judge of my disappointment when found that I made, as far as I could see, little or no impression.

On one occasion I had prepared a discourse with great care on one of the favourite topics of our professor of dogmatics. I was careful to give precisely the professor's views, and I thought I was on safe ground. I had delivered it with more ease and satisfaction to myself than on any former occasion. I thought I was making a favourable impression, but I had no sooner come down from the pulpit than a hard-faced, long-headed, narrow-browed elder came forward and said: "Your delivery is no sae ill; ye did far better than the last yin we had here, but he

was a puir, waik buddy. I thocht he was gaun tae break doon a'thegither; but his doctrine, what was o't, was soon', but I'm sorry tae say that's mair than can be said for you. You'r far frae being soon'." I was almost struck dumb with astonishment. When I found words I asked him on what points he thought me unsound. He then attacked one of the favourite hobbies of my favourite professor, and said: "It's no far frae being Armenianism." I ventured to say that Professor H. held those views. He answered: "I dinna heed for Professor H. I've heard o' him before. They say he's no soon'; in fact that he's a rank Armenian." I turned and left him.

It was a new and startling revelation to me that I could not even take refuge under the wing of my favourite professor. I chose for my subject next Sabbath a discourse on the decrees which had been prepared while I was at College. It had been read before the professors, criticised and passed. As I was somewhat daunted by the criticism of the former Sabbath I felt rather embarrassed in my delivery. I was met again at the pulpit stairs by my hard-faced friend with the remark: "You've gane tae the ither extreme the day. Ye gied us supralapsarian doctrine, an' ye've faun off in your delivery. You'll no dae for us." I hurried out of the church fairly broken down. I felt like giving up the work of the ministry altogether. But the thought of my mother nerved me to endure these rebuffs. I could not bear the thought of blasting her fondest hopes and

rendering all her self-denial on my behalf fruitless. I thought of One who had been despised and rejected, scorned and hated, without cause, and I felt ashamed of my weakness. I had two more appointments to fill. I now tried to feel when I entered the pulpit that I was an ambassador for Christ, and not a mere candidate for the suffrages of the people. I still saw the same cold criticising expression on the countenances of my hearers, but I tried to do my duty and leave results with God.

On the day following I took my passage on board a steamer on the Clyde to pay my parents a visit. The prospect of seeing my parents gave me little pleasure. How should I answer my mother's eager questionings? I had hoped for great success as a preacher. In my own estimation I had proved a failure. I was seated on the upper deck of the vessel gazing on the water as we ploughed our way up the stream. Though surrounded by a busy throng I felt as much alone as if in a wilderness. I was musing and writing bitter things against myself. May it not be, I thought, that I have mistaken my calling, that it was only a mother's fondness which saw in me those talents which should fit me for the ministry, and that I will yet be under the necessity of giving up and going home and assisting my father on the farm.

My reverie was broken by a gentleman accosting me. He had approached me unperceived. I saw by his dress and manner that he was an American. He held out his

hand with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, and said: "I presume you do not know me, but I perceive you are the gentleman I heard preach last evening, and if you have no objections I would like to make your acquaintance." He shook my hand cordially and expressed his pleasure at meeting me. He asked me a number of questions which appeared to be abrupt and inquisitive on the part of a stranger, but there was something so frank and cordial in his manner that all restraint was soon removed. He was soon in possession of my confidence and history. I told him all my difficulties and discouragements. He inquired about my parents, their position and prospects. When I had answered all his questions, he said: "What would you think of trying America?" I answered that as the question had been sprung on me so suddenly I could not give my answer till I had time to think of it, and to consult my parents. "That is right," he replied. He then told me that he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and a member of the Home Mission Committee, that he had been entrusted to secure as many ministers as possible who were willing to engage in Mission work, there being a great scarcity of missionaries in the Western States. "How do you know that I will be suitable?" I enquired. He replied: "Your sermon last evening did me good. I'll risk you." "But will the other members of the Committee have equal confidence in me?"

I enquired. "That will be all right," he replied. "The members of the Committee have confidence in one another. Our Superintendent of Missions is a friend of mine, and whatever I do will be endorsed by him. I see you are a little troubled with a disease which appears to be peculiar to you Scotch, but of which we Americans know but little, *i. e.* bashfulness; a short time in America will cure you of that. I would like to have you on our Mission field, I think you would do good work." His encouraging words acted like a charm on me. I soon felt like a new man. How sweet it is to have others trust in us. It is by faith we are saved. We must not only have faith in God, but in each other. This suspicion and distrust of one another which we find so painfully frequent among Christians is destructive of vital piety. Ministers of religion can do but little good unless the people have faith in them. It is a question for serious consideration whether a system whose whole tendency is to weaken the faith of the people in Christ's ministers can be to any great extent effectual in promoting faith in the Master himself. We should reflect whether we can honour the Master while we are despising and rejecting his servants.

We were soon at the landing. It was arranged that if, after consulting my parents, I should decide to accept his proposal, I should meet him in Glasgow at the end of two weeks. When we were parting he said: "I presume you are not very plenty of money, but if you decide to

go do not let that stand in your way. I will lend you whatever is necessary in the meantime, and you may pay me when convenient."

With what a light heart I now met my parents compared with what I would have done if I had not met this gentleman! When I told them of the plans proposed my mother broke down and wept bitterly. I now felt sorry I had made the proposal. I begged her to be composed and I would try to banish all thought of America. When she had become sufficiently composed to speak she said: "No' for me, laddie! No' for me! The Lord's will be done. We are to deny ourselves. The Master sought not to please himself; I must not seek to please myself. I could see that this candidating was breaking your spirits. I was brought up in the Kirk an' there was nane o' that wark there. The ministers were a' sent tae their places. I kent naithing aboot that way o' ministers hunting up their ain places till I was mairrit tae your faither an' joined the Free Kirk, an' I'm sure I dinna like it. I'll be quite willing for you to go to America if you can only get clear o' that candidating." My father was more reluctant, but finally consented. I wrote to my friend and our arrangements and preparations were soon completed.

The time speedily came for parting with my parents. Any of my readers who have bid a final farewell to the home of their childhood, their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters and crossed the ocean, can understand my

feelings. They who have never done so cannot, and I need not attempt to describe them. My parents accompanied me to Glasgow. I received their final adieu and their "God bless you." There was the usual amount of handshaking, weeping and waving of handkerchiefs. As our splendid steamer made its way down the river I stood on the deck waving my handkerchief in response to my mother who stood on the wharf waving hers, while my father stood motionless by her side. As the distance between us increased, first the handkerchief, then the form of my parents gradually vanished into thin air. I then retired to my stateroom, completely broken down, bolted the door, threw myself on my narrow bed and burst into tears.

I did not venture upon deck till next morning. I then sought out my American friend and patron. When I found him he appeared to understand me. He said: "I could see that you took on pretty badly, and I knew it was no use to say anything. Time alone can work a cure. I remember how it was when I left my home in the East to go out West. It came mighty hard on me but much harder on my mother. I pitied your mother more than I did you, and if you are ever in the position of a parent you will understand it better. Let us take a walk on deck and you will feel better." He turned the conversation to Mission work in the West, and I could see that he aimed at giving me as much useful information on the subject as possible. I was both interested

and profited by our conversation. He introduced me to some friends and I soon began to enjoy myself. During the short attack of sea-sickness which I had he nursed me with the tenderness of a father, and I had now begun to look upon him as such.

The passage was on the whole pleasant. The weather was fine and the company into which I was introduced by my friend was agreeable.

When we reached New York we took the cars for St. Louis, where my friend carried on a large mercantile business. On his urgent invitation I spent a few days with him. He said I required rest before entering on my work.

He then introduced me to the Superintendent of Missions for the State of Missouri. That gentleman received me with great frankness and courtesy. He examined my papers and engaged in a free and easy conversation with me and my friend and was soon in possession of as much of my history as interested him. He then gave me a letter of introduction to the Moderator of the Presbytery in whose bounds I was to labour and assigned me to a field of labour near Springfield, Mo.

CHAPTER II.

Home Mission Work in the West—State of Society—Lynch Law—Dealing with Horse Thieves—Recklessness in the Use of Firearms—A Story of Western Life—Love—Matrimony—Murder, etc.

I WAS surprised at the matter-of-fact, business-like way in which all the work was done. I entered upon my work with enthusiasm. I had a large field committed to my care. My headquarters was in a town of one thousand inhabitants. Villages at that time were unknown in the West. Every collection of houses was a town or a city. There were four churches in the town. The largest was the Campbellites as they are sometimes called, but better known by the name of Disciples, Reformers, or Christians. The next largest was the Baptists, next the Methodists, next the Cumberland Presbyterians. The latter had its origin in the Cumberland Valley, Tennessee. It is Presbyterian in form, Methodist in doctrine and practice. They are a zealous, hard-working body of Christians, but their standard of education is low compared with the other Presbyterian bodies, and their ministers are much lower in literary attainments. This was to be expected from their origin. The secession was caused by the Cumberland Presbytery licensing a number of ministers who had not gone through a regular course of training. The synod refused to receive those ministers

and appointed a committee to re-examine them. The Cumberland Presbytery refused to submit, seceded and organized themselves into a separate body.

We had a small society but no place of worship. I held a service once in two weeks on the Sabbath evenings in the Methodist church, which was kindly granted to us. I was surprised and pleased with the friendly manner in which I was treated by the ministers of all the other denominations. They all called on me as soon as it was known that I was in the place, and welcomed me as a fellow-worker. I was left to make my own arrangements as to my other appointments. I took up as many preaching stations out in the country as I could attend to. My preaching, though differing so widely in manner from the boisterous kind so prevalent in the west at that time, was well received.

I lost no time in visiting all the members and adherents of the Presbyterian church in the neighbourhood. I likewise sought out and visited all I could find who were in the habit of attending no church. I found a large class who had become disgusted with the illiteracy of the preachers who ministered to them and had ceased to attend any place of worship, they soon began to attend regularly. I was much pleased with the frank admission of one of the other ministers. He said: "You can reach a class which we fail to reach."

My ministry appeared to be greatly blessed. I was, however, greatly shocked with the recklessness in the

use of firearms which prevailed in the community, and the little importance attached to human life. This I laid to two causes, first, slavery. A master was held to be justified in taking the life of a slave who resisted authority. The step from taking a black man's life to that of a white man's is easily taken.

Secondly, the civil war, which was just then terminated. The greater number of the men had served in the armies of either the North or South. Familiarity with bloodshed on the battlefield hardens the heart and prepares the mind for taking human life in private quarrels.

I had paid several visits to a sick woman, who was a member of the church. Her husband was not a communicant, he stood in the relation of a kind of a brother-in-law to the church. I rather liked him, and was indulging in the hope that I was doing him good, as he appeared to enjoy my visits. I mentioned the case to a lady friend. She said:

"She was afeard he was a mighty bad man after all his fair talk."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why," she said, "because it's not long since he shot a man, and I hain't got no use for anybody that'll shoot for so little as he did." I was too much shocked to say any more, and I changed the subject. I, however, continued to visit the sick woman. The man who had been "too ready a shootin'," explained to me on my next visit that the "shootin'" had been done in

self-defence, and that so far from being to blame, he had exercised great patience. I found that there were two sides to the story, but both made very light of the "shootin'." But my sensibilities received a greater shock shortly after. I was boarding in a hotel. There were a number of railway labourers boarding there. The landlord had a son about eighteen years old. One morning when I came down to breakfast, the young man accosted me by saying: "Two of our boarders has turned up missin' this mornin'."

"How's that?" I said.

"Wall, I hearn 'em gettin' up an' a pullin' on their duds just afore sun was up, and I 'lowed suthin must be up, or they wouldn't be a turnin' out at that time. So I jest snuck out o' bed and got behind the door o' their room and looked through the crack o' the door, for it was a standin' open, and I could see 'em chucking all their spare duds into an ole carpet bag, like a pair o' mean carpet baggers as they were. I'll spoil your fun, 'sez I to myself. So I snuck back into my room an' piled on my duds quicker an' you could say Jack Robinson. But they hearn' me, an' they hussled roun an' got out o' the house afore I could ketch 'em, an' they dug along the railroad track pretty lively. I out an' foller'd 'em an' I'd jest got near enuf to hail 'em when they took to the brush" (woods).

"What did you expect to be able to do, anyway?" I asked.

"Oh!" he said, "I was a' most near enuf to shoot."

"Oh!" I said, "had you your revolver with you?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "I'd never go out on sech business without my revolver!"

"Well," I said, "suppose you had? According to your own account, they were two strong men and you were there alone. What could you have done?"

"Oh," he said, "my father had hearn 'em agettin out, and he was a follerin up, an' he had one o' Colt's best seven shooters, an' one o' Larkins' best bowie knives, an' we could a riddled 'em an' cut 'em all to sausage meat."

His mother, who was standing by, said: "Wall, you were a great fool to holler at 'em and skeer 'em, you should a shot first." His eldest sister, a fine looking girl of about twenty, was likewise standing by, and she said: "Wa'll, I'll be dog-on, if any man what 'ud go off without paying his board hadn't 'orter be shot."

This was the estimate which they all placed on "shootin'." They evidently did not know that according to the laws of the State of Missouri the penalty for murder was death, and that by some sudden change of opinion, a jury might take a notion to call such "shootin'" as this young man and his father had purposed doing, and his mother and sister approved of, murder, and the actors end their days on the gallows. This young man was no vulgar rough; there were many ways in which he was exemplary. We had a lawyer who had failed to find sufficient employment at the legal bar, serving at the

whiskey bar and waiting on table. This lawyer had accused the young man of having been drunk on a certain occasion. This was such a grievous offence that he complained to his father, and told him that in the future one house would not hold both him and a man who could so slander his character that one of them must go. The lawyer had to go.

I was appointed by the Presbytery to organize a new church in a new settlement. A gentleman, who had given his name as one of the members who was to form this new organization, was a member in good and regular standing in the Methodist Church South. He had given me what I thought good and sufficient reasons for making the change. On the day appointed for effecting the organization he was absent. On the day following I met him. He apologized for his absence, and explained that he had been appointed leader of a vigilance committee, and gone in pursuit of a horse-thief; that they had succeeded in capturing him; that a dispute had arisen as to whether they should use a rope which a member of the committee had with him strapped to the saddle to be ready for such an emergency, and hang the prisoner at once, as was the prevailing custom, or deliver him over to the legal authorities. My friend was on the side of law and order. While the dispute was going on between the two parties, all attention was diverted from the prisoner. He took advantage of the situation and "broke" as they call it, and

"took to the brush." When my friend came to this point he said: "I fired one shot after him, but unfortunately I missed him." He had succeeded in making his escape and had not been retaken. Though my friend was a doctor by profession, and a man of influence, I declined to make him a pillar of that church.

It might be thought that preaching would make but little impression on such subjects. Not so. I have seen large congregations, made up of just such material,—many of whom would have had as few scruples of conscience about using their revolvers or bowie knives as their knives and forks—melted to tears when listening to a sermon by which our gospel-hardened Scotch and Canadian Presbyterians would have been unmoved.

I will now relate an incident in my experience of Western life, which proves the truth of the old adage, that truth is stranger than fiction. A couple called on me to be married. The bridegroom gave his name as Vanhunt. He represented himself as a bachelor. He was about forty; the bride was a widow about thirty, and rather ladylike in appearance. They had been to the squire, who did most of the marrying in that place, and not finding him at home, they had come to me. They were introduced to me by a son-in-law of the squire. He told me that they were well known to the squire, and that the bridegroom was wealthy and respectable. Hence, I made no further enquiry. I looked on myself as in a manner acting for the squire.

When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom appointed an hour in the afternoon at which he would be back to get the marriage certificate, and they took their leave.

He was back at the appointed hour. He said he was glad the squire was from home, and that he had been so fortunate as to meet with a Presbyterian minister; that if he had known I was there, he would have come to me first; that he was a Presbyterian, and it was to him a great pleasure to have made my acquaintance, and the more so because it was unexpected. He inquired with great apparent interest into the state of the Presbyterian cause in the place. I told him among other things, that we had a small church, but no place of worship. He then said:

"We must go at it and build a church. I am coming to live here, and I want to have things go on right."

He then went on to tell me that he had bought a large farm in the neighbourhood, and was to be back on the Saturday following to have the title made over to him. He soon talked me over to the opinion that I had just found the man I was looking for. He said he had no money with him less than a $500 bill, and he could not get it changed, hence he could not pay the marriage fee; but he would return on the following Saturday and he would then be prepared to pay it. He arranged with me to procure and fill a fancy marriage certificate and have it ready for him when he came, and he would give me twenty dollars.

The certificate was ready at the time appointed, but the man failed to put in an appearance. I got the marriage registered, paid the required fee of 50 cts., and looked on the matter as ended.

About six months after this time, I was on a missionary tour through that part of the State of Kansas in which Mr. Vanhunt had told me that he lived and owned a section of land. On enquiring I learned that he lived only a mile from where we were, and that it lay in my way. I enquired about the section of land which he had told me that he owned. I was told that he owned no land; that he boarded with a brother-in-law, a squire, McFadden; that he had quite recently returned from Texas with a large drove of Texas cattle, and was occupied in attending to them, and disposing of them.

Guided by the directions which I received, I was soon at Squire McFadden's. Mrs. V. came to the door when I knocked, but we failed to recognize each other, as we had never met but once, viz., when I performed their marriage ceremony. I enquired for Mr. V., and was told that he was in an adjoining room at dinner. As the door was open leading into the dining-room, he could see me from where he sat, and he called out in the most cordial and familiar manner:

"How are you, Mr. Nichol?"

I answered, correcting his mistake, and giving him my name. He came out of the room, shook me cordially by the hand, apologized for his mistake, and invited me to

dinner. I accepted the invitation. Mrs. V. accompanied me to the dining-room and waited on me. I could see from the way she looked at me that she was trying to recall my features. And as I observed her more closely I was convinced that she was Mrs. V. When we rejoined Mr. V. in the parlour, I asked her if she was not Mrs. V. She said she was. She then asked m if I was Mr. M. I assented. She then held out her hand and we shook hands. Mr. V. still insisted that he did not know me. He said, "My wife appears to know you, and it appears to me that I have seen you somewhere, but I cannot remember where." He repeated my name a number of times, as if trying to recollect, and named a number of places in Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas, where he thought he might have seen me. I assured him we had never met in any of those places. When I saw he could not recall the place where we had met, I said: "We met in the town of M—— last August."

He replied: "I was there last August and was married there, but I do not remember having seen you."

I then said: "Do you remember who married you?"

He then sprang forward and seized my hand and shook it in the most cordial manner and said: "I now remember you, and I am so glad to see you."

He then expressed great regret that he had failed to keep his appointment with me when he was married, and explained that he had an engagement with a gentleman at that time to go to Texas to buy a drove of cattle; that

the gentleman had come for him at that time, and he had been forced much against his will to go with him; hence his failure to carry out his agreement with me. He then, as if recalling something to his recollection, said: "Did I not promise to give you $20 when I should return on the Saturday after our marriage?"

I answered that there was a proposal of that kind.

"Well," he said, "I always do what I say. Have you the marriage certificate you were to have ready for me?"

I answered, "No. As our meeting to-day is purely accidental, I have not got it with me, but I had it ready at the time, and I can send it to you by mail."

"Oh," he said, "you need not mind to send it by mail, I am going there next week, and I intended to go even though I had not seen you. I want to see my friend, Squire M. He has always been an intimate friend of my father's, and all our family have a warm attachment for him. I must pay him a visit."

He then put his hand into his pocket, took out a $5 bill and handed it to me, and said:

"When I visit your town next week I'll call on you and get the certificate and give you the remaining $15; for I always keep my word."

After a little general conversation he had me convinced the second time that he was just the right man. I left them with a warm invitation to call on my way back. I did so. Mr. V. was then absent, and Mr. McF·

who had been absent on my first visit was at home. He gave me a detailed account of Mr. V.'s whole career from the time that he first came to the neighbourhood. He represented himself as the son of a millionaire in the city of New York, and a man of large means. He wished to buy a section of land. He made an arrangement with Mr. McF. to board with him while he was trying to select land that would suit him. The lady he married was a sister of Mr. McF. She was a patient of an insane asylum in the State of Indiana, and a native of that State. When her first husband died she had become insane and was committed to an asylum. After a few months she was so far recovered that the authorities of the asylum entrusted her to the care of her brother-in-law, Squire McF., and allowed him to take her to the State of Kansas, so that she could enjoy the advantage of a change of air and scene. She was wealthy; her late husband who had been a wealthy, respectable man, had left her all his property during her lifetime, and at her death it was to go to their only child, a daughter, then about six years old. She had a farm in the State of Indiana, besides an income of $1,000 a year from money invested. Mr. V. soon found this out and began to make love to her. After he had been there a week he asked Mrs. McF.'s permission to take the young widow out for a drive. Mrs. McF. flatly refused, and expressed surprise that on such a short acquaintance he should presume to make such a proposal. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, he set about

ingratiating himself as much as possible into Mr. McF.'s favour. He lost no opportunity of enlarging on the great wealth and influence of his father's family, and of his own large means and prospects. And after a time he began to gently hint that he had a strong attachment for the young widow. When he saw that Mr. McF. was not altogether averse to such an arrangement he asked Mr. McF. for his own consent, and to use his influence with his wife to get her consent.

Mr. McF. said he had no objection provided that he furnished satisfactory evidence that he was the kind of person he represented himself to be. "But," he said, "you are altogether too much of a stranger to expect our confidence to such an extent, without satisfactory evidence as to your character."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. V., "that is quite reasonable, I would feel just the same myself if I were in your place. I respect you all the more for being so careful in guarding the interests of a relative to whom you stand in the meantime in the relation of guardian. I shall lose no time in furnishing all the evidence you can desire." He then went to his room and in a short time came out with two letters which he had just written, saying: "The one of these is to my father in New York, the other to Senator V., of Indiana, who is a cousin of mine." Mr. McF. then suggested, "As those parties are strangers to me, perhaps you would have no objections to asking for a testimonial from Dr. Browning, a Presby-

terian minister in Indianapolis. I am acquainted with him, and if I have one from him I shall then know that all is right."

"Well thought of," he said. And he went back to his room and wrote another letter, and started with the three to the postoffice. As he went out of the door he said "In a week or ten days I will have all the evidence you can desire."

One morning, about a week after this time, before there was quite time to get answers to his letters, while Mr. and Mrs. McF. were for a short time absent from the house, he obtained the young widow's consent to go out with him for a drive. Mr. and Mrs. McF. were just returning to the house through the orchard as the couple in the carriage were passing along the lane. Mr. McF. made a rush towards the horses to stop them, but a hedge fence intervening prevented him. Finding himself foiled in his attempt to stop them, he called out: "Where are you going?"

Mr. V. coolly answered: "We're only going out for a short drive; we'll be back in an hour."

When he got her away he succeeded in persuading her to go with him over into the State of Missouri where they could be married without license, and have it over at once. "Mac.," he said, "will make a little fuss over it at the time, but he's a good-natured fellow, we'll soon get him all right, and we may just as well have it over with at once." She consented, and as I have related

above, they came to me and were married. When they returned in the evening, just as he predicted, good-natured Mr. McF. made a little fuss, but forgave them. He said: "What's done can't be helped." Mr. V. not only succeeded in obtaining forgiveness, but by offering the sum of $10 per week, he got good-natured Mac. to board him and his wife, and not only this but he agreed to put up one hundred tons of prairie hay to feed the drove of cattle he proposed to bring back from Texas. All this Mac. fulfilled and lost about $300 by the whole transaction.

At the time of my visit they had disagreed, decided to separate, and were trying to effect a settlement. They now moved to a house a few miles from Mr. McF.'s. I had taken up a monthly appointment in the little town of A——, about six miles from Mr. McF.'s. In passing to and fro, I had occasion to pass Mr. McF.'s house and generally called and accepted their hospitality. On my next visit Mr. McF. told me that it was currently reported that Mrs. V. frequently received cruel treatment from her husband. He requested me to call and see them, find out as nearly as possible the true state of things and report. Mr. V. received me with warm expressions of regard and friendship.

Of Mr. Mc.F. he said: "Mac. is a good fellow, but a little hasty. When I found we were not likely to get along pleasantly together, I thought we had better agree to disagree. So we separated. But still I think a heap

of Mac." He then asked me about the marriage certificate and repeated his promise to pay the balance ($15) of his marriage fee. I soon saw that Mrs. V.'s mind was completely poisoned and turned against her relatives, and that matters would have to remain as they were for a time; hence I reported accordingly.

On my next visit I found that Mr. and Mrs. V. had moved to the town of A——, and were boarding with a doctor, who, like Mr. V., boasted of his ancestry. He claimed to be a descendant of the great General Lafayette. But whatever may have been his ancestry, he had the reputation of being somewhat unscrupulous himself. It was ascertained that Mr. V. and this Dr. had entered into a conspiracy to obtain possession of Mrs. V.'s property. The plan was to get a legally qualified Medical Board to examine her and pronounce her of sane mind, and then to make an application to the authorities of the insane asylum in the State of Indiana, of which she was still a ward, for her discharge, so that she could be placed in control of her own property, and as a matter of course Mr. V. would control it for her. If the plot should prove successful the Dr. was to receive $7,000 for his share of the spoil.

We likewise learned that he was in the habit of treating Mrs. V.'s little daughter by her former husband, a girl about six years old, with great cruelty, and as it was well understood that if the child should die the mother would inherit the property, we had good

reason to feel that the child's life was in danger. Mr. McF. arranged to meet with me next day in the town of A—— so that we might consult as to what measures we should adopt to get Mrs. V. out of their hands. We met and had a consultation. Mr. McF. said that owing to the state of feeling between him and the parties, he could not go to the Dr.'s house, and he requested me to go and see them and learn as far as possible the state of matters. I went immediately after dinner, accompanied by my friend Squire Billings. Mr. V. was absent. We afterwards learned that he had gone to the town where their marriage was recorded, to learn if the matter had been attended to. The Dr. and a few friends were present. We had a little conversation on general topics. The Dr. asked me if the marriage was duly registered. From this and other questions asked, my suspicions were strengthened. I saw no opportunity for a private interview with Mrs. V., so Squire Billings and I took our leave. Mrs. V. followed us outside and told me that her brother-in-law, Mr. McF., had sent her a note requesting her to have an interview with me if possible. She said she had been told that I could give her some information about her husband. I could see that she had begun to suspect that all was not right, and I knew that extreme caution would be necessary in speaking to her; for being weak in mind, the Dr. and her husband could by cross-questioning, find out anything I would tell her.

I told her that I had never seen her husband till the day they were married.

She said: "I have been told that you have learned something of him through Squire B."

"As to that," I replied, "Squire B. says that he belongs to a respectable family, but he has no confidence in your husband."

She then asked me if he had given me the $20 he had promised as a marriage fee. To this I made no reply further than to say: "You had better not concern yourself about that, there is something of more importance to be considered."

This reply aroused her suspicions still more. She then told me that he was quick-tempered. and at times treated both her and the child somewhat roughly, but she did not know whether she ought to leave him or not. I did not feel that it would be safe to advise her to do so, as it would be sure to get to the ears of her husband, and I had learned enough of his character by that time to know that he would have as little hesitation in using his revolver if he thought it the best means of obtaining his end, as he had on a former occasion in giving me money. Hence, I said: "You had better be guided by the advice of your sister and brother-in-law. They will advise you for the best." I wanted time to think over the matter more thoroughly, so I left her promising to call and see her next morning. After reflecting on the matter in all its aspects, I decided to

advise her to go to her sister's on a visit. I thought I could run no great risk in that, and I knew that if Mr. and Mrs. McF. should get her there once they would never let her away, but when I went there I was not allowed to see her alone; hence my plan failed.

I had some important business in connection with my church work which demanded my attention and I was under the necessity of leaving town, but I thought the case so important and I felt such an interest in it that I made arrangements with Squire Billings to watch the case. I had decided that, if she could not be got out of their hands in any other way, a writ should be obtained from the probate court and she should be taken as a ward of the asylum. But the object was more easily gained. Though Mrs. B.'s mind was weak in some ways, in money matters she was quite sane, and when she saw that they were anxious to get the control of her money, all her suspicions were aroused and they were strengthened by our interview of the previous day. As she had seen Squire Billings with me on that occasion she went to him for advice. The Squire was cautious about advising her, as he was sensible of the danger. He knew that they had been both coaxing and threatening her to get her to sign some documents, and he advised her to sign no paper whatever. She promised to take his advice. She then expressed a strong wish to see her sister. Squire B. asked if Mr. V. and the Dr. were at home. She said they were not, and

were not expected till late at night. Squire B. then said: "If you wish to see your sister I will try to put you in the way of seeing her. Now go back to the Dr.'s and don't say a word about being here."

Squire B. then went to Mr. McF.'s by a circuitous route, so as to conceal his object, and told him that Mrs. V. wanted to see him. He lost no time in getting out a carriage and his best horses and starting for her. As the Dr.'s wife did not sympathize with her husband and Mr. V. in their scheme, she helped Mr. McF. to get Mrs. V. and her luggage into the carriage, and the weary wanderer was soon safe at home. She had been sustained by excitement during the day, but when she found herself safe in her sister's arms her nervous system seemed to give way—she fainted—restoratives were applied and she soon opened her eyes. At first there was an expression of pain on her countenance, but when her eyes met those of her sister she gave an appealing look, and said: "Oh, you will not let them take me away!"

"No, never," Mrs. McF. answered, firmly.

Mr. McF. then took her up in his arms and carried her into her room. She clung to him with the helplessness of a child. When she found herself in the room and in the bed which she had formerly occupied, she gazed around her as if to assure herself that she was really there, and said: "Oh, how sweet to be here. Praise the Lord for all His mercies."

"Yes," said Mr. McF., "Praise him for His mercies

and lie quiet and feel just as safe as if ye were in your mother's arms. D'ye see that?" he said, holding up a revolver. "Me an' each o' my four boys has got a six shooter, an' they'll all be emptied afore any o' them gets near you. Now go to sleep; there's a good girl."

She was soon asleep. She started up several times during the night and screamed, but when Mr. McF. assured her that he and his boys were there and that she was all right, she became quiet.

When Mr. V. and Dr. L. returned late at night and found that their bird had flown, there was some hard swearing. If Prof. Britton's theory of mental operations be true—viz., that minds operate on other minds, and make impressions on them altogether irrespective of distance—the angry thoughts and feelings directed against Mrs. V. would be sufficient to account for the frightful dreams which disturbed her rest during that night.

Next day Mr. V. went to see Mr. McF. and demanded to see his wife. Mr. McF. refused to allow him to go into the house. He grasped his revolver. Mr. McF. was too quick for him. He had his revolver levelled at him before he had his out of his pocket, and speaking just as quietly as a Quaker while preaching, he said: "Jest you keep that ar' shootin' stick in your pocket an' travel, or jest as like as not ye'll find this clearin' unhealthy."

Mr. V. appeared to hesitate. Mr. McF. with a gesture said: "Now jest you git—time's precious. I'll jest

keep you company to the road." He then walked behind him revolver in hand to the road, and with a wave of his hand he said: "There's the road to A——, now good-bye. An' ye needn't mind payin' me another visit till I send you a special invitation." Mr. V. acted on the suggestion.

No prisoner released from prison ever felt happier or more grateful than poor Mrs. V. I never saw her afterwards, but she expressed her gratitude. We shortly afterwards got Mr. V.'s history. He was now operating under an assumed name. The name he assumed was that of a wealthy respectable family who had branches in New York, Indiana and Kentucky; hence he proved that there was much in a name.

This was the third wife he had living. He was making a business of marrying rich widows, getting hold of their money and deserting them. About this time a strange gentleman made his appearance in the town of A——. He was enquiring for a wealthy gentleman by the name of V., whom he was informed owned a bank in the town. He said he had sold him a large drove of cattle nearly a year before that time and taken a cheque on the bank in A——, that he had deferred getting it cashed till that time, and as he now had occasion to pass through that part of the country he had just stopped to get his cheque cashed. When he was told the career that Mr. V. had run, and learned how completely he had been swindled, he coolly said: "Well, in about three months I expect to have my business in such a shape

that I can spend two or three months in travelling. I shall then set out in search of Mr. V., and if he's in the United States I'll find him, and if I and he ever meet he'll never swindle another man."

In about four months after this time we saw a paragraph in a newspaper published in St. Louis stating that a man answering to the name and description of Mr. V. had married a rich widow in a little town a few miles east of Kansas City and north of the Missouri river; that they had lived together about two months when a number of masked men visited the house at night, took Mr. V. out and he was never seen afterwards. It was supposed that the Western drover, who had been swindled as we have related above, had tracked him out and disposed of him in a way which is described by Western men, "by letting him look up a limb," or in plain English, by hanging him by the neck till he was dead. How true that the way of the transgressor is hard.*

I had got accustomed to the country and to the work, and had become much attached to my fellow Presbyters. I always enjoyed the meetings of Presbytery very much. Ours was a thoroughly missionary Presbytery; there was only one settled minister in it. Our superintendent of missions (practically our bishop) was admirably fitted for his office. It was his duty to superintend all the churches within the bounds of the Synod, which comprehended the whole State of Missouri, to

* The above is a true story.

attend all the meetings of the different Presbyteries and advise with them about mission work, and do precisely the work of a bishop in the Episcopalian Church, and he did it in very much the same way. I accompanied him once on a tour through a part of his district or diocese. In one place he examined into a complaint made against the missionary who had been supplying them. We met the ruling elder, and the following conversation took place:—

Supt.—What is your difficulty?

Ans.—Some of us don't like the minister.

Q—What is the nature of the complaint?

Ans.—I don't know.

Q.—Any immorality in conduct?

Ans.—Oh, no.

Q.—Any fault to his doctrine?

Ans.—Oh, no.

Q.—What fault have you to find? What is your grievance?

Ans.—I cannot say, but some were thinking that if we had a change we would do better.

Q.—Have you fulfilled your part of the agreement?

Ans.—I don't know.

Q.—Have you paid the part of the salary you agreed to pay?

Ans.—No.

Q.—How much are you in arrears?

Ans.—I don't know.

Q.—Do you think you have paid half ?

Ans.—I don't know.

Q.—How do you pay—whether yearly, half-yearly or quarterly ?

Ans.—I don't know.

Q.—Have you been out collecting since the present year set in ?

Ans.—No.

Q.—Have you been taking any steps towards building a church ?

Ans.—No.

"If that is the state of affairs," said the Superintendent, "I must tell you frankly that we have not such a supply of ministers that we can allow them to be trifled with in that way. You must first do your duty. Take round two subscription papers, one to raise money to pay the salary of your preacher, the other to build a church ; and if after you have done your duty I find a change necessary, I will transfer your missionary to another field and send another to you. But rest assured you can get no other only through me, and that will be only after you have done you duty to your present minister."

That ended the matter. The elder immediately prepared his lists and went to work. Such action was always reported to the Presbyteries, and as those Superintendents were always selected with great care and held the confidence of the church, it was almost invariably

endorsed. Our Superintendent took such an interest in me, counseling and assisting me, when I was young and inexperienced in the work, that he appeared almost like a father to me. The Lord blessed my labour. I was getting accustomed to the ways of the country, and though the free use of the revolver was still disagreeable to me, there was a kindness and geniality in the manner of the people which I liked. I was pleased to find my influence increasing, and I was looking forward to a career of usefulness, but I was doomed to disappointment. I began to be afflicted with that annoying vexatious disease, fever and ague. The fever at times made me delirious. I was sometimes attacked when from home among strangers, and felt it my duty to give warning that I might become delirious. In such cases I was under the necessity of remaining wherever I might happen to be, till fit to travel. I was always treated with the greatness kindness. For some time I carried medicine with me and frequently when riding on horseback—my mode of travelling—I felt symptoms of an attack and warded it off by a timely use of my medicine.

At length my medical adviser recommended a change of climate About this time I met a Presbyterian minister from Canada who strongly advised me to try that climate. He said: "We are not overstocked with ministers, and our Presbytery has several vacancies in it and we might get you to supply one till the General Assembly meets, and you could then be regularly received if

you desired it. We are situated in a high, dry part of the country where ague is unknown and cannot exist." I laid the matter before my Superintendent. He said: "Health is the first consideration, but I shall be exceedingly sorry to lose you. I do not like to see educated men leaving the country, and I am afraid after the length of time you have spent in this country, you will not like Canada."

I replied: "It is only an experiment with me and I do not know how I will like it. But," I added in a jocular manner, "if you find any hard-headed Scotchmen you have trouble in managing and send for me I may return."

He replied: "If you say so now I will get you a Scotch congregation and you need not leave the country at all. I have one on my hands now for which I want a minister, and I think it is a more healthy part of the country than where you now are."

I was strongly tempted to remain, but the fear of the ague and a lingering attachment for the British flag turned the scale and I decided to try Canada. I bade my dearest, truest friend farewell. He assured me that he would always continue to take an interest in me, and exacted a promise from me that I would keep up a correspondence with him. I parted from him with feelings which, though not so intense, were similar to those I experienced when parting with my parents and leaving my native land.

CHAPTER III.

Goes to Canada—Mission in Dolan—The Wife of Fairbank—And the Laird—Sturdy—The "Objecking" Elder—Mr. Graham—He becomes a Congregationalist—Called and Inducted in Dolan—Mr. Goodwill-Narrow—Dr. Bland—How Mr. Wilson became an Episcopalian—A Company in Fairbank Discusses the Question of Church Government—The Election of Matthias—The Casting Lots: Was it by a Show of Hands?—The Laird on Prescilla and Aquilla—Ordination of Barnabas and Paul—Laying on of the Hands of the Presbytery: 1 Tim. 4, 14—The Laird gives his Sentiments—The Three Orders—Bishop, Priest and Deacon—Opinions of Hooker, Cranmer, Latimer, Stillingfleet—Bishop's Book—Ruling Elders—Deacons, Acts 6, 4—Crankie's Exposition.

I WAS soon on board of a train travelling eastward. We crossed the Mississippi, the father of waters, about sunset. I took a last, long, lingering. sad look at the Western prairie, for though I had the beautiful fertile prairies of Illinois to cross, it would be during the night, and ere the day should dawn I would be in a wooded country.

My journey was soon completed. I met the Presbytery of G—— according to an arrangement made by my friend. I was recommended to the General Assembly for admission and was sent to supply a vacancy during the winter in the village of Dolan. I was sent to board with a Mrs. Smith, who was familiarly known as the Wife of Fairbank. Her husband was known as the Laird.

The wife of Fairbank was a somewhat noted character. She was from Ayr, in Scotland, the neighbourhood where Burns, the Scottish poet, was born and spent the greater part of his life. She boasted that her father had often seen the poet. She was a warm admirer of his poetry. She was an admirable critic. I was very much surprised with the acuteness of her criticism. The first evening I spent there she dissected the leading poets, dealing out praise and censure in a manner worthy of Lord Macauley. She gave Burns and Scott high places, but gave the palm to Shakespeare. She was equally at home in history. Her memory was exceedingly retentive. But with her history was not a mere narrative of facts. She dealt with the philosophy of history, and what was the greatest curiosity, she translated all her language into the broadest Scotch. Though she had been brought to the country when a child, she had been brought up in a Scotch neighbourhood and spoke the broadest of Scotch.

The family consisted of five, viz., two sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter was married to a minister of the Church of England. The second, an interesting girl named Mary, was about twenty. The next, named Bella, was about eighteen. The two youngest were boys, aged sixteen and twelve respectively. There was a brother of Mrs. Smith's living with them. He was very eccentric. He was continally engaged in reading and writing and spoke but little, but when he did speak it was always to the purpose. The whole

family appeared to be somewhat reticent as to his past history. I simply learned that he had been educated for the ministry, but for some cause he was not in the work.

I entered upon my work with all the energy of which I was possessed. I found that the congregation was pretty well broken down. Indeed, there was only a fragment of a congregation left. A few years before that time the congregation had been in a flourishing condition. An industrious, hardworking minister by the name of Graham had been its pastor. For about two years everything had gone on prosperously, but at the end of that time there was a division in the session about the baptism of a child whose parents were not communicants in the church. The Session was equally divided and Mr. Graham gave the casting vote in favour of baptising the child. Mr. Sturdy, who belonged to a class of elders who "could aye objeck," now headed an opposition party. He did this the more readily as he was more than a year in arrears in paying his subscription to the minister's salary. He and a few more who were in the same position made the discovery that their minister did not draw well, and if they only could get Mr. Graham to resign and get a minister that would draw a large congregation, they would have less trouble in raising money.

The subject of arrears came up at next meeting of Presbytery. The "objecking" member of Session was Representative Elder. When the case was fairly opened, Mr. Sturdy rose and said: "The cause o' the difficulty in

gatherin' money is that the minister is no likit verra weel. He disna seem tae draw a congregation. The subscriptions are fa'ing aff fast. Their's nae doot the man does the best he can, but the money has tae be raised an' whaur it's tae cum frae is mair than I ken." He then sat down and the Moderator of the Presbytery drew a long breath. After a few remarks from members of the Presbytery, the Moderator gravely said that he could see no way out of the difficulty, only for Mr. G. to resign. He said he recommended this for his own peace and comfort, that if a congregation gets divided a minister can do no good. Mr. G. at once handed in his resignation which was at once accepted.

The home of Mr. G. was a sad one that night when it was known that he had resigned. The news soon spread through the village. On the next afternoon one of the elders who had stuck to Mr. G. came in, accompanied by a Mr. Felix, a wealthy influential adherent of the congregation. They presented Mr. G. with a requisition and guarantee of salary equal to what he had been receiving, and added: "If the Presbytery is going to be dictated to by Mr. Sturdy, we want to have nothing to do with it. We'll call ourselves Congregationalists." "Yes, yes," said Mr. Felix, "let the Presbytery gang tae the deevil. We'll stick tae you if you'll stick tae us." Mr. Graham was shocked with the roughness of the expression and gave him a short lecture on the sins of the tongue. Mr. Felix took it all good-naturedly, begged Mr. G.'s pardon

and said: "I would not have used the word, only I could find no other which would express my sentiments so well." Mr. Graham, after taking a day to consider the matter, accepted the proposal and became a Congregational minister. It was to the part that was left, with a few fresh arrivals, that I was to minister.

Of course Mr. Sturdy was my right-hand man. He lost no opportunity of comparing and contrasting me with my predecessor. He said I would soon draw a congregation, but that Mr. Graham never would. I was charitable enough to myself to believe the greater part of what he said.

Time wore on and I was received by the General Assembly. The congregation prospered. A number of new members came to the place and Mr. Sturdy determined that it would not be outdone by the other part of the congregation that had seceded, so he went round with a subscription paper and got a sum subscribed equal to what was paid to Mr. Graham and a call was got up for me. The induction was a brilliant affair. Mr. Goodwill preached and presided, Mr. Narrow addressed the minister and Dr. Bland the people. Mr. Narrow gave me some very good advice, but I felt that it required much more grace to take such advice than to give it. Dr. Bland congratulated the people on the wise choice they had made, and prognosticated that owing to my extraordinary gifts and graces a career of great prosperity was before them He praised the liberality of the con-

gregation in doubling their subscriptions to sustain the ordinances of religion among them. He did not hint at the true cause of this increase in giving, viz., a spirit of rivalry and a determination to outdo the Congregationalists in their contributions. The Methodist minister followed in the same strain. He congratulated the people on the judicious choice they had made and wished us great prosperity. The Episcopalian minister followed in the same strain. I had vanity enough to receive it all with the greatest of pleasure.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, the Episcopalian minister, had been, like Mr. Graham, a Presbyterian minister. He had been about three years pastor of a congregation about four miles from the village of E——. He got along very well for a time, but he was so injudicious as to marry the daughter of the wife of Fairbank, without asking the consent of his congregation. His usefulness was soon gone. His salary began to fall behind. At first he did nor know what was the matter, but after a time he was informed that he was undergoing the process of being starved out. That a number of the people had come to the conclusion that he had made a mistake in marrying the person he had married and that they had withdrawn their subscription and would pay no more into the church funds till they got another minister. Mr. Wilson at once resigned. While journeying round, like the wandering Jew, in search of another place, he met one who had been an old classmate in his University course, who was at

this time a Rural Dean in the Episcopalian Church. When he learned the position in which Mr. Wilson was, he said: "If I was in your place and had no conscientious scruples about it, I would join the Church of England. If you have, I will say no more. I do not wish to see you or any one else take any step your conscience will not approve. If you can see your way clear to take such a step as I suggest, you will not only be freed from your present painful position, but from all danger of falling into the like again. It appears to me that when a Presbyterian minister is doing his very best work he is most liable to get the ill-will of his congregation. Our Lord and his apostles complained that they made enemies by speaking the truth. His ministers need not expect to fare better. 'It is enough,' said Christ, 'that the disciple be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord.' Now, we are in want of men. If you are willing I will recommend you to our bishop, and you will find the way open."

Mr. Wilson said the matter had come up so unexpectedly, he could not decide, but that he would think the matter over and give him an answer later.

"That is right," said the dean. "I feel satisfied that if you take the step I suggest you will be more comfortable and useful; but make it a matter of earnest prayer, and I trust you will be guided aright."

When they had made arrangements for another meeting they parted. When the matter was proposed

to Mrs. Wilson she was at first opposed to the change, but she was so wearied and disgusted with the probationer's scheme that she finally consented. The wife of Fairbank said that she was a real old-fashioned Presbyterian. She might call herself a real blue-stocking Presbyterian, dyed-in-the-wool, but the Church had drifted so far from her old moorings, the change did not appear to be so very great.

The laird said it would be a droll thing for a man, who had been an elder in the kirk for nigh on twa an' twenty years tae hae a whistle-kirk minister for a son-in-law, but he was a guid soon' Presbyterian when he cam' into his family, an' if he changed frae that he could'na help it."

After Mr. Wilson had fully considered the case he met with the dean as had been arranged, was introduced to the bishop, was received, and in due course of time was sent to a mission of which Dolan was the head-quarters.

On the evening after the induction Mr. Graham called at the cottage of Fairbank. The split in the congregation had made no change in the relations between him and the family of Fairbank. He continued to visit as usual. In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Wilson came in. The topic of conversation was the induction. We soon began to compare systems. Mr. Graham mentioned some of what he called "the defects in the Presbyterian system." I replied: "Although, like all human systems, it has its

defects, and difficulties may arise in the administration of it, I am satisfied that it is Scriptural."

To this Mr. Wilson replied: "Perhaps if you would examine the question more thoroughly you would see that the Scriptural authority is not near so strong as you suppose. May I ask you on what passage you chiefly rely for the support of your system?"

I replied: "If you will examine the way in which the blank in the number of the apostles was filled, you will see that it was by election."

"I fail," said Mr. Wilson, "to see anything about election in the case. Where do *you* find it?"

"In the casting of the lots. In the original the expression means voting by a show of hands."

"Let us see what the Divine record says," said Mr. Wilson: "A blank in the apostleship was to be filled up. One was to be appointed to take the place of Judas, who by transgression had fallen. Peter was the presiding officer, or bishop, or perhaps you will say that he was moderator, and preached the action sermon—for it was he that moved in the matter."

"Weel dun," said Mr. Smith (the "Laird of Fairbank," as he was familiarly called); "I see that the Presbyterian is no' au' oot o' you yet."

Mr. Wilson went on: "There were one hundred and twenty present, among them those who had received the commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. I have yet to learn that there

were any among those one hundred and twenty who had not been present when the command was given. That company assembled in that upper room was not a congregational meeting. It might be called a conference of preachers or a missionary society to make arrangements for carrying out the command given by the Master Himself, viz., to preach the Gospel to every creature. They were there waiting for the Holy Spirit to be poured out on them, as it was shortly after on the day of Pentecost."

"You ministers are too ready to forget that this was a great mission work on which the disciples were entering," said Mrs. Smith. "Jerusalem was to be the centre of the mission, and from that centre the Gospel was to be sent to all the nations of the earth."

"You have hit the marrow of the question," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Well din, guid wife," said the laird; "it takes you tae set them au' richt; an' its no the first time an aul wife has ge'en some of the greatest preachers a lesson."

"Hoot, toot, John," said the wife o' Fairbank, "are ye gaun daft?"

"No a bit o't; I can prove't frae the Bible. Didna' Aquilla and Priscilla, his wife, take that great preacher Apollos and expound to him the way of God more perfectly? Noo I've been an elder in the kirk for twa and twenty years, cum next sacrament time. Nearly half o' that time I've been a rulin' elder. Why shouldn't me

an' ma guid wife tak some o' the ministers o' oor day in haun that begin tae preach before they've got their lessons learned."

"Whist, John, wae your claver!" said his better half.

"There is much truth in what he says," said Mr. Wilson.

"You're leaving the subject we started on," said I. "The whole hundred and twenty took part in the election of Matthias, for we have seen that the casting of lots was simply a voting by a show of hands."

"Pray, where have you seen that?" said Mr. Wilson. "We have simply seen that in the case of Matthias the apostles chose two, and after praying to God for guidance in the choice, they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Matthias. They looked upon that lot as an expression of the Divine will, and that Matthias had his share in that apostleship, or bishoprick, and held it by the same authority as the other apostles did theirs."

"I differ from you there," I replied. "The whole hundred and twenty took a part in it. Two were nominated and an election was held. The voting was by a show of hands."

"That remains yet to be proved," said Mr. Wilson. "And if you could prove it, what would it amount to? You surely do not claim that those hundred and twenty were choosing Matthias as their own pastor, to minister to them after the manner of the Presbyterian and Con-

gregational churches? It was as an apostle he was chosen. 'An apostle' means 'one sent hence'—a missionary—to be sent out on that mission which Christ had given them to perform, viz., preaching the Gospel to every creature, something widely different from that of a settled pastor in the Presbyterian or Congregational churches. And besides, Mr. Stuart, the author of a book on church government, which is a text-book in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, argues that the choice of Matthias was a hasty, unauthorized act on the part of Peter, and that the blank in the apostleship was filled by the calling of Paul."

While I was thinking of a suitable reply to give, Mr. Wilson proceeded: "And with respect to the ordination of Barnabas and Paul, we find that it was by the laying-on of hands—not a word about an election."

The wife of Fairbank then said: "You surely cannot fail to see that there was no apostle present. The ordination was by 'certain prophets and teachers who were at Antioch,' one of them so obscure that his name is nowhere else mentioned; another a black man, viz., Simeon, called niger or black; the third is only mentioned in one other place. Paul was not Episcopally ordained. What becomes of your apostolic succession? What becomes of the ordination of Timothy and Titus, and of all that were ordained by them? What becomes of your whole chain of succession? The strength of a whole chain is to be judged by its weakest link. Your

chain gives way at the first link. Paul was ordained by a Presbytery of three members. We do not know whether it was the black man or one of the white men that was the bishop or moderator. Timothy was ordained by a Presbytery. 1 Tim. iv. 14. We do not know whether Paul presided as bishop or moderator or not, though it would appear from 2 Tim. i. 6, that he did."

"It would appear from the latter passage," said Mr. Wilson, "that Timothy was ordained by Paul, and that extraordinary gifts were communicated—that is the opinion of Matthew Henry—and that he took no part in the act spoken of in chapter iv. 14."

I then said: "If the act spoken of in 2 Tim. i. 6, was an extraordinary one, and communicated extraordinary gifts, we are not concerned with it in the present discussion. It is plain that Timothy was ordained by the laying-on of the hands of a Presbytery. It was Presbyterial ordination. If the ordination was performed by a bishop, acting alone, I cannot see why the ordaining body was called a Presbytery. The word translated Presbytery is a noun in the neuter gender, hence it must mean a body of men or a council. It could not be properly applied to a person. If the Greek word translated Presbytery had been Presbyter, instead of Presbyterian, you would then have had some grounds for your theory; you might have called the Presbyter a bishop, as the words are interchangeable, and you

might have called the ordination Episcopal, but the word here used puts that out of the question."

"Weel din," cried the laird, jumping up and slapping me on the back; "you've got the richt soo by the lug, noo. They were au' Presbyterians in thae times. Paul was a Presbyterian. If it was a neeger that was moderator o' the Presbytery that ordained him, Timothy was a Presbyterian, an' au' the folk in Bible times were Presbyterians. And if it had na been for that dash'd Monteith that betrayed oor ain Wullus, he wad thun hae conquered England an' put an en' tae your Episcopacy, as you cau't, an' au' the world waud hae been Presbyterian."

This speech of the laird's was followed by a general outburst of laughter. The wife of Fairbank then cried out: "Will ye never lairn to haud yer tongue?" Then turning to me and Mr. Wilson she said: "Can ye no see baith o' ye that there's naithing between ye, if ye wud just look at it richt. A bishop aye gets one or more Presbyters to unite wae him in the laying-on of hands when he can get them, and he's a Presbyter himsel, raised to be the presiding officer. He represents the Presbyters, as he was elected by them. And whether he ordains alone or in conjunction with other Presbyters it might be called Presbyterial ordination. Whether you call it after the council or the presiding officer is a mere matter of taste. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell who has the best claim. The one calls

the presiding officer a bishop or overseer, the other a moderator or ruler. The one is taken frae the Greek, the other frae the Latin. It's just a question of names."

"Dae ye hear that," cried the laird, as he brought his elbow against my ribs in a most uncomfortable fashion. "Dae ye hear hoo she screeds aff the Greek an' the Latin. She lairn'd it frae her brither Tam—'Crankie,' as they cau' him—ye ken. He's a gran' hand at the Greek an' the Latin an' au' kinds o' lairnin. He wadna hae been a stick-it minister if he had got fair play. He can preach a gran' sermon. Yae day they got him tae preach after a sare fecht tae get him at it. An' he fairly gurred me greet, an' there were few dry een in the kirk. The folk au' said it was a gran' sermon."

"But," said Mr. Wilson, "as to the apostolic succession, Paul held his office of apostleship directly from the Lord Himself. The ordination of which you speak was simply a season of prayer and of fasting and laying-on of hands. They had been ordained or set apart to the work of the ministry or apostleship by the Lord Himself."

"So are all true ministers of Christ," said the wife of Fairbank. "They are called to the work by the Master Himself. The giving of the talent is the call. The ordination is a mere human act—a simple public acknowledgment before the world that the Church has counted the person ordained worthy to take a part in

the office of the ministry. As all things should be done by prayer, so this act. The laying-on of hands is simply the gesture designating the party to the office. It is true that Paul and Barnabas were called to the work in an extraordinary way, but it is just as true that Simeon, called niger (black Simeon), and Lucius and Manaen were Divinely called to ordain them, for it was the Holy Ghost that said: 'Separate me, Barnabas and Paul, to the work whereunto I have called them.' From the fact that those three obscure individuals were appointed by the Holy Ghost as a Presbytery—for we do not know whether it was the black man or one of the white men who was bishop—it must be plain that the ordination was Presbyterian. But do the Scriptures lay down any precise system of Church government?"

"Certainly," I replied. "If you will carefully read Dr. Witherow and Stuart, without consulting any of the authors who have gone more thoroughly into the subject, I think you will be convinced that the Scriptures do lay down a complete system."

"I have read them," she said, "and I'm not convinced. They are evidently written to bolster up a particular system. If you consult Mosheim and Neander, who stand at the very head of the list of Church historians, and who are not writing to support any particular system, you will find that they both agree that no system is there taught, but that the apostles in carrying on their mission work adapted themselves to the circum-

stances in which they were placed, and made such arrangements as would best enable them to carry on their work. As their principal preaching places were the Jewish synagogues, and the first converts were principally Jewish, the system practised in the synagogue was generally adopted. The same system was introduced into the Gentile churches, with such modifications as were necessary to adapt them to their particular circumstances. Hooker likewise says that different systems of Church government may agree equally well with the general axioms of Scripture. To this Stillingfleet, Dr. Cambell, Tomlins, Cranmer, Latimer and the best authorities in the Church of England agree. And the 23rd Article of the Episcopalian Church, when fairly construed, teaches the same thing."

"But what about the three orders of the ministry?" said Mr. Wilson. "It appears to be clearly taught in the Scriptures that there are three orders in the ministry viz., Bishops, Priests and Deacons."

"Not quite so clear," said the wife of Fairbank. "Peter, John and Paul use the terms Bishop and Elder when speaking of the same persons. Both Peter and John call themselves Elders, though each held the office of Bishop. When Paul sent for the Elders of the Church of Ephesus to meet him at Miletus, in his address to them he calls them Overseers or Bishops. The term Elder or Presbyter refers to the qualifications for the office. He must either be an old man or be possessed of the wisdom

and gravity which belong to age. Just as senate, from *senex*, old, means a body made up either of old men, or such as possess the wisdom and gravity of age. The word senate has the same meaning in the State as Presbytery has in the Church. This is the teaching of Hooker, Stillingfleet and others too numerous to mention. In what is called the Bishop's book, prepared by Cranmer and Latimer by the command of the King, and subscribed to by two archbishops and nineteen bishops, it is taught that both terms apply to one and the same person. The mode of electing bishops in the Church of England shows this clearly. He is elected by the clergy, composed of the Presbytery and deacons, and the laity composed of the communicants of the Church. A majority of the two orders combined is not sufficient. There must be a majority of each respectively, or the election is not valid. A bishop is simply a Presbyter elected by his brethern to discharge certain duties with which he is intrusted. He is simply *primus inter pares*, or the *first* among equals."

Mr. Wilson then said he thought it was time to adjourn, and the wife of Fairbank said: "Noo, John, it's time you were takin' your lantern an' gaun awa' tae the barn tae see if au's richt there, an' tak' a look at Crummie."

The laird was soon on his way to the barn, with his cracked voice making the hills and woods resound with his favourite song: "For Crummie is a guid milk coo; she's cam' o' a guid kind."

CHAPTER IV.

More About the Casting Lots—Hooker, Calvin and the Modern Episcopalians and Presbyterians on the Different Orders of the Ministry—Relation of Church and State—Spiritual Courts—Dugald McTavish and Donald Ross—Presbyteries Responsible for the Salaries of Ministers.

A FEW evenings after this the same company was again assembled in Fairbank Cottage and the discussion was resumed.

Mr. Wilson said he could not see either from the authorized translation or from the revised version or from the original any authority for the practice of voting by a show of hands. There could be no reasonable objection to the practice, but Scriptural authority could not be claimed for it. The wife of Fairbank then said:

"As far as I can see casting lots in any way, if it should be by shooting marbles, or tossing coppers, would as far as the passage quoted is concerned be equally Scriptural, but the changed circumstances, owing to the changed manners and customs of our times, would make any body of Christians that would try to follow their example the laughing stock of the world."

I was about to enter my protest against what appeared to me a light and irreverent way of treating the

subject, when a warning glance from Mary's eye admonished me to remain silent, and I suddenly collapsed.

The wife of Fairbank continued: "The apostles offered up the prayer of faith, and God's word teaches that according to our faith so shall it be. If the children of our heavenly Father pray in faith for His guidance in times of trouble and perplexity, we are not warranted in saying that He will turn a deaf ear to their prayers, though forms and ceremonies may be used which may appear to us foolish and useless."

"Even if they should count their beads like the Roman Catholics?" I said, forgetting the warning glance of Mary's eye.

She turned and looked at me gravely for a time and said in a serious tone of voice: "Ony o' you that have omniscience may look into the hearts o' the poor, earnest, zealous, ignorant creatures and judge them. I judge no man. God has na given me the gift to look into their hearts, nor the authority to say that the countin' o' the beads 'ill close His ear to their earnest prayers."

Even the laird was subdued by the solemn manner in which she spoke. No remark was made. She then proceeded: "Even Stuart, though so strong on the election theory, taught that the election of Matthias was a hasty, unauthorized act of Peter's and had nothing to do with the case."

"But what about the deacons?" I said. "They were surely chosen by the congregation."

"Weel, we'll just come to that. We find that it was when the Grecians and the Hebrews began to quarrel about the way the money raised for the poor was divided that the deacons were appointed to take charge of the business. The apostles had attended to it up to that time, but they had not succeeded in giving satisfaction—numerous complaints had been made. The apostles had said to them in substance: 'You are not satisfied with us, choose men from among yourselves.' But did they leave them to themselves altogether to judge? Na! Na! They did na dae that. They laid doon the law. They described the qualifications they must possess. They must be men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and of wisdom who should be placed over that business. This shows how important it is that men who are to look after even the temporal affairs of the church should be thoroughly good, pious men. The apostles gave the permission, prescribed the qualifications. The congregation chose. The apostles judged of the qualifications, accepted and ordained."

Mr. Wilson then said: "If you can prove that the congregation elected the deacons I cannot see how that will help your case, as you do not employ them as preachers, but only to look after the temporal affairs of the church. Our vestries correspond to your congregations, and choose all those who are to handle the church funds."

"Vera true! Vera true!" said the wife o' Fairbank,

and turning to Crankie she said: "Will ye get the Greek lexicon and see what it says about the word 'deacon.'"

Crankie said with a tone of authority: "It means a servant or waiting-man; derived from the word 'dia,' through, and 'koneo,' I raise a dust. It means a man so eager to do his duty that he runs till he raises a dust—a dust-covered messenger."

"You see," continued the wife of Fairbank, "that the apostles did a common sense act in a common sense way, and churches at the present time are neither bound to call their officers deacons according to our custom nor stewards like the Methodists, but they are bound to have proper officers that will do their work in an efficient common sense way, and call them by some name that all will understand. If we only make the 'helpless, homeless poor our peculiar care' God will bless us, but if we neglect them, however Scriptural the names of the officials may be, the judgments of God will surely be visited on us. It's only because the word deacon has a kind o' holy ring to it, that there's so much squabbling over it at the present time. In your contention as to whether there are two or three orders in the office of the ministry, ye have baith equally little ground to stand upon. The apostle says that God gave to his church, some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists and pastors and teachers, miracles, gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues—

ten in all, each one alike the appointment of God. Now where is the authority for reducing the number to four as Calvin did, viz., pastors, doctors or teachers, superintendents or bishops, and deacons? Or why modern Episcopalians restrict it to three and modern Presbyterians to two, may not be easily explained. It is, perhaps, enough to say that Christ Himself thoroughly equipped His church with all the officers and aids necessary to carry on its work, and Witherow has properly said that they all centred in Christ. He is its deacon or minister, its apostle, prophet, evangelist, pastor, teacher, etc., and through His disciples He has furnished the church with them all, each disciple being bound to serve the church in whatever way his talents will best fit him, whether as an evangelist, pastor, teacher, help, government, or in any other way his talents may fit him. As he neither has the gift of prophecy, nor working of miracles, nor healing, nor speaking with tongues, he is not expected to use them. The giving of the talent is the call. Whatever a man's talent is, let him use it. If it is teaching, let him teach. If rulin', let him rule."

"Yes," said the laird, "let him be a rulin' elder like me."

"Hoot! a fine roolin' elder ye are. Ye canna rule yer ain hoos. As the apostle says: 'Let every one covet the most excellent gifts.'"

"You would have everything as free and easy as in the Salvation Army," I said.

"Na! Na!" she said, "I would hae au' the ministers ordained. 'Let au' things be done decently and in order.'"

I then thought I would like to give Mr. Wilson a bit of my mind on the change which he had made in his church relation, so I said: "Well, Mr. Wilson, I'm surprised to find a man who has not only been brought up in the Presbyterian church, but whose father was a Cameronian elder, now a minister in an Erastian church."

"Oh!" said Mr. Wilson, "circumstances alter cases."

I saw he did not want to enter into a discussion, so I was the more determined to have it out with him on the office of the civil magistrate in relation to the church, so I proceeded: "I can only imagine four positions in which the Church can stand in relation to the State: 1st, identical with the State; 2nd, the State a part of the machinery of the Church; 3rd, the Church a part of the machinery of the State; 4th, they must be separate and independent of each other."

"Well," said Mr. Wilson, "I presume yours is the last one of the four positions. Let us hear what you will make of it."

"The Church and State should be completely separate from each other. The State should look after the temporal interests and the Church the spiritual."

"But," said Mr. Wilson, "can you define the lines where the duties of the one begin and the other ends?"

"It is true," I said, "that to a certain extent the work of the one runs into and overlaps the other. For example, it is the duty of both to inculcate morals, the Church by teaching morality as a part of religion, the State by making and enforcing such laws as shall promote morality, but they proceed upon different lines. The officers of each require different qualifications."

"I cannot see," said Mr. Wilson, "that the lines on which they proceed are in any way different. All the duties of men in this life are divided into two classes, the one to God and the other to our fellow men. All duties of this life proceed along the same line. It is equally necessary that a man should be a Christian, whether an officer in Church or State. According to the laws of our country a man must profess to believe the Christian religion or he can take no part in either making or administering the laws."

"I think not," I said. "The officers of the Church require a thorough knowledge of Christianity, both theoretical and practical, that they may be qualified to teach it and to administer those laws which tend to its advancement. On the other hand the officer of the State can perform his state duties without any experimental knowledge of religion. All he needs is natural religion and a knowledge of his particular department."

"Those views are to me both new and startling," Mr. Wilson said.

"And you brought up a Cameronian?" I replied.

"I cannot endorse them for all that," he said, "and I confess that I never heard them put in that way before. Your ideas of the qualifications of state officers differ widely from those laid down by Jethro and adopted by Moses. He said that they must be men fearing God and hating covetousness. It is just as true to-day as it was in the days of Solomon that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

"Oh!" I said, "but you have misunderstood me. The fear of the Lord may exist without Christianity. Natural religion may teach that."

"I really feel sorry to hear any Presbyterian minister teach that there is any part of true religion separate and independent of Christianity. There is only one religion in the world, that is Christianity. It began to be taught at the gates of Eden. A promise of redemption through Christ was made to our first parents then and there. Every additional ray of light that was given to the human family was a revelation of Jesus Christ. Nature is a part of God's book as well as Genesis or Revelation. They all proceed on parallel lines. The teaching of Jethro was a revelation of Jesus Christ as well as that of Paul. They only differ in the degree of clearness of their light, but all the light is from the same source. In the spiritual world there are only two principles, viz., truth and falsehood. Truth is as essential in the government of the State as in the Church, and neither can exist without a certain amount of it. It grieves me to see a

respectable writer like the one from whom you borrowed that opinion making such a statement to support a favourite theory."

I answered by saying: "It appears to me you must either adopt the Romish theory, that the State is a part of the Church, or the Erastian, that the Church is a creature of the State. If you do not agree with me that they are separate and independent you choose either the one or the other. Which is it?" Mr. Wilson hesitated.

The laird then turned round and said: "Come, guid wife, gie them a bit o' ma mind."

"Why not gie them yer ain mind if you have ony to gie."

She then said, turning to me: "I think yer gaun ower fast. There's nae need o' takin' either the ane or the ither."

"I take as the model the church which the Lord Jehovah Himself established, with which He dwelt in the wilderness. For this Jehovah, or Jesus, was as much the head of the church in the wilderness and all through the ancient dispensation as of the Christian church of the present day. Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and stands in the same relation to His church to-day as He did to His ancient people."

"Why then," I said, "was the Christian church not placed in the same relation to the State as the ancient?"

"That is not hard to answer," she said. "The Jewish State rejected the church. If Herod, who represented

the Jewish State, or what was left of it at that time, who heard John the Baptist gladly, and did many things because of him, had received the baptism of repentance from his hands and had he and the nation received the Lord Jesus when He came there is no doubt but the Church would have remained in the same relation to the State as it had hitherto. Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil. He wept over Jerusalem and said: 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not.' They would not have Christ to reign over them. They rejected Him, hence it was a necessity that Christianity should be established separate from the State, and the Church had at first to make its way against all the civil powers, both Roman and Jewish."

"Nae argument can be fairly drawn frae that."

"But when the restitution takes place of which the apostle speaks in Romans xi. 26 v., whether it be the natural or spiritual seed that is meant, doubtless the former relation will be restored. And if England or any other nation receives Christ as a nation, acknowledging Him nationally as she has done on the public coin of the realm, in her legislatures and courts of justice, is there any good reason for denying that she is a Christian nation, or that Queen Victoria or any other pious monarch may stand in the same relation to the State as did David or Hezekiah, or Josiah?"

"It's verra modest o' you seceders to deny that Eng-

land is a Christian nation and look on her in the same licht as ye would on pagan Rome."

"We do not deny that England is a Christian nation," I said.

"What does au' that talk aboot speeritual coorts apart frae the ceevil mean then? Our speeritual coorts are au' a sham. When the connection between the Church and the State is not acknowledged it's a sham to keep up the name o' speeritual coorts. They hav na the power tae enforce the decrees. They can only advise and they should stick tae advising and give up their sham o' coorts."

"But we must look after the spiritual affairs of the church," I said. "And we need our organizations such as Presbyteries, Synods, etc."

"If you would only stick to the spiritual affairs," she said, "such as judging o' the qualifications o' the preachers, an' making arrangements aboot the preaching o' the gospel and carrying oot the great command o' the Maister, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, it would be a' verre weil, but when ye set up what ye cau' your speeritual coorts, an' tak up the work o' litigation and try to play the pairt o' lawyers an' judges, ye go oot o't a'thegether."

"But, surely," I said, "ye would not have the civil courts to decide what kind of doctrine a minister is to preach and other spiritual matters of that kind."

"Hoot-toot," she answered; "that's no what we're

speaking aboot. Ye aye flee aff at a tangent, as Tam would say."

"Weel din, guid wife," cried the laird.

She reminded him that he never knew when he should "haud his tongue," and then went on: "Ye ken brawly (know well) that our civil coorts never meddle wi' such things, but ye virtually deny that this is a Christian country at all, an' that our civil courts are administered on the principles of Christianity."

"I'm sure," I replied, "I would rejoice to be assured of this, but I fear that your view of the case is too Utopian.'

"We dinna pretend," she replied, "like sae mony who are filled wi' spirtual pride to judge o' the spiritual condition of law makers an' law administrators, but as a nation we acknowledge God. The words 'Victoria Gratia Dei' (Victoria by the Grace of God) stamped on all the coin of the realm is a national acknowledgment of our dependence upon God."

"Oor civil coorts are aye opened in the name o' God. Every time that the oath is administered in a coort o' justice God is invoked. Every time that a judge passes sentence on a criminal he prays for God tae hae mercy on his soul."

"That is all a form," I replied. "The judge using those words may have no experimental knowledge of Christianity."

"The same may be said o' mony o' oor ministers, I fear," she replied.

"But judge not that ye be not judged."

"Guid forgie me; but I hae little patience wae thae unca guid, like Dugald MacTavish, o' Rothsey, when as the story goes, the minister asked about the state o' religion in his congregation, he said: 'It's verra bad, there's nane soon aboot here, only ma ain sel an' Donald Ross, an' I'm no just share aboot Donald.' There are faur oo'er monny, Dougal McTavish's and Donald Ross's. But let us be thankful that we're no called to judge the spiritual condition o' ithers. But let us return tae the subject. Bradlaugh is keepit frae takin his seat in the British Hoos o' Commons for his denial of the Christian religion. It may be that he believes in natural religion, an' I ken o' a case that happened no long sine, where a lawyer got the evidence o' an important witness set aside and gained his case just because the witness had been in the habit o' making skeptical remarks. The lawyer put him through a course of questioning in regard to his religious faith before the court, and the judge decided that he was not a competent witness, and the case involving a little over $100 was lost for want of it. In all differences between ministers and congregations, would not the ends of justice be far better answered by courts presided over by Christian judges who have grown gray in the study and practice of the law than before one of our so-called spiritual courts, where judges, juries, advocates, witnesses, plaintiffs and defendants are jumbled up in hopeless confusion? Yes, confusion worse confounded."

"If you were in some of our Presbyteries you would see something different from that," I said. "You might see some of our ministers who can manage cases and make speeches equal to the best lawyers."

"Weil," she said, "it may be that ye please yoursels, but there's few else that's pleased. I'm aye vexed to see ony our folks gaun tae meetins o' Presbyteries, for when I speak to them afterwards they aye say that they think less o' the ministers after hearing and seeing them doing business. I was speaking tae Dougald McLeash the ither day after he had been at a meeting o' Presbytery as a delegate frae his congregation. He said I thought I was going into a court of divines, but before I got through I began to think I had been greatly mistaken."

"The saying of such a man is not worth repeating," I said.

"That's the impression you generally make," she replied. "You certainly fail to get a good report from those who are without."

"But what authority have you," I said, "for saying that the parties are all jumbled up. I'm sure we do our business decently and in order."

"There's a difference of opinion as to what order is," she said. "As the Presbytery is responsible for the payment o' the salaries o' its ministers, or in other words they are endorsers for all the congregations within their bounds, in the case of a minister bringing a complaint against his congregation before Presbytery, the Presby-

tery is baith coort and defendant. If the Presbytery finds for the plaintiff it gives judgment against itself."

She waited and looked at me to see if I would answer, but I was speechless.

She then went on: "I knew a minister in this same Presbytery before you came into it. His salary was a little behind. When the fact was made known to the Presbytery there was such a pressure brought to bear on the poor minister that he felt himself under the necessity of resigning."

"Now, why was he urged to resign, will you tell me?" and she stopped and looked straight into my eye.

I finally answered, "It is because the case would be getting the longer the worse. When a congregation begins to fall behind, that is generally the way."

She then said, "I can tell you the reason. It's because the Presbytery is responsible for the pay, and they know that if the congregation falls behind they will have to pay it themselves; hence, to prevent that, they bring a pressure to bear on him to get him to resign, which means, in many cases, turning him and his family 'oot o' hoos an' hame.' Now, the endorsement o' the Presbytery is the minister's ruin. If the Presbytery would just take this common sense plan; just direct the congregation to pay, and if they refused, leave the minister to collect it by law."

"And he would soon have to leave them then," I replied.

"If that should be the case," she replied, "he would get what was due him. And it would be a warning to the congregation not to attempt another act of repudiation."

"If the ministers would give themselves 'continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word' (Acts 6–4), and leave the collecting of the money to those whose business it is, it would be better all around. Everyone should know his own trade best. As it was, a great injury was done to both congregation and minister, as the congregation was a long time vacant."

"It would be a fine sight for men of the world," I said, "to see a minister suing his congregation for his salary, like any hired man for his wages—and that's what your system would lead to."

"No sae fast, my braw young man. You dinna need tae take me up till I fau. I mean that the ministers of religion, as the proclaimers of the gospel of peace, should seek to follow closely in the footsteps of Him who was known as the Prince of Peace, and try to act the part of peacemakers between ministers and congregations. In case of any difficulty between the two parties about payment of salary, the Presbytery should try to make peace between them. If it appeared that the minister was making an unjust claim he should be advised to desist, and if it appeared that the congregation were disposed to repudiate a just claim, every effort should be used to induce them to do justice. Failing in this, the law should

be allowed to take its course. If a congregation could in this way be prevented from repudiating a just claim, surely an important point would be gained. And, on the other hand, if it should be proved clearly, in open court, that the minister had been making an unjust claim, and he should be compelled to pay a good round sum in costs, it would be a wholesome lesson to him to be cautious in making claims, and much fewer difficulties would occur between ministers and congregations. You know as well as I do of a case in which a Presbytery declared the claim of a minister to be a just and righteous one, but as the congregation was unwilling to pay, he must submit to lose the amount due him,—and that, although he was out of a charge and his family in actual want."

I knew this statement to be true, hence I thought it best to say nothing where nothing could be said.

I could see from Crankie's movements that he was growing fidgety, and that he was likely to to give vent to his feelings soon if he was not headed off. I tried to think of something to say to keep him from breaking out, but I could think of nothing. He at length sprang to his feet, and poured out his sentiments, like a stream that had just burst through the embankment which had been confining it. "I'm wearied and disgusted with that trucking, trading system that's carried on between churches and ministers, hiring them and paying them by the day, or by the hour like so many railway labourers, and putting them away again, as they

call it, when their time is up. I don't blame the congregations. They do better than might be expected, considering the temptations that are put in their way. No system in the world could be better calculated to make both ministers and congregations selfish, and make them look on the whole work of the ministry as

> 'So much preach and so much pray,
> In order to get so much pay.'"

The laird raising his hand with a flourish, brought it with the palm down against his thigh, causing a noise which resounded through the entire house, and shaking his head, as if determined to try the strength of the neck joint, he said, "Losh me, dae you hear, Tam? He can rhyme maist as weel as Rabbie Burns. His words fairly jingled."

The wife of Fairbank looked on in despair, and cried out, "Hoot-toot, John, can ye never learn tae be quate?"

Mr. Wilson then said: "There is much truth in what our friend says. It was never pleasant to me when I was in the Presbyterian church to see ministers paid in that way. It cannot be disputed that it tends to cultivate selfishness and narrowness. If the sermon is not pronounced first-class by the self-constituted judges who decide on its value, it is paid with a grudge, if paid at all. And in many cases a preacher is not tolerated for even two Sabbaths, on the ground that the congregations are thinner and the collections fall off, and money is lost. How much better the dignity and

usefulness of the office of the ministry is maintained when clergymen are always appointed by the year or *ad vitam aut ad culpam.*"

The wife of Fairbank then said: "In the case we have just been considering, a great injury was done to both congregation and minister, as the congregation was for a long time vacant and its members were scattered and the church about emptied by quarrelling over candidates. The minister was a long time without a place and had to support his family by selling books. As far as I can see, if a minister finds his salary falling behind, his best plan is to get along the quietest way he can with his own people, for if the matter goes before Presbytery he is very liable to lose the money that is in arrears, and his reputation and his place in the bargain."

I had known a case so near like the one she mentioned that I did not feel like replying, but I said, "What would a Civil Court do for you?"

She answered: "I know congregations that would be more benefited by a judgment from a Civil Court ordering them to pay their minister his just dues, than by a year's preaching. If a Presbytery would order every congregation in arrears to pay them, and in default of their doing so, leave it optional with the minister whether he would collect by law or not, instead of admitting the claim and forbidding the minister under penalty of deposition from the ministry from collecting it, it would be greatly to the advantage of both minister and people, and the Presbytery would be spared a great amount of trouble."

While the wife of Fairbank was talking, I noticed that Crankie was getting quite fidgety. When she stopped, he broke out, saying: "Yer' faur waur than the Roman Catholics. Under the name o' your speeritual coorts you set yourselves above the civil coorts. Like the Pharisees of old, who would neither enter the kingdom of heaven themselves nor suffer them that were entering to goin, you block up the road to justice. You neither collect the minister's salary yourselves nor allow him to collect it, though you've bound yoursels for it. An' if he claims the right that belongs to au' ither British subjects, that o' gaun into a British coort tae git British justice, he's turned oot o' the kirk, an wha concerns himsel' whether, after having served the kirk faithfully for twenty years, and unfitted himself for earning a livelihood in any other way, he with his family digs or begs or starves."

He then stopped and laid his head on his hand, while his elbow rested on his knee, and sobbed audibly. All, even including the irrepressible laird, were for a time silent. At length Mr. Wilson said: "It is this very feature in the system which caused me to leave the Presbyterian Church. Now, thank God, I can preach the Gospel without giving up any of the rights that belong to other British subjects."

I was about to inform Mr. Wilson that he was a turncoat, when my eyes met those of Mary, and a warning shake of the head admonished me to be silent. The wife of Fairbank then slowly raised her head and said:

"John, it's time ye were awa ta the barn tae see if au's richt there."

John, with lantern in hand, was soon on the way, with the same old cracked voice singing the same old song about "Crummie, the guid milch coo."

The wife of Fairbank then rose, and approaching Crankie, she said, tenderly: "Come, Tam, its gettin' late. Yer room's au' ready: ye'd better get awa' to your bed." Tam rose slowly and quietly and followed her out of the room. Mr. Wilson took his leave, and I was left alone. The wife of Fairbank soon returned, took a seat beside me, and gave me the following history of her brother, and explained to me the cause of his eccentricity.

"He had been settled over a congregation and appeared to be doing well. The cause was prospering in his hands. The Lord appeared to be blessing his work. His wife was an estimable woman, beloved by the whole congregation, and the idol of her husband. His style of preaching was plain, and he offended one of the most wealthy men in the congregation. He thought he was aimed at, though my brother was never thinking of him at all. He withdrew his support, and a few others then said that if his support was lost it would come harder on the others, and they could see no other way out of the difficulty except by a change of minister. Any man who can pay $20 per year to the support of a minister can generally control the congregation as he pleases. My brother got to hear some of these rumours, and he, in his

haste, resigned, and though a number of the best people in his congregation requested him to reconsider his resignation, he adhered to it. His wife was in a delicate state of health. The anxiety, disappointment and worry attendant upon moving proved fatal to her. It brought on the trouble of which she died, after giving birth to a still-born child. All that made life attractive to him or worth living for, was buried in that one grave. He neither wept nor made any other manifestation of outward grief, but the next morning his hair was gray. He was a broken-down man. We got him to come home with us, and he has been here ever since. Some of the ministers got him advised to put his name on the probationers' list a few years ago. He didn't put in the three months. The first three places to which he was sent had ministers called; the fourth was in a little ambitious place about half way between a village and a town. After the evening service was over, he was just stepping out of the church door, when he overheard two persons talking about him. One said: 'He doesn't preach so bad, but he must be what they ca' in the aul' kintra a stickit minister, or hoo dis't come that he has au' they gray hairs, an' be onything else.' The other said: 'All the ministers that are seeking places in this country are called probationers.' 'Weel,' said the first, 'if that's the case, they're au probationers. They that have nae places are wantin' them, an' they that have guid places want better, but a real probationer is a

student that has got through wi' his college coors, but has not stood his ordination trials—and that he canna dae till he gets a call—an' if he dis'ne get that he's a stickit minister.' My brother hurried to his boarding place and to his room without speaking to anybody. There was an early train passing about four o'clock in the morning. He got up and left them all in their beds, and started by it, and was here before we got our breakfast, and he'll not hear of preaching as a probationer or a candidate ever since."

My conscience then stung me for calling him a stickit minister, as I had sometimes done when I knew less about him. If we only knew the private history of those with whom we come in daily contact, with how much more consideration we would frequently treat them. After a long pause I bade her good night, and retired to my room and went to bed, but not to sleep, but to think and ponder over the trials and afflictions of poor "Auld Crankie."

CHAPTER V.

Meeeting of Presbytery—Mr. D.'s Mission Field—Dr. Bland's Speech —John Knox—Mr. Bishop—District Missionaries in the Congregational Church—Every Minister in the Presbyterian Ministry Open to a Call—An Induction Binding Only on the Congregation, Not on the Minister—Mr. Johnson on Methodism.

ON the following morning I started to a meeting of Presbytery, which was to be held in the town of O——. I was much pleased with the manner in which the whole of the business of the meeting was transacted. I was treated with the greatest of courtesy by all the older members. Of course, I had not much to say, as I was a new member, but the remarks I made were listened to with great attention. I was much pleased with my reception. It was decided to send a deputation to a distant mission station. A new member is always honoured —especially if he has a good horse and outfit—by being sent on deputations to distant fields. I was now honoured by being sent, in company with Dr. Bland, one of the oldest and most influential members of the Presbytery. I felt myself highly flattered. My horse was equally honoured by being appointed to draw a live Doctor of Divinity in company with his master. The mission field we were to visit was a little over fifty miles from the town of O——. The Dr. and I fixed the time for our

visit, and it was arranged that I should come to the town of O—— the night previous, spend the night with the Dr., and make an early start, so as to reach our journey's end before night.

At the appointed time we started, and, as the worthy Dr. flattered me by praising my horse—not a bad way of reaching the heart even of a minister,—I endeavored to show him that the animal deserved all the praise he got, and even more. I put him through pretty lively, and we were at our journey's end in good time. The missionary, Mr. D——, was expecting us. My horse was soon in comfortable quarters, and we were comfortably seated in Mr. D——'s plain parlor. Mr. D—— was at that time a little past middle age, tall, erect, possessed of a vigorous frame, his hair was streaked with gray, his brow wrinkled with the furrows of care. He had all the appearance of a man who had known trouble. His wife, several years younger, was still very attractive in appearance. She had carried the easy, refined manners of the city with her into her backwoods' home. They had three children living, out of a large family, the eldest a boy of fifteen, the others six and three. The furniture was all cheap and plain, showing that the most rigid economy was practised. I learned in the course of the conversation I had with Mrs. D—— that they had been in debt when they went on the mission field. They had been forced to give up their former charge, owing to arrears in salary, and Mr. D—— had been peddled around on the probationers' list

till he had got about as far in debt as he dared venture. He had accepted that mission station as a *dernier resort.* They had, by practising a rigid economy bordering on parsimony, succeeded in paying off a little over $300 of back debts, furnishing the house and keeping the family. She said, with an expression of joy on her countenance: "If we are only allowed to remain here two or three years more we can get things around us a little more like other people," and giving a glance around the room, she said: "It is true, everything we have here is very plain, and we've had to live plainly, but anything before being in debt."

After tea was over, Mr. D—— took us into his library. I was much surprised to see a diploma hanging up, certifying the degree of M. A. from the University of E——. We soon found to our surprise that he was a connoisseur in literature. This was easily seen from his collection of books. He appeared to be equally at home in all subjects, and to be equally well acquainted with all the most popular writers of history, theology, science and romance, and his criticisms showed breadth of culture, acuteness, and depth of penetration. I had expected to find a poorly-educated, narrow-minded catechist, who had been proved unfit for an ordinary charge. But we had before us a gentleman of breadth of culture and highly polished manners, discussing all kinds of literary and philosophical subjects with as much ease and fluency as some of our Edinburgh professors. After

a time, as if recollecting himself, he said: "You are probably tired, as you have had a long journey to-day." So we retired for the night. He apologized for being under the necessity of allowing us both to occupy the same room. As soon as he had bidden us good night, I asked Dr. Bland how he could account for finding a man of his abilities in such a position.

He said: "A man may have ever so much ability and be wanting in tact."

"Have you any evidence," I said, "that he is wanting in tact?"

He said: "No, but it is plain he has not been a success, or he would not have been here; but, excuse me, I am tired; I would like to go to sleep."

In the morning, while Mr. D—— and Dr. Bland were discussing a point in theology, in which the Dr. was interested, I learned the following facts from Mrs. D——. The lumber trade was the principal industry in that region of the country. Mr. D—— preached three times every Sabbath, and held two services during the week, travelling a distance of twenty-five miles each Sabbath. The mass of the people were French Roman Catholics. The field was widely scattered; the two appointments at the extreme ends of the field were sixty miles apart. I remarked that Mr. D—— must find it very hard work to do so much travelling and preaching. She replied: "That is very true, but after the experience we have had of that probationers' scheme, which was so bitter to Mr. D——

and so distasteful to me, we are very thankful, and we never fail to thank our Heavenly Father every day for sending us here, and if He'll only continue to bless our work and make us useful, we'll never cease to praise Him."

We met at the church at eleven o'clock. Dr. Bland conducted the religious exercises. He preached a fair sermon, but he read closely. I heard one of the hearers, after we came out, saying: "If that's Dr. Bland's great preaching that pleases the town people, I don't envy them, for we can hear better from our own minister every Sunday." When the services were over, Dr. Bland went and whispered to Mr. D——, and asked him to retire. As Mr. and Mrs. D—— were going out of the door, Dr. Bland followed them, and asked Mr. D—— to remain at the door so that he could be called in to give any explanations that might be necessary, but as the thermometer was 25 degrees below zero, Mr. D—— went home with his wife, and there they waited with fear and trembling the result of our investigations.

Dr. Bland, who presided, spoke about ten minutes in his blandest manner. He said that as the missionary had been with them now two years, the time had come to decide whether they would re-engage him or dismiss him. He spoke eloquently on the rights of congregations. He said, however small the number of worshippers may be, they have their rights guaranteed to them just as well as the largest. "You have just the same rights as a large congregation like the one to which I minister, and in

order that you may have the full freedom of expressing your opinion, I have asked the missionary to retire. Now, speak your minds freely. We are here to carry out your wishes as far as we can. But in the first place, we would require to know how you have been satisfied with your supply. We have about twenty here to-day. About how many have you in attendance on an average?"

"About one hundred," was the answer.

I then asked how many would there be at the afternoon and evening appointments. No answer was given. I then asked if all the other appointments, Sabbath afternoons and week evenings, put together, would make a number equal to the Sabbath forenoon attendance—an average of two hundred in all. At least that number was answered by one of the managers. Dr. Bland then seemed to be impatient with what he appeared to think an interruption—and went on. "We want to know how your supply has pleased you; are there any complaints?"

"I think not," said one, "I have none; I'm tolerably well satisfied, but everyone else can speak for himself."

An old man, who was known in the neighborhood by the name of John Knox, owing to his rigid orthodoxy, rose and bore strong and decided testimony to the soundness of the missionary in faith and doctrine, and sound scholarship. He said he could explain the difference between justification and sanctification, and au' the five points in such a way as would dae yer verra soul guid, an' he's a gran' Greek an' Latin an' Hebrew scholar."

"Ah," I said, "Do you understand those languages?"

John Knox turned round and gave me a withering glance, and said: "Go, young man, an' tarry at Jericho till thy beard be grown."

The suddenness of the rejoinder nonplussed me, and before I could recover myself, there was such a peal of laughter that I felt that I was fairly floored. Dr. Bland said: "Brethren, we must get on with the business. Let us hear if you have anything more to say."

Another said: "I think he'll do us as well as any other that we'll get. I was at a wedding where he was not long ago, and he was just the life of the company. I haven't heard the beat of him for telling a good story this long time. I don't know when I had such a good laugh.' Another said: "It's handy tae have a placed minister that can marry, for the like has aye tae be din ance in a while whaur there's young folk." That last speaker had a grown up daughter.

"Has anyone any fault to find?" said Dr. Bland.

An old man, who had not spoken up to this time, slowly rose and said: "I would like him better if he would speak oot like the last yin we had. Man, if you would hear him; he had the strong voice; you could hear him clear across the river."

"Well," said Dr. Bland, "am I to understand that you have a difficulty in understanding him?"

John Knox then spoke up, and said: "I'm the oldest man here, and I can understand every word he says brauly.'

"The best way is to put it to vote," said Dr. Bland. John Knox then moved that the minister be hired over again.

Dr. Bland then said: "Excuse me for suggesting, but it would look better to call it re-engaging. It sounds strange to talk about hiring a minister."

"Weel, weel; it's au' the same in Greek, as they say. He does the work an' we pay the money. Ca't re-engaging if you like it better."

I then said: "I would like to ask a question or two before the vote is taken." All were silent. "I would like to know a little about the finances. About what part of the salary is paid by this congregation?"

"I couldn't say," answered Mr. Cash, "but we are to raise $350 on the whole field." "How much do you get from the H. M. Fund?" "$400." "About how much is paid by those present?" I said. Mr. Cash glanced his eye over the congregation, and then began to look into his book. While he was looking in his book, Dr. Bland said: "I don't know that we have anything to do with that." But Mr. Cash now answered: "As near as I can make out, $92."

I then proceeded: "We have here twenty persons present; that is about one tenth of all the hearers; they pay $92, scarcely one-eighth of the entire salary. Now all the other stations have as good a right to be consulted as those here, and every man, woman and child who pays a dollar to the salary whether in any of the other stations,

or whether paid into the Mission Fund from any congregation in any part of the country, have an equal right to be consulted. We have no right to ask the few that are here to assume the responsibility of the many, and decide for them. I understood that we were here by the appointment of the General Assembly to see if the congregation was doing its duty, and paying its part of the salary, and see how the work was prospering. I did not know that we were here to constitute the few that are here into a jury to try the minister behind his back."

"I agree with you," said an old man who had not yet spoken. "I think if we take care and do our duty, the minister should know enough to do his. If we know enough to judge the minister, and know whether he is fit to minister to us or not, we must know more than he does, and we don't need him to teach us; we can do without a minister."

There was a man by the name of Bishop present. He was in reality bishop of the congregation as well as Bishop by name. He was a man of actions, but not of words. He paid $20 per annum towards the minister's salary. This sum of money, with judicious management, made him as complete a Warwick in the church as the real Warwick had been in the English kingdom. He could set up and cast down ministers according to his sweet will, with as much ease as Warwick could dispose of kings. He cast a withering glance at the last speaker, and said: "Hold on there!"

Dr. Bland then said: "Are you ready for the vote?"

Mr. Bishop said: "Hold on a bit!" He then went and whispered to some of the silent members, telling them how they should vote. He then said, "ready," and the vote was unanimous for re-engaging the missionary.

Dr. Bland then said: "I suppose you have no arrears?" "Well, we are a little behind," said Mr. Bishop, "but that don't amount to much. We'll work that off after a bit." "I presume you'll attend to that," said Dr. Bland, "and we'll not require to report any arrears, as the H. M. grant would be withheld in that case, as all arrears require to be paid before the grant can be paid."

"We'll see to that," said Mr. Bishop. "He came among us pretty poor, and he's picked up wonderfully. We've done very well by him, and we don't intend to let him starve now."

"We'll trust then to you that it will be all met in time." "All right," said Mr. Bishop.

The benediction was then pronounced and all separated, feeling that they had acted a generous part towards their minister. I overheard one man saying as we were going out: "I voted for him out of pity because he buried that bonny curly-headed bairn. I kenned their hearts were set on't, an' I thought it would be hard to turn them oot o' hoos an' hame after au' that trouble."

We went immediately to the manse to report the happy result of the meeting. Dr. Bland said: "We have great pleasure in informing you that by a unanimous

vote of the congregation you have been engaged for another year. You have reason to be proud of the position in which you stand before this congregation."

Mr. D—— took an entirely different view of the case. He said he did not consider that a vote of a few people such as were at that meeting, not more than one-tenth of the number on the whole field, was any cause for pride nor would it have been an evidence of failure if it had been adverse. "It is very unfortunate," he said, "that the vote was taken at all. All those who have voted for me will feel that I am under everlasting obligations to them. They look upon me as their hireling, to be retained or paid off at pleasure."

"All ministers are the same. They are servants,' said Dr. Bland.

"Servants of Christ and of His church," said Mr D——, "not hirelings of the congregation. This is a hard field, as all who know anything of it will admit. I was in hopes that this deputation would have taken me into its confidence, and consulted and advised with me, and advised the congregation as to its duty, and in that way my hands would have been strengthened; but you have weakened them very much. The intention of the General Assembly in appointing these deputations was that they should stir up the congregations in the discharge of their duties. But instead of that you sent me out and set them up as judges over me to try me behind my back as to all my qualifications for a minister. You have de-

graded me and raised them in their own estimation. I fear my usefulness is gone."

Mrs. D—— then said: "Did you get any arrangement made for the settlement of arrears?"

"We were informed," said Dr. Bland, "that the arrears were trifling, and there would be no difficulty in having them settled."

"O!" said Mrs. D——. "They may appear to be trifling to those who have plenty, but to us a trifling sum is important. I was in hopes that it would have been settled now. We need it so much. We've been going as bare as we could, but with all our efforts we have been forced to go in debt, and we've been putting the people we owe off in hopes we would get our money now and be able to pay them; but it appears it's uncertain. But the Lord will provide," she added.

Dr. Bland appeared to be a little softened, and said: "I'll write to Mr. Bishop, and request him to have it attended to as soon as convenient."

Mr. D—— then said: "I had not the most remote idea till to-day that I stood in a position in any way different from other settled ministers."

"I am surprised at that," said Dr. Bland. "I thought you knew that your engagement was for two years and that unless re-appointed the engagement would terminate."

"I had no opportunity of knowing anything of the kind," said Mr. D——. "The advertisement on the terms

of which I was employed stated 'a term of years,' and when I was inducted, after I had been here six months, the congregation stood up and solemnly promised before God that they would accept me as their minister and render me due obedience in the Lord; while I, on my part, accepted the charge and solemnly promised to discharge my duty as a minister; there was nothing whatever said about two years or any specified time."

"I thought you knew that the induction was a mere form."

"How was I to know?" said Mr. D—. "Who would suppose that the most solemn oaths taken by a minister and congregation to perform certain duties towards each other would be looked upon as an empty form? If words may have any meaning, or no meaning at all, just as one of the parties to a contract may see fit to decide, how is any man to know what to depend on."

"I thought you knew," said Dr. Bland, "that as there was no call made out for you, that no induction could be binding."

"How was I to know that?" said Mr. D—. "I need not be surprised now to find that, because my courtship may not have been carried on according to rule or been defective in some point, my marriage with Mrs. D— is not valid. If a congregation and minister stand up and solemnly pledge themselves before God that they will discharge to each other the duties of minister and people, I do not see that any power on earth has any

more right to go back of it and declare it invalid on account of anything being lacking in the preliminaries, than they would have to go behind the marriage contract to inquire into the courtship."

Before Dr. Bland had time to reply, Mr. Bishop drove up with a pair of spanking bays. We proceeded to put on our coats, and just as we were stepping out, Dr. Bland turned and said: "I had nearly forgotten; the congregation requested me to say to you that though they were well satisfied with your sermons, and they spoke in highest terms of your knowledge of the languages, they thought you might improve in your delivery. If you'll just try to improve in that way, you'll do them nicely."

At this point Mr. Bishop cried out; "Halloo, Dr.! you're forgetting yourself, and have started to preach a sermon. I can't hold these beggars much longer; come on and bundle in." We were soon in Mr. Bishop's sleigh, tucked up in his rich robes, skimming over the snow at the rate of 2:50 to the mile, as Mr. Bishop assured us. We were soon seated around Mr. Bishop's well-loaded table, discussing the qualities of a large fat turkey—the finest I had seen during the season. His house was the ministers' home, and a comfortable, pleasant home he made it for them. Between fast horses, fat turkeys and fine music, he impressed all the ministers who came on deputations in the most favorable way. By all these means he succeeded in playing the bishop pretty effectually. As we were seated in Mr. Bishop's well furnished

parlor, listening to the exquisite music rendered by his accomplished wife, my mind wandered back to the manse we had just left. The frugal meal is over; Mr. D— has now completed his evening's work and has retired to his study; he is now deeply engaged in writing on a favorite topic, and has succeeded in banishing all the painful incidents of the afternoon. Mrs. D— has got a number of Mr. D—'s old coats and pants around her and is trying to work them over for her little boys. She had cherished the hope of being able to buy new cloth, but that afternoon had dispelled her hopes, but her mind has become so thoroughly absorbed in her work that she has forgotten all her other troubles; head and hands are busy till ten o'clock. Her husband came softly into the kitchen where she was at work. She was so engaged in her work that she never perceived him till he was before her with the open Bible in his hand, and said: "Come, my dear, it is now ten o'clock; it is time to have worship." Mrs. D— then went to her instrument; it was an old-fashioned one which had been left to her by a dear departed sister. Mr. D— gave out the forty-sixth psalm: "God is our refuge and our strength," etc. They then sung it to the old tune "Dundee." Mr. D— then read the psalm in which the passage occurs: "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." He then offered up the humble, fervent prayer of faith. When they had risen from their knees, Mrs. D— said: "How sweet those promises; let us trust in the Lord and do good,

and we can claim the promise, 'Verily thou shalt be fed.'"

By the time ten o'clock had arrived, we were satisfied with the exquisite music and the beautiful Scotch songs so skilfully rendered by Mrs. Bishop. Mr. Bishop had been deprived of the privilege of talking horse, the only subject on which he was at home, while the music had been going on, and he had begun to nod; so, looking up wearily, he said: "Come, come, Mrs. Bishop, it's time you were closing up that music box o' yours; these folks'll want to get to bed some time to-night." Mrs. Bishop rose from the instrument.

Dr. Bland said: "If you have a Bible convenient, we would like to have worship."

"Go, please," said Mrs. Bishop, "to the upstairs' parlor and get the family Bible." Mr. Bishop brought in a beautifully gilt family Bible, and said: "This is the one we keep for the preachers."

Dr. Bland mollified his conscience by saying: "I hope you read for yourselves, when you have no preachers visiting you." Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bishop made any answer, but I judged from the expression of their countenances that, to use a Western phrase, they were not very heavy on the Bible nor religion. Dr. Bland then handed me the Bible, and asked me to conduct worship, which I did. We then retired. But my thoughts dwelt incessantly on the homely manse, and the family of Mr. D—. The question recurred to me again and again, why

this great difference in our positions? Here is a man, in years, experience, scholastic attainments and talents for the ministry, far superior to either of us. Why does he hold a position so much subordinate to us? Is not a system under which such cases are of such common occurrence capable of improvement? Next morning, when on the way, I asked Dr. Bland if he would kindly give me some of the Scriptural passages which would most directly and conclusively prove the rights of congregations to call their ministers and dismiss them at pleasure.

He said: "The best thing you can do is to get a little book by Dr. W—. You get the whole thing there in a nutshell. You will see there clearly that our form is Scriptural, and though cases of hardship may occur under it if you had the opportunity, as I have had, of getting behind the scenes, you would see that cases of hardship occur under all systems; among others as well as our own. I am very thankful that we got this case disposed of so well yesterday. I feared we would have been under the necessity of terminating the engagement, and I should have been very sorry to turn him and his helpless family out of employment, but we must carry out our rules. By the way," he added, "I have a copy of Dr. W— in my library; I can lend it to you." I accepted his offer thankfully. Our report and recommendations were received and adopted by the Presbytery.

When I got home I lost no time in reading Dr. W. I was surprised to find nothing in it we had not gone over

in our conversations. A few evenings after we were all assembled in the parlor of Fairbank Cottage. In answer to enquiries, I gave a detailed account of all the circumstances in which we found Mr. D—, and all our action in his case. I saw that Crankie was eagerly listening. He several times half rose from his chair. Mrs. F— motioned him to keep quiet. When I had finished Mr. Graham said: "You are far more congregational than we are."

"How's that?" I said.

"Because," said he, "the smallest, poorest congregation in the Church can hire or pay off a minister just as they see fit. The whole Church through its H. M. Board may furnish the greater part of the money, but the congregation controls both it and the minister; while with us the Church has appointed an agent of missions, whose duty it is to take oversight of the expenditure of the Church funds. Hence, no congregation that receives aid from our H. M. Board has the right to either employ or dismiss a minister without the consent of the agent. We allow none of our congregations the liberty which you and Dr. Bland allowed the one you visited."

Mr. Wilson then slapped Mr. Graham on the back, and said: "I am glad to find that you are as good an Episcopalian as I am. The only difference between us is that you call the officer who oversees the work a superintendent, while we call him a bishop; but," he continued, turning to me, "there must be some mistake about this

matter. It appears to me incredible that an intelligent body of Christians like the Presbyterians should allow their men and money to be used in that way. I should think if that were generally known the people would be slow to pay into the H. M. Fund."

I was grieved that the subject should have been raised, but I frankly admitted that such was the law of the Church, as explained by its highest authorities. The engagement between a minister and a mission station must be renewed every year after the end of the first year, and the conduct of Dr. Bland was quite in order.

"I should think," said Mr. Wilson, "that the position of a missionary would be so precarious that few would care about entering upon the work. No wonder the missionary felt it deeply when he learned the position in which he was placed."

"Well" I said, "I did not make the law, and I can do nothing else than take the law just as I find it."

"Would you like," said the wife of Fairbank, "to take his place?"

"I would not like to say that I would," I replied; "but I got a call to this congregation and was regularly settled over it, and I'm its pastor. I presume he did the best he could; if he could have done better he would have done so."

"I see," said the wife of Fairbank, "that you ministers dinna heed muckle aboot carrying oot the Golden Rule in your treatment o' each other. It's a good enough

thing to preach aboot on the Sabbaths, but it's no to practice on the week day."

"Yer' just like ither folk: it's 'every man for himsel' an' the deil for us au'," said the laird.

I was about to reply when I caught sight of Mary's eye directed at me, and I made no answer. Mrs. S. then went on: "There was a great ado about the evils o' patronage in the Auld Country, but I'm sure your calling ministers in this country has got to be such a farce that you might be glad if you had a patron to choose your minister for you. Every minister in the Church is open to receive a call. The minister who has been inducted over a charge and in receipt of a salary of $2,000 per annum, and the one who has no charge, and no income, and a wife and family to support, are exactly on the same level before the church. They both go before the same congregation as candidates, and if the inducted minister has the most influence he shoves his weaker brother aside, and we may say that he takes the bite oot the mouths o' the wife and the helpless bairns; and after he's inducted over his new charge, he's nae mare bound to that charge than he was before. The induction is a farce as far as the minister is concerned. He's as free to go and curse other congregations by preaching to them as he was before. Though the induction is binding on the congregation, it canna' look for another minister. The minister is just as free as ever."

"It's too bad," I said, "to call a minister who is preach-

ing the gospel according to the rules of our church 'a curse.' I hope you did not mean what you said."

"I do mean every word of it," she said warmly. "The gospel should never be degraded by being made the subject or means of candidating. Every additional candidate is an additional curse. They curse the people by giving them itching ears, and training them to go to church to judge and to criticise, rather than to be instructed."

"But the constitution of our Church provides for giving congregations an opportunity of hearing different ministers," I said.

"I have yet to learn," said Mrs. Smith, "that either the Scriptures or the confession of faith teaches any such thing. They provide that freedom shall be enjoyed by both, and that no congregation shall have a minister forced upon it against its will. Both ministers and people are expected in a large measure to be guided by common sense and common honesty, but in our present practice there is little attention paid to either."

"O, that's too hard," I said.

"It's the truth," she said, "and I'm sure I dinna wish for't, but you may have a chance, like a great many more I know, to learn frae a hard experience the truth o' what I'm saying. I'll just gie ye a case. I ken a minister an' ye would ken him tae if I would only name him. He had been oot o' a place for mair than twa years. He preached in a congregation, an' pleased them weel, and they would have been sure tae have called him, but the

moderator o' their session, a minister in a neighborin' toon, got anither neighborin' minister tae recommend him, and got one tae nominate him, an' he presided at his ain election, an' the one congregation (for there were two in the charge) gave him one of a majority over the puir minister that had nae place. The ither congregation took nae vote at au'. They said they would just faw in for the sake o' peace. So that minister who had a good toon charge, got the call frae the puir minister who had nane, although he had scarcely more than one-fourth o' the votes. His conduct was just acting oot in real life Nathan's parable aboot the man wi' the numerous flocks an' herds, who took his puir neebor's pet lamb. But it's no' everybody that's as nicely punished as this minister was. There was so much dissatisfaction among the members that were not at the meeting that they sent no delegate to prosecute the call, an' his ain congregation sent nae delegation to ask him tae stay wi' them, and between the twa stools he cam' tae the grun."

"O," I said, "such cases are only exceptional."

"Not at all," she replied. "This case may be a little mair open than the average, but there's naething in the rules o' the church tae prevent it. The moderator of session of a vacant congregation is a thorough pope if he only sees fit to act it oot. He can bring in or keep oot o' the pulpit ony yin he likes. All who preach in vacancies are called candidates, but the word candidate is a misnomer. To be a candidate a nomination is necessary. It

is only some favored one oot o' the many who preach in a vacancy that is nominated, and his election follows as a matter of course. If a minister is not nominated he has no right to be called a candidate. The minister mentioned above, by a little Jesuitism got himself nominated, and as he could bring on both nomination and election when he pleased, and only when he pleased, he controlled the choice of the candidate who should oppose him, and he chose one he was sure he could easily defeat."

"It's too bad to use the term 'Jesuitism' when speaking of our own ministers."

"I'll admit," she said, "the word 'Jesuitism' is na sa nice tae Protestant ears, but it's the only word I can think o' that expresses my sentiments. Ye may speak till you're tired aboot patronage, prelacy and papacy, but we have enough of them at hame. We should use the auld Chinese maxim: 'Let every man sweep the snow from his own door, before he begins to help his neebor.'"

Before I had time to reply Mr. Graham said: "It was such difficulties as these that made me a Congregationalist. I used to be told when I was in the Presbyterian Church, that in case of difficulty between a minister and his people, the minister always had the Presbytery at his back to support him, but I always found it in my face to head me off from getting the justice I could have got from the people without their interference."

I could see that the wife of Fairbank squirmed a little at hearing her church attacked by a Congregationalist,

though she had just been doing the same thing herself in a much more vigorous style. Mr. Wilson then said: "There is one difficulty in Congregationalism, which I cannot see the way over, viz., in carrying on Home Mission work. The H. M. Fund is the property of the whole Church, as it is made up of the freewill offerings of the whole. The whole church through some accredited agent should have a voice in the expenditure of that Fund. Now, to place any part of the church funds at the disposal of any congregation, giving them the power of 'hiring the minister,' as they call it, or putting him away, as they please, the Church having no voice as to either the fitness or the unfitness of the minister, the justice or the unjustice of putting him away, thus allowing the people to gratify their whims at the expense of the Church, is a way of expending money that would not be sanctioned by any government or municipality in the world."

"Very good," said Mr. Graham, "you are setting up a man of straw for the fun of knocking it down. Our ministers are ordained by a council of neighboring ministers called together for the occasion, and we have a superintendent of missions appointed by the Church, and no grant can be made to any congregation out of the fund unless the agent reports that the minister is ordained, and is in connection with the association, and is doing real mission work."

"But is it not optional with a minister whether he

unite with the association or not? Are there not many Congregational ministers who are not members of the association?" said Mr. Wilson.

"It is true there are," said Mr. Graham, "but they cannot be employed in mission work, nor draw from the fund."

"I cannot see," said Mr. Wilson, "that those who are not members of the association have any more right to be called Congregationalists than Presbyterians."

"As to the superintendents," I said, "that is nothing new. The American Presbyterian church has employed superintendents of missions for years, and the system is being introduced into the Presbyterian Church of Canada. When I went to the States, I was received and employed by one of these superintendents. The Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly simply ratified his act."

"But what about your ordination?" he said.

"I was ordained by the Presbytery," I said. "I have forgotten whether the superintendent was moderator or not, but I shall never forget the solemn charge he gave me."

"Is it not surprising," said Mr. Wilson, "to find how near we all are to each other in the essentials? We are substantially the same in doctrine, and also in our rules and regulations for carrying on mission work."

"It's only," said the wife of Fairbank, "when you lose the missionary idea as taught in our Lord's commission (Mark, 16:16), and try to settle down into comfortable parishes and livings, that you differ."

A young Methodist brother who had been introduced into the family of Fairbank that evening, and whom we had forgotten to introduce to our readers, now thought this a convenient time to air his sentiments, and he proceeded in slow, well-measured, well-modulated tones, which had been handed down to him by tradition from John Wesley, to say: "It appears to me that Methodism is free from those difficulties of which you are all complaining. It is the happy medium between the extremes."

"Weel," said the wife of Fairbank, "as for your Maithodism, its only old-fashioned Presbyterianism. You have departed from it on the one side, and we, to a great extent, on the other. The old-fashioned Presbyterianism taught by Calvin was much nearer the Episcopacy taught by Hooker than to what is called Presbyterianism in the Canada Presbyterian Church."

Auld Crankie had been eagerly listening, and now he broke out: "What ye ca' Presbyterianism in this country is just a jumble o' prelacy, patronage and Congregationalism thrown into a bag promiscuously, and when shaken and drawn from, you may find yourself under a prelacy as tyrannical as any which has ever existed in the church from the time of Gregory the Great downward —or subject to a Congregationalism as thorough as any that has ever been practised from the time of Cromwell —or a patronage more oppressive than that which brought on the Aberardycase and caused the disruption of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland."

"Hoot, toot, Tam; ye're an extremist," said the wife of Fairbank.

"That may be true," said Crankie; "everyone that holds the truth strongly is called an extremist. Our Saviour an' Paul were looked upon as extremists."

The wife of Fairbank was getting fidgety, fearing that Crankie would get too much excited. But Mr. Wilson now said: "There is a great deal of truth in what he says. There are few who have the courage of their convictions, and the few who have are sure to be called nasty names." This appeared to please Crankie, as he claimed that it was owing to his habit of speaking the truth plainly that he got that name.

The laird was just beginning to remind us that he had been an elder for "twa an' twenty years—" when the wife of Fairbank headed him off by saying that it was time to take his lantern and go to the barn and see if all was right there. The laird was soon on his way to the barn, singing at the top of his cracked voice, "For Crummie is a guid milk coo; she's cam' o' a guid kind."

The company was soon dispersed, and silence reigned in the cottage of Fairbank.

CHAPTER VI.

Mode of Appointing Ministers in the Methodist Church—Ministers in Charges Competing Against Those Who Have None—Process in Calling and Inducting Ministers.

A FEW evenings after this the same company was again gathered together in the parlor of Fairbank Cottage. I had felt a little crestfallen ever since our last discussion. Hence, as soon as a reference was made to the matter, I said: "It is an easy matter to find fault with any system, but it is not so easy to improve on it, and other systems have their defects as well as ours. I have heard lately of a Methodist church refusing to receive the minister sent to them by the Conference, and shutting the door in his face."

"And what cause was given for refusing to receive him?" said Mr. Wilson.

"I know of no other reason," I replied, "only that they did not like him, and I do not think that congregations should be expected to give any other reason."

"That is a very unsafe rule to go by," said the wife of Fairbank, "to make the likes or dislikes of the congregation the only cause for accepting or rejecting a minister. One of the most serious charges that our Lord brought against the Jews was that they hated Him without a cause. Now, does he not say, 'He that despiseth

you, despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me'? If we acknowledge that our ministers are ambassadors of Christ at all, the conclusion is forced upon us that when we despise and reject Christ's ministers, we are despising and rejecting the Master Himself. Is it not then a serious thought that our system turns the church into a regular training school to teach the people to despise and reject Christ's ministers and, through them to reject the Master Himself?"

Mr. Johnson then proceeded to say, in his very best modulated tone of voice: "Methodism provides a complete guarantee against all this; for, though the people are consulted about the management of the financial affairs of the church, they are never called upon to judge of the qualifications of a preacher."

"How are you to know whether a minister proves acceptable or not?" I asked.

"The superintendent of a circuit is expected to watch over any young preacher placed under his charge and report on his fitness for the office," he replied. "The people must know more than the preachers before they can judge, and if they know more they do not need preachers at all. Acceptability is a poor test of a preacher. Christ and Paul and all the apostles were sad failures as far as that is concerned. I heard of a colored preacher who divided his discourse in the following way: he said, 'In de first place, I shall 'splain; in de second, I shall 'spound; and in de t'ird place, I shall put on de 'rousements.'

The two first, viz., 'splaining an' 'spoundin',' would be useless if the people knew more than the minister, and as for 'puttin' on de 'rousements,' if they can get along with the other two, they can manage that likewise. With respect to rejecting ministers, in our Conference, containing 150 ministers, there have only been two cases within eight years. I expect that now, since the union, the proportion will be a little greater, as there may be some disputes as to which of the different branches the minister should be chosen from. The case to which you refer was from this cause; it was not from any dislike to the minister."

The wife of Fairbank then said: "It is a solemn responsibility that a congregation takes upon itself, when it rejects one of Christ's ministers without being able to give some better cause than simply to say: 'We don't like him. But that's no true Presbyterianism. It's only an outgrowth or fungus which is sapping its life, but I trust it has enough of life in it to throw it off and return to old-fashioned Presbyterianism."

"What do you mean by an outgrowth?" I said.

"I mean the probationers' scheme, by which an ordained minister, though he may have served his church efficiently for thirty or forty years, is degraded to the rank of a probationer, which means a student or a minister who has not sustained his ordination trials, and he is peddled around like any old second-hand goods in search of a market. Paul sought to magnify the office of the

Christian ministry, but if all the Jesuits in the world should unite to devise a scheme to degrade the office, it would be difficult to improve on the probationer's scheme."

"Oh! that is too hard," I said.

"O, well," she replied, "you'll maybe get a trial of it yet, and then you'll think differently of it."

I felt too much crestfallen to follow up the argument any further. Mr. Johnson then said: "I attended the induction of a minister not long ago, and it appears to me that the process of getting a minister settled is a very cumbrous affair. I always like to know as much as possible about every religious system. Will you be kind enough to explain the whole process to me, if these other friends will bear with us?"

"Most cheerfully," they both replied.

I then proceeded: "When a congregation is ready to proceed to call a minister, a petition is sent to Presbytery to have a call moderated in."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Johnson; "is not a congregation supposed to be always ready to call a minister? How can it be called a vacancy if it does not offer employment to the first duly qualified applicant?"

"By being prepared, we mean when they have heard a sufficient number of candidates."

"And who decides when enough of candidates have been heard—the elders?"

"No," I replied; "this is one of the rights of the con-

gregation. Neither minister nor elders have any right to interfere."

"You're wrang there," said the wife of Fairbank; "according tae the original constitution of Presbyterianism, it was the duty of the Session and Presbytery to see that the congregation were supplied with the ordinances of religion."

"That is not the way we do," I replied.

"It appears," said Mr. Johnson, "that you claim that the Canada Presbyterian Church is an improvement on the old Presbyterianism; but how long may this process of hearing candidates be continued?"

"There is no fixed time," I replied.

"I have known," said Crankie, "a congregation on the list of vacancies for between nine and ten years. It's au' jummelled, it's au' wrought through ither (confusion) in what's cau'd the Presbyterian Church. We hev' nae Presbyterian Church." He was waxing hot and becoming excited, when the wife of Fairbank touched him on the arm, and said: "Don't forget your manners, Tam. Thae gentlemen are talkin'; will you just gie them a chance." Crankie then subsided.

Mr. Johnson then continued: "Is there no one whose duty it is to decide such an important matter as this? We all know that what is everybody's business is nobody's business." I could make no answer. He then said: "Who nominates the candidate? How and when are they nominated?"

"Well," I replied, "when a moderation is granted a day is appointed, and after the moderator preaches a sermon; he then asks if they are ready to proceed, and a vote of the meeting is taken as to whether they are ready to proceed or not. If the vote is yea, nominations are called for; if not, proceedings are sisted."

"By that, I presume you mean stopped," said Mr. Johnson, "but what can be the cause for such a vote? Had it not been decided by the proper authorities that they were prepared before they were put on the list of vacancies?"

"But you must know that if a call is not unanimous, it is a very uncomfortable position for a minister. The vote is simply to see if they are sufficiently unanimous."

"I thought you were ruled by majorities, and that the minorities were expected to yield to the majorities," said Mr. Johnson.

"Not in all cases with us. You must be aware how troublesome a factious minority may be. The call is sometimes set aside, but it can be known by voting first whether prepared or not, and if it is seen that the congregation is too much divided, a division with all its unhappy consequences is prevented."

"That means," said Mr. Johnson, "that the majority is expected to submit to the minority. Civil government could never be carried on in that way. Our last member of Parliament had only three of a majority, and he was

considered just as duly elected as if the majority had been three thousand. But it appears to me that it must be a long process to bring the names of all the candidates before the meeting in cases where they have been hearing candidates for years; there must be some cases, at least, in which there are fifty or one hundred candidates."

"O, there is generally only one candidate named, and seldom, if ever, more than two or three nominated."

"And what is done with all the others who have preached there as candidates?"

"Their names are not taken up at all."

"Then they are not candidates. If a man is not nominated, he is not a candidate. I saw an advertisement in your church organ not long ago for candidates to preach in a certain vacancy. Such advertisements must be a deception, and all who are led to preach in vacancies through means of them are deceived."

I had got a probationer to preach in my place, and had gone over a hundred miles to preach in a vacancy, and my name was never mentioned, and I felt considerably disgusted with my adventure; hence, I made no reply.

Mr. Johnson then continued: "I have heard of taking a vote to make a call unanimous; what does that mean?"

"O, that only means," I replied, "that the minority will fall in with the majority."

"Is that all," said Mr. Johnson; "I thought that was only what was expected of minorities in all representative

bodies. It is simply taking a vote as to whether they will do their duty or not. But after the election, what next? The induction, I presume?"

"If the minister called be settled in another Presbytery——"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Johnson, "but are settled ministers open to receive calls on equal terms with those who have no congregations?"

"Certainly," I said; "every minister in the church is open to receive a call."

"Do you mean to say," he replied, "that an induction means nothing, and that a minister is as open to receive a call after it as before it, and that a minister who is in receipt of a salary of $1,000 is at liberty to go and enter the lists with the one who has a helpless wife and family depending upon him for support, and has no means of supporting them except a precarious employment at $8 per Sabbath, and unless he has friends he may not get much employment? I have heard Presbyterian ministers complain that they could not get enough to pay their travelling expenses. How do such ministers live?"

I then thought of having competed a short time before against a poor minister who had a sick wife and a helpless family, in the hope that I would be named as a candidate. In this I was disappointed, and shoved the poor, needy brother to one side without doing myself any good. My conscience smote me, hence I said nothing, and very

little of that. Mr. Johnson went on: "And what am I to understand by 'prosecuting the call'?"

"A delegation must appear before the Presbytery to which the minister belongs, and give reasons for the translation."

"If I were a Presbyterian minister, I should earnestly pray that I might never be sent on such a deputation, for I do not see any other reason that I could give more than that I loved my own Presbytery better than the other, hence I would be setting aside the golden rule." I had been so employed myself on one occasion, and that was my feeling, hence I could make no reply. He then asked what next. I then said: "I have forgotten one step; the call must be brought before the Presbytery in which the congregation giving it is, and examined, and if it is in due form, it is sustained as a regular gospel call."

"If it is only to see if it is in proper form, I should think that an ordinary lawyer's clerk or notary public could do it as well as your whole Presbytery with one of our conferences thrown in." At this stroke of wit the laird brought his fist down on his knee, shook his head, laughed vociferously, and said: "That's a guid yin." Mr. Johnson went on: "After the call is sustained, what next?"

"It must be put into the hands of the minister to whom it is addressed."

"And he is then inducted?"

"Not yet; he has thirty days to consider it." "And

then the induction, of course?" "If there is no other call, but if he should get another he could claim another thirty days to consider that, and if he should get a third, another thirty days to consider it, and so on, if he should get a dozen."

"He might, if a popular man, keep all those congregations waiting for months or years; but after he has accepted, surely the induction?"

"No, not yet; an Edict has to be read on two consecutive Sabbaths, notifying any who may have any objections to offer to the life or conduct of the said minister to repair to the church on the day of moderation, and make the same known, or forever hold their peace."

"It appears to us, who have the characters of our ministers past every year at Conference, strange that the question should be raised at such a time. I presume that if no objection is offered the induction now takes place."

"Not if the person called is only a licentiate; he has his induction trials to sustain." "What! on the day of his moderation?" "Yes; that is our mode." "And if he should fail? Or do they ever fail? But perhaps it is a mere form?"

"Oh, no," I said; "they have subjects assigned them, and they have to be examined on them. They have a critical exercise in Greek, and a popular discourse on a given subject to read and be approved of, and if the examination is sustained by the Presbytery the ordination is proceeded with."

"But have you ever known a candidate to fail?" he asked. I was forced to admit that I never had. He then said: "I thought it could be no more than a mere form. It could not be expected that a congregation should be put to all the trouble of taking such numerous and difficult steps, and have all their work for nothing. But what appears to me the strangest part of all is, that after a minister promises with all the solemnity of an oath to take charge of that congregation, that he is no more bound than if the promise had never been made."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean that if every minister in the church is open to receive a call, this one must be in the same position. I do not say that the induction is a farce, but I cannot help thinking it all the same." I was in no position to contradict him, as I had met a minister out prospecting for a call within three months of the time of his induction. He then proceeded: "Is the congregation as free to look for another minister as the minister is to look out for another congregation? I have often heard the relation between a minister and his congregation compared to the marriage relation. It surely would not be fair for a man to have the privilege of looking out for another wife, while the wife has not the privilege of looking out for another husband—that the marriage contract should be binding on the one and not on the other. But what do you mean by a probationer? I have always under-

stood the word to mean the same as a licentiate, but you appear to use it in a different sense."

To this I replied: "All ministers without charges are called probationers in our church."

"But," he replied, "a probationer means one on trial. What are your ministers without charges on trial for?"

"To see," I replied, "if any congregation will call them."

"But you have just said that every minister in the church is open for a call. Are they not all probationers?" I felt annoyed and disgusted as I could not think of any answer to give him. I felt it more to be thus worsted before Mary, and I began to suspect that he had designs on her. I thought several times during the discussion that he appeared to be directing his discourse to her, and seemed as if he would like to humiliate me before her. I thought I would change my tactics and cease to act on the defensive, so I said: "It is very easy to point out the defects in any system, but if you will look at the Methodist system you will find that it has its defects. There is any amount of intriguing carried on between the ministers and the stationing committee. The best places are all arranged for before they ever come before the stationing committee at all, and when a Methodist preacher is sent to a place he may act the part of a little pope, as he has no session to be a check on him."

The wife of Fairbank saw that I was somewhat annoyed by the way that the discussion had so far gone, and she now

broke in and said: "A minister might dae waur than act the pope (Greek pape or father). He could often dae far mare guid than tae be checked and check-mated by a whean o' elders, who appear tae ken naething mare than tae object."

The laird then began to remind us that he had been "an elder in the kirk for twa an' twenty years cum' next sacrament time," when the "leddy," as he sometimes called her, reminded him that it was time for him "tae get his lantern an' gang awa' tae the barn an' see if au' was richt there," and as he was going out she said: "John, just look in at they yows we put by themsel's an' see if aw's richt there." The laird started, singing at the top of his cracked voice, "Ca' the yows tae the nows (hills)," etc.

The visitors soon took their leave; Crankie began to feel sleepy, and went to his room; the wife of Fairbank went to the kitchen to look after some matters there, and I was left alone with Mary. She saw that I felt a little cast down, and she came up and put her hand on my shoulder as I sat, and said; "He's a glib talker that Mr. Johnson, but he had the easy side of the question. What you were on was just the weak side of Presbyterianism, in fact not true Presbyterianism at all." Those soothing words, spoken while her hand rested on my shoulder, sent a thrill of pleasure through my entire being. The demon of jealousy was cast out, and I was myself again.

She then said: "By the way, have you not to go to

a meeting of Presbytery to-morrow?" I said I had. She then said: "You'll need a good night's rest, so I'll bid you good night; and I hope you'll banish from your mind all thoughts of the discussion, and try to get a good night's sleep." She then glided swiftly from the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Another Visit to Mr. D.'s Mission Station in Company with Mr. Narrow —Lord McDonald and Mr. Bishop—Presbyterial Visitation, as Conducted by Mr. Narrow—Difference between Mission Stations and Settled Charges—Teaching and Ruling Elders: Tim. 1, 17—Crankie's Exposition.

ON the following day I attended the meeting of Presbytery referred to above. The business was chiefly of a routine character, and was soon despatched. The most important item was the appointment of a delegation to visit Mr. Dinnie's mission station. Mr. D. had requested that the examination into the state of affairs in his station should be conducted in the form of a regular Presbyterial visitation. He gave as his reason for making this request that on the occasion of the former visit to his station the few members present, not more than one-tenth of the number of hearers and contributors on the whole field, had been constituted into a court to try him, not only as to how he had done his duty, but as to his qualifications, both literary and otherwise, and then a vote had been taken as to whether they should hire him again, as they expressed it, or put him away; that though he could easily submit to this degradation, if it could be shown to be for the good of the cause, he thought it could be easily seen that to put him in the position of a hireling in the

hands of a few individuals was to impair his influence and consequently his usefulness; that a compliance with his request would simply place him in the position for which he bargained, viz., an ordinary minister in regular standing: that it would impress upon the people the fact that there were some duties devolving upon them as well as the minister.

Dr. Bland strongly resented the criticism that had been made on his action on the occasion of the former visit. Nevertheless the request was granted, the necessary printed papers were directed to be sent to both minister and people, and Mr. Narrow and myself were appointed as the deputation with one of Mr. Narrow's elders.

At the time appointed Mr. Narrow and I started on our mission. I learned by our conversation on the way that Mr. Narrow, before he had been appointed to the city mission in which he was then employed, had been the nearest minister to that region. He had been looked upon as the bishop of all that Northern District, there being no other between him and the North Pole to dispute his rights. From his own account I learned that he had been in the habit of acting the prelate with a pretty high hand. He was the terror of all the students who labored on the field, while he was a favorite with all the matrons. Though Narrow by name few could smile more broadly or pat the children on the head more gently, or point out their good qualities more cleverly than he. I feared that

he would begin by treating Mr. D. as he had been in the habit of treating the students, and from the knowledge I had gained of him on my former visit, I could easily see that to a man of Mr. D.'s age and culture and sensitive nature, such treatment as Mr. Narrow had been in the habit of giving the students would be galling in the extreme, if not unsufferable.

As the roads were good we got over the fifty miles between our starting point and the missionary's home early in the evening. We received what Burns would have called a Highland welcome from Mr. and Mrs. D. My horse was soon cared for, and we were enjoying a comfortable tea. When our repast was over, and we were seated in the parlor, Mr. Narrow soon began, as he had been in the habit of doing with the students, to draw Mr. D. into a discussion, which was to serve as a kind of an informal examination, so that he might be the better able to report to them that sent him. I could see that the conduct of Mr. Narrow was very distasteful to Mr. D. He tried for some time to avoid getting into an argument, but Mr. Narrow pushed the matter so that Mr. D. must either own ignorance or engage in the discussion. Both the subjects taken up had received special attention from Mr. D., while Mr. Narrow's views were very narrow, hence he was forced before the company to yield both his positions. This was unfortunate for Mr. D. If he had allowed Mr. Narrow to gain the victory, it would have pleased him, while it would not have hurt Mr. D., but Mr. D. was too

much like Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield—he possessed very little of the wisdom of the serpent.

Next morning Mr. Narrow inquired as to the state of the work on the mission. Mr. D. said he thought there had been a great improvement since last year, and appeared to be quite satisfied with the prospect.

Mr. Narrow said he had learned that there was dissatisfaction, and that complaints had been made, but as to the nature of the complaints or who made them, he declined to give an answer. He inquired if the congregation had appointed a representative to answer the questions to be asked them. Mr. D. said he had not; that as the congregation would be present to answer for themselves, he could see no use of answering through a representative, and besides he had no session, as two of the three elders were beyond reach. One was from home engaged in the lumber business, the other sick in bed, and it had been altogether impossible, even if it had been necessary, to proceed in a constitutional way. I saw from examining the printed papers on which the congregation was to be examined, that Mr. D. was right and Mr. Narrow wrong, but I failed to put the matter right in the proper time.

When we got to the church Mr. Narrow held a short religious service, by reading a chapter and giving a short comment, which must have appeared flat to those who had been accustomed to Mr. D.'s expositions and sermons, but he appeared to please himself vastly. He then re-

peated the same questions that he had asked Mr. D. in his own house, and got the same answers. It was quite evident that by this course he wished to humiliate Mr. D. before the congregation. He then proceeded to reprimand him for his neglect, speaking to him as if he were a mere boy. Mrs. D., being unaccustomed to hear her husband spoken to in that way, burst into tears, and left the church. Mr. Narrow said that owing to Mr. D.'s failure to get matters in a proper shape, the object of the visit could not be carried out.

I suggested that we should proceed with the other questions and that the informality might be overlooked.

Mr. Narrow would not hear of such a thing. He was like a great many narrow-minded men in both church and state; he altogether failed to understand the use of a book of rules. That it is in church work what a carpenter's rule is in his work; that it is intended to facilitate and guide him in his work, but never to hinder. If his work is done correctly, no one asks him whether he uses his rule or not. So in church affairs. He said he would ask a few informal questions. Mr. D. did not know enough to object to such a proceeding. As he did not do the work he was sent to do on the ground that it would be informal, why did he proceed in a way that he acknowledged himself to be informal? But Mr. D. was too much confused to protest. He then proceeded to enquire as to what part of the salary was paid.

Mr. D. stated that he had been paid in full up to the end of last quarter, and that he had no claim against the congregation at that time. In answer to questions, Mr. D. explained that $64 of the sum credited to the congregation had been given to him while he was visiting among the lumber shanties. Mr. Narrow objected to receiving money from such sources, and said the congregation should pay it. We had the strange spectacle of a delegate of Presbytery charging a congregation with being in arrears to its minister, the minister stoutly denying the fact. Mr. Narrow then asked if the congregation was not falling off in attendance. He was answered that nothing of the kind was observable. Were there not some who had ceased to attend because they did not like Mr. D.? This was likewise denied. He then became more explicit and said: "Are there not some who do not attend because Mr. D. does not speak loud enough for them to hear him?"

John Knox then took the floor, and said: "I'm noo gaun on aichty-four, an' I can hear every word he says bravely (clearly)."

Mr. Narrow then proceeded: "Will you be able to meet the next quarter's salary when due, which will be in about a month?"

They hoped to do so, as they had from the lumber shanties and from new appointments received each year such additional support that they had been able to pay a little over a third more than had been subscribed, and

they hoped to do as well in the future. Mr. Narrow then explained that if they failed to pay their part, the H. M. Committee would withhold the supplement, "and then," said he, "your minister will have nothing to live on."

John Knox then rose slowly to his feet, and said: "The case is a wee like this: Me an' my neebor has a horse tae feed. I'm tae gie him the oats, my neebor the hay. He says tae me, 'if ye dinna dae your duty an' gie him the oats as ye agreed, I'll no' gie him the hay an' the puir beast'll hae naething.' You ministers hae an unco queer way o' dain' your work."

The only answer Mr. Narrow gave to this was a broad smile, but a feeling of annoyance was visible through it. No man could be more obsequious to members of congregations than Mr. Narrow. It was strongly suspected that he was feeling his way to being Mr. D.'s successor. The only foemen on which he wished to try his steel were students and ordained missionaries.

Mr. D.'s temper at length got the better of him. He sprang to his feet, and cried out: "I protest against such proceedings; I'll submit to this no longer."

Mr. Narrow stared in astonishment for a few moments and then dismissed the meeting. Mr. Narrow then went to the manse to apologize to Mrs. D. He said he was sorry to have an unpleasant task to perform.

"What is that task, pray? Were you sent to turn us out of our home, or what? You appear to act as if that was your errand."

"O! certainly not; but you may depend upon it, there are some who are against Mr. D."

"During the three years we have been here," said Mrs. D., "all has seemed to go smoothly."

"But," said Mr. Narrow, "there was an under current all the time at work, which Mr. D. could not see."

"Is it your errand then," said Mrs. D., "to shove us under the influence of this under current?"

Mr. Narrow made no reply.

"For what cause are they opposed to us?"

"O, I don't know."

"Well, have you heard any complaints?"

"Well, no," he said, "but you may depend upon it, there are some against him."

"You know," said Mrs. D., "that one of the great charges which Christ brought against the Jews was that they hated Him without a cause. In stirring up the people against one of Christ's ministers, who, as you know, has discharged his duty as faithfully and as well as you or any other minister in the Presbytery could do it, is a most unchristian act, and you may meet your punishment yet."

At this point Mr. D. came in. Mr. Narrow said to him: "I am sorry that things are in this way;" and in a patronizing way, he said: "I am told that you do much better on the platform; there the people like you well."

Mr. D. cried out: "That's false; I speak no better on the platform, if as well."

All Mr. D.'s ebullitions of anger were as futile and as foolish as the whistling of a woodchuck. It can irritate, but it is powerless to defend itself. I took Mr. D. aside, and advised him to let the matter drop, as any words would only make the matter worse. And we took our leave.

A short drive brought us to a commodious, well-built, well-furnished farm house. As the occupant was a Highlander, known as Lord McDonald, we got a Highland welcome. Mr. Narrow was evidently at home. He had made this house his home ever since he had assumed the office of bishop of that extensive mission field. We soon had all our wants supplied. None could be more genial than Mr. Narrow when partaking of the hospitality of friends. He was now quite a different man from what he had been when he was using his prelatical authority on the helpless missionary and his wife. After inquiring about all the various members of the family, he said, with the air of one who knew how to magnify his office: "Well Mack, what do you think the chances are of building up a Presbyterian cause here?"

"I do not think the chances are very good," said Mr. McDonald. "Things appear to have been going back for the last year."

Mr. Narrow gave a slow, deliberate bow, and said: "Well, what cause do you assign?"

"Well, no doubt part of the cause is with ourselves." With this profession of humility he had soothed his con-

science, and he proceeded: "The missionary has much to do with it." Mr. Narrow bowed again. "He has never appeared to be the same since the time that Dr. Bland and our young friend were here last year. His pride was touched because the Dr. asked him to retire while he asked the congregation a few questions which he had no right to hear. One would have thought he would have known that it would not be for his own comfort to hear everything that might be said about him."

Mr. Narrow again bowed low. Turning to me, he said: "You were present last year, and you know it would not have been pleasant to have heard all that was said." I bowed.

"You had no sooner driven away than he said (for, you see, he has made a confidant of me ever since he has been here:) If it were not for my wife and helpless family, I would never go into that pulpit again.' I did not like to hear that way of speaking, for it looked as if it was the place he cared for more than the work of the ministry." Mr. Narrow again bowed, and Lord McDonald went on: "I pitied him, and forgave him. As he had had a great deal of trouble in his family from diphtheria. He had just lost a fine little boy——"

"As braw a bairn as ever I set my een on," said Lady McDonald, with an apparent choking in her throat. "Oh the trouble—the trouble that poor family had. I many a time wondered how that poor man could preach at all."

Mr. McDonald went on: "As I said, I pitied him, and

forgave him, but from the way he talked to you to-day, I'm done with him. As his family are in health now, if he has to shift for himself, it will not be so bad."

"I'm no sae sure about the health part," said Mrs. McD., alluding to Mrs. D.'s delicate condition.

Mr. Narrow then said, "There are some men who never know their place, and Mr. D. is one of them. But I did not mind anything he said to me to-day. If the poor man pleased himself he did not hurt me." He emphasized this speech by a broad, vociferous laugh, accompanied with a violent shaking of the head.

There are many men who, like Mr. Narrow, deceive themselves with the thought that they are forgiving offences, while they are simply treasuring up their wrath in vials ready to be poured out on the head of the offender on the first convenient opportunity. This was what Mr. Narrow was doing. I then said, "How do you like his preaching?"

Mr. McD. said: "I have no fault to find with his preaching. Indeed, I've heard few men for the length of time that I have heard him, that held out as well. O, give every man his due."

I then said: "Have you any difficulty in hearing him?"

"Well," said McD., "I'm a little dull of hearing, and I would sometimes have liked him to speak louder, but I have no complaint to make."

I then said; "We all know that he has a great deal of preaching and driving to do, and we should not expect

him either to preach as well or deliver as forcibly as if he had only his two sermons a day like some of us. I know it would make a great difference on me if I had all his preaching and driving to do. I could neither preach as well, nor speak so loud."

Mrs. McD. then said: "That's what I've often said. If some of the other preachers were in his place, they would maybe do no better."

Mr. Narrow then interposed, and directed the conversation into a channel more to his taste. Turning to Mr. McD., he said: "Does not that elder, Mr. McQueston, complain about not being able to hear Mr. D.?"

"Well, he does," said Mr. McD., "but he is very dull of hearing. You might have noticed that when he was standing before you to-day to begin to answer the questions he expected you to ask, and that he did not hear you telling him to sit down until you had spoken the third time." Mr. Narrow looked grave. Mr. McD. went on: "He got offended with Mr. D. for preaching from the text: 'If any man have ears to hear let him hear,' and he took it as aimed at him, because he was deaf."

"But was there anything offensive in the sermon?" I asked.

"Oh no," said Mr. McD.; "he did not complain of that, and in fact couldn't, for I was there and heard him, and he explained clearly that it referred to heeding the gospel when we heard it, and had nothing to do with the natural hearing, and Mr. McQ. took no offence till some one told

him it was aimed at him. It's somebody else that's at the bottom o' that. Give every man his due."

"Well," said Mr. Narrow, gravely, "the duty of a minister of the gospel is to rightly divide the word, and it was a very injudicious selection of Scripture for Mr. D. to choose to preach from. But let that pass. One of the fundamental principles of our Presbyterianism is that the people have the right of choosing their own minister, and whoever may suffer, we must not trample on the rights of the people."

I had heard a report that Mr. Narrow was aiming at being Mr. D.'s successor, and from remarks dropped by Mr. Narrow while we were on the way, and from the fact that his city mission held about the same relation to the church work of the city as a third wheel would to a cart, I believed the report to be true. I could not account for his conduct in any other way.

Mr. Narrow then said: "If your horse is ready, I think we may as well take the road. We'll need all our time to get to our journey's end, and we'll have to call on Mr. Bishop as we go along."

We were soon on the road. We had got within sight of Mr. Bishop's residence when we saw a span of horses approaching us at a rapid rate. I had barely time to turn out and prevent a collision, but Mr. Narrow had recognized, before they had got opposite to us, sitting in the beautifully robed and well equipped sleigh behind the flying steeds, the well-known form of Mr. Bishop, and by

waving his hand and shouting at the top of his voice, he succeeded in arresting his attention and stopping him. His horses were well matched, both for size and color. They were a beautiful light bay, and showed high breeding. They stood with arched necks and distended nostrils, pawing the ground, eager for the chase. Mr. Narrow cried out in a tone of voice which had in it a beautiful mixture of sweetness and sonorousness, accompanied with a smile which was neither narrow nor silent: "Why what a flying rate! You must mean to beat 'Dexter.'"

"No, I can't quite do that yet," said Mr. Bishop, "but I've got em' down to two-forty, and I expect to get 'em down to two-thirty. I s'pose you're goin' to my house. Ye can just drive up, an' I'll go on a little an' turn about an' come back."

"No," said Mr. Narrow, "it's not worth while, as we've met you. We want to speak to you a minute."

"Well," said Mr. Bishop, "spit it out, for them beggars won't stand all day."

"You were not at our meeting to-day. We missed you."

"By golly, I forgot all about it; I'm sorry; what did you do?"

"Nothing; Mr. D. had neglected to get a representative for the congregation elected to answer the questions."

"Wasn't the congregation there? Couldn't you question the whole ca-tout of 'em an' you'd a been sure to hit the right 'un."

Mr. Narrow said: "O, you merchants are always for taking short cuts, but that is not our way. We must do all things decently and in order."

"Never mind your preaching now; keep that for Sunday." "Oh, well," said Mr. Narrow, "we did enquire a little into the state of the finances. And I asked if there were any that would become responsible for the next year's salary, and there were none. Well, what is needed is for some one to canvass the congregation and get the necessary sum subscribed and have the report in at our next meeting of Presbytery."

I then said: "As fully one-third of all Mr. D. gets comes from the lumber shanties and from new appointments a long distance off, it is utterly impossible for Mr. Bishop to canvass the whole field from which Mr. D. gets his salary."

Mr. Bishop's horses made a plunge forward, and Mr. Bishop, throwing all his weight on the reins, gave them a jerk that threw them back almost on their haunches, saying: "Dang you; stand still there, or I'll jerk the heads off you." Mr. Narrow gave a broad smile at the way that Mr. Bishop had so nearly committed himself by swearing in his presence, for he knew that it was on account of his cloth that he had changed the termination of the word he had used from mn to ng."

"Well," said Mr. Bishop, "I'll get Johnny (meaning one of the elders) with me behind them beggars, and we'll soon go through 'em, an' if the folks come down pretty

well, we may hire the old rooster over again, and if not, we'll let him go. We've had him three years now; that's pretty well for us."

I said: "Well, it won't be fair if you don't go over the whole field—the distant stations as well as those that are near." Before I had quit speaking, he said: "Well, I can't hold them beggars any longer—I must go." Mr. Narrow gave a graceful wave of his hand and a bow that would have been no disgrace to Lord Chesterfield. Just then a shower of snowballs from the hoofs of Mr. Bishop's flying steeds blinded our eyes, and before we could see, horses and driver were out of sight. "Queer ways with him, that Bishop, but a good-hearted fellow," said Mr. Narrow.

"According to our creed, there are none good," I replied, "but we'll not discuss that now. But the Lord have mercy on our poor missionaries if they have to be hired or paid off by such a man as that."

"Well, he's a communicant in the church, and the people have elected him corresponding secretary of the Board of Management, and we can't go behind that."

I said no more on the subject. When I got home, I related the whole story to the family. Crankie cried out: "There's some o' oor ministers faur waur than the Roman Cautholic. You'll no fin' the priests turnin' yin again' anither that way. To turn delicate women an' wains oot o' hoos an' haim is no muckle better than burnin' what they cau't heretics."

Before the wife of Fairbank had got Crankie to fairly subside, there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Johnson was ushered in. In a short time Mr. Wilson and Mr. Graham also came in. In the course of the conversation I made a remark about one of our mission stations being raised to the rank of a settled charge, and of one of our settled charges which had been brought down to the rank of a mission station.

"If it be true what I was reading in a very able article in our missionary Record," said the wife of Fairbank, "that a church that is not missionary has no right to be called a church at all, what is to be said of a church in which missionaries are a lower grade of ministers? Wasna' Christ Himself a missionary, as He was sent by the Father? Wasna' the apostles sent by the Lord, when He said: 'Go ye forth into all the world,' etc.? To seek only to settle down into comfortable settled charges is not the true ideal of the Christian ministry."

Mr. Johnson then cleared his throat, and pitched his voice carefully on the key of C, and proceeded, in true Wesleyan tones, to say: "Methodism carries out the missionary idea. 'For how can a man preach unless he be sent?'"

I answered: "This is not the subject which the apostle was discussing."

"But it applies to it all the same," said the wife of Fairbank. "Unless the ministers are sent and backed by the church, they cannot preach with authority.

Methodism is simply Presbyterianism. It is because the Methodist Church is truly Presbyterian that it is so successful in mission work."

"Thank you," said Mr. Johnson. Then, turning to me, he said: "I have never known very well the duties of elders in the Presbyterian Church. It appears to me that if they were to do the work of local preachers in the Methodist Church they might do a great deal of good, but I never hear of them preaching. What are their duties?"

"To assist the minister to rule the congregation," I replied. "The minister both teaches and rules—the elders only rule. 'Let the elders that rule well be accounted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine.' Is it not plain from this that it is the part of some elders simply to rule and of others both to rule and to teach?"

"It may appear plain to you," said the wife of Fairbank, "but it's no sae plain tae me. For I canna see that the passage has onything tae dae wi' the question at au'. I ken o' nae passage in the Bible that is so much abused or construed in a different way frae what the apostle intended it."

"You surely do not mean," I said, "to say that all those learned commentators who have written on this passage have failed to understand its meaning?"

"I dae mean tae say that doctors differ," she said, "even doctors of divinity, an' when they write tae bol-

ster up a pet theory instead o' trying tae learn an' teach the truth, they're as little tae be depended upon as others."

Before I had time to answer, she turned to Crankie, and said: "Tam, will you get your Lexicon, an' turn tae First Timothy, 5—17, in your Greek Testament an' gie us the rail lit'ral translation o' that verse." Crankie rose, with the air of a man of authority, to get the book. Just then the laird gave me a nudge under the ribs with his elbow which startled me, and said: "Tam's the cheel for the Greek. They say he was at the head o' his Greek class when he was at the cullege."

By this time Crankie was ready to proceed. He opened the books and turned over the leaves with the air of one who felt conscious that he possessed talents for which the world refused to give him credit. He proceeded slowly and deliberately: "The word translated elders is in Greek Presbuteroi from the same root as our word Presbytery, and Presbyter, the word used for minister in the Church of England and the Presbyterian Church, and is used when translated into English in the Baptist, Methodist and Congregational Churches to designate their ministers, whom they call elders, and in the Roman Catholic Church to designate the priests' dwelling-house which is called a Presbytery. The word priest itself is simply a contraction of Presbyter. The word translated rule is simply to set before, or in front, as a defence,—hence to manage, regulate, govern, direct. As

a verbal substantive, those who manage, regulate, govern or rule."

When the laird heard the word rule, he jumped up, and gave three skips on the floor, and snapped his fingers the way he had been in the habit of doing, when in his younger days he used to dance the Highland Fling, and cried out: "Dae you hear that? It means roolin' elders. The roolin' elders hae been deprived o' their richts by th' ministers. Hurrai for Tam's Greek!"

The wife of Fairbank cried out: "Hoot, John, are ye gaun daft? Sit doon, an' no' mak' a fil' o yoursel'."

The laird suddenly collapsed, and was soon at my side again, with mouth and eyes wide open, gazing at Crankie, who went on as if he scarcely deigned to notice the interruption. "In this place it means the ministers who manage their congregations well, or in other words, good, judicious pastors."

"But what about the laboring in word and doctrine?" I said.

"Be patient," he answered. "I'm just coming to that. The word labor, here, means to become fatigued, weary or worn out." "What about the word and the doctrine?" I said. "Don't be in too much of a hurry. Just wait till I'm ready," said Crankie. "The word logos, as all who have any knowledge of Greek know, means, speech, reason or doctrine. In the first chapter of the gospel of John it means Christ. The word doctrine in the revised version is teaching. This is much the better translation.

I must now go back to the word honor. It's primary meaning is the price or the cost of anything, wages or reward for labour done. It is the word used in Xenophon's Anabasis for the pay given to the army. It is only as a secondary meaning that the word honor is given, and then more especially honor derived from wealth. The word double is not literally two-fold, but simply means in this place liberal compensation. Now, if we take this passage in connection with the context, both that which precedes and that which follows, you will see that we are bound down to the primary meaning."

At this point the laird gave me another nudge under the ribs to attract my attention, and said: "I monny a time wunner hoo that ald bald pate o' his can haud au' the lairnin' he's got. What a pity that he's a stikit minister." His wife shook her head at him and he subsided.

Crankie continued: "In this whole chapter the apostle is giving directions about the disbursement of the church funds. The poor widows, meaning all that were destitute, were to be supported from that fund, while those who had relatives in such circumstances that they could support them, were to do so, that only the really destitute should be pensioners on the church funds. From this the apostle passes to the support of the ministers. Good, diligent, efficient ministers were to be liberally paid, especially those who were worn out in the service, or in other words, the aged and infirm ministers."

"It is plain," said the wife of Fairbank, "that the sustentation scheme adopted by the Free Church of Scotland comes nearer to the apostolic and common-sense system than any other."

I then ventured to say: "In this translation you differ from nearly all the translators and commentators of our church."

"I don't care for that," said Crankie. "You look at this question through the spectacles of those commentators, who are, most of them, professors in colleges, who have 'grists to bring to their ain mills.' I look at it through my own spectacles."

I then said: "If your spectacles are so correct, I wonder how you ever became a stikit minister." I saw Mary shaking her head at me, and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Graham looked at me with anything but approval, but Crankie went on, without noticing me: "The apostle in the very next verse to the one we have been examining says: 'For the Scripture saith thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, and the laborer is worthy of his hire,' Can anything be plainer than that. The apostle is speaking of paying the ministers their salaries, which they have fairly and honestly earned, and that it was to be paid out of a fund raised by the whole church. To suppose that the apostle in the middle of a passage in which he is speaking of money matters should throw in a clause on which a whole system of church polity is to be founded is sheer nonsense."

Mr. Wilson said: "The best commentators agree with this exposition as far as applying it to money matters." Mr. Johnson, in his best modulated tones, told us that Methodism endorsed it.

Crankie then went on: "To translate the word by honor is absurd. As in that case the honor would have to be given to the ox that treads out the corn. Think of an ox being fed with honor."

"Not so far wrong," said Aleck. "Honor Bright, but give Buck the big potato, for both translations are right."

There was a general laugh, in which all joined except Crankie, and even he smiled. The wife of Fairbank said: "Aleck, it's time ye were awa' gettin' the mornin' wood." Mr. Wilson looked at his watch and said it was time for him to go. All the other members of the company thought the same thing, and the wife of Fairbank thought it was time for the laird to go to the barn "tae see if au' was richt there," and he was soon on his way with his lantern in his hand, singing his favorite song about Crummie.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Niven's Case—Mr. Green's Petition Dealt With—Mr. D.'s Case up Again—The Case Decided on—A Report of an Informal Meeting—The Induction of a Missionary Declared to be a Mere Form—Another Deputation to Mr. D.'s Field—Sickness and Other Trouble—Evil Consequences of Too Much Power in the Hands of the People.

THE time soon wore around for our next meeting of Presbytery. I was present. The first case on the docket was that of Mr. Niven's resignation. A deputation had visited his congregation, anent a complaint made by a member of his session, viz.: that he had administered the ordinance of baptism in a private house. The deputation sustained Mr. Niven's action, but as the elder and a few of his friends were known to be opposed to him the moderator of Presbytery advised him for the sake of his own peace and comfort to resign. Mr. Niven at once handed in his resignation.

Dr. Bland moved that the resignation be accepted instanter. Mr. Narrow, who generally seconded Dr. Bland's motions, as soon as he received a nod from the Dr. seconded this one. Mr. Green rose, and moved in amendment that the resignation be not accepted. He proceeded: "Though it may contribute very much to the peace of mind and the comfort of both Mr. Niven and family to be turned out of their home and be deprived of all visible

means of support, and to be degraded from the rank of a minister to that of a probationer, and especially at this time, when owing to the delicate state of his wife's health he cannot safely leave home, I, for one, am not willing to confer on him this great kindness. Neither am I willing to gratify the spite of this elder and a few of his friends by sacrificing the interests of a large majority of the congregation, and of a reputable minister."

Mr. Narrow then rose, and said: "It's all very well to be sentimental over such matters, but there is the practical side. If that elder and his few friends, of whom Mr. Green spoke so slightingly, should withdraw their support, where is the money for Mr. Niven's support to come from? The Presbytery has no funds, and it is responsible for his salary. Is Mr. Green willing to put his hand deep enough into his own pocket to make up the deficiency?"

"I am willing to do my share," said Mr. Green. "If I should refuse, I would be unworthy of having a name and place among Christ's ministers. In the case before us, we decided for Mr. Niven and against the elder. If, for the sake of saving a small sum of money, say two or three dollars to each congregation, we decide in favor of what we have just pronounced to be wrong, and against what we have admitted to be right, and in addition to this sacrifice a reputable minister, our moral sense must be low indeed. Our plain duty is to sustain the minister, inform those fault-finders that they are expected to continue to do their duties by paying their stipulated share

of the minister's salary, and if they refuse and rebel against it, we, as a Presbytery, must help the congregation to pay the share of those defaulters. This we are bound to do, as we are the endorsers of the congregation. It is a simple question of whether we shall do our duty or save two or three dollars each by sacrificing one of our brethren. I leave it with you."

Dr. Bland had been sitting, kniting his brows during the delivery of this speech, and Mr. Green had no sooner sat down than he said: "We are ready for the question, Mr. Moderator. I can see no use of spending any more time over it."

The amendment was put and lost, and Dr. Bland's motion to accept the resignation instanter was carried.

Mr. Niven had no opportunity of consulting his elders or managers. He was turned out of his congregation, and his family out of a home. When he told his sad story to Mrs. Niven, she bore it bravely. She advised him to see and consult the representative elder, as he had always been found to be a true friend. The elder said, as soon as he heard the story: "Well, you made a great mistake in resigning, but the best thing that can be done now is to get up a petition to the Presbytery, asking them not to accept the resignation."

"But it is accepted already," said Mr. Niven.

"What? Now?" said Mr. G., the elder, in great astonishment. "Surely the Presbytery would never trample on their own rules in that way. The rules explicitly say

that a congregation must be cited to appear for its interests."

"It is done all the same," said Mr. Niven. "Mr. Nestor always told me that Dr. Bland always liked to drive as near the edge of the path marked out by the book of rules as he could."

"That I have often seen," said Mr. G, "but this time he has gone completely outside, to the serious injury of both you and this congregation; but I will get up the petition anyway, and I will go there myself, and I will show them what a mistake they have made."

Mr. G. was at the next meeting of Presbytery with his petition. He was near missing his opportunity of pressing it, but I got it on the docket for him, and in due course it was presented. Mr. G. is no speaker. He succeeded in saying: "The Presbytery was altogether too fast in accepting this resignation. You've broken the rules—" He tried to say more, but he was stuck fast.

Dr. Bland then explained that it was too late to present such a petition, as the resignation was already accepted. "As for the rules," he said, "we need no instruction on that subject." And he added: "I may say I deeply sympathize with Mr. G. and the congregation, and I trust that the great Head of the Church will guide them in the choice of another minister."

Mr. G. growled out: "I trust He will guide us clear of your guidance," and he stalked out of the church with the haughty, independent bearing of an ancient

Highland chief. Dr. Bland had succeeded in doing what he had frequently done before, viz., disgusting a plain, honest man with Presbyterial procedure.

All were loud in the praise of the hard work he had done. None, either in or out of the congregation, denied that he had done his duty faithfully and well. "If he has done his duty so well, why must he go?" I enquired.

"Because the people do not want him. We cannot override the rights of the people," said Mr. Narrow.

Mr. D.'s case was then taken up. Mr. Narrow reported that the committee, appointed by the Presbytery of which he was convener, had visited the field. They regretted to find the state of things far from satisfactory. It was quite evident that, though Mr. D. had worked hard and did a great amount of preaching and visiting, there was so much dissatisfaction that your committee came to the conclusion that his usefulness was gone and that both in his interests and that of the field he would move that the engagement be terminated. He made this motion because it was evident tothe committee that the people did not want him any longer.

"Who are the people?" said Mr. Green. "Not one-tenth of his hearers or contributors to his support were ever consulted. Every hearer and everyone who pays a dollar to his support have as good a right to be consulted as Mr. Bishop and the few whom he controls. The Presbytery should be the guardian of the interests of those who were not there and of the church funds. For a Pres-

bytery to allow itself to be dictated to by such a body of men in such a matter is an outrage on common sense and common justice. If, as a Presbytery, we undertake the responsibility of removing him, we should give him another field. To turn him and his family out, neither knowing nor caring whether they dig, beg or starve, is cruel and unjust. The matter was here dropped.

When Mr. D. went home, he learned that Mr. Bishop, instead of taking around a subscription paper, as he had agreed to do, to see how much money could be raised, took a petition for the removal of the minister. He had told those to whom he had presented it, that he and a number more whom he named, had withdrawn their support, that the H. M. Committee would likewise withdraw their grant, and those who saw fit to stick to the minister might pay him. By those means a few consented to have their names attached to the petition. All the other names were attached without the knowledge or consent of the parties.

Mr. D. was persuaded, but very unwisely, to get up a document, to which ten of the eighteen whose names were appended to Mr. Bishop's petition attached their names, certifying that their signatures had been attached to Mr. Bishop's petition without their knowledge or consent, or had been obtained under false pretences. If the names of those parties had been used without their consent to obtain money, instead of injuring a minister, it would have been called forgery, and would have been an in-

dictable offence, but under the circumstances it was justified. Mr. Bishop wrote to the Presbytery at once when he knew of this, and blamed them for not terminating the engagement at once. He said that Mr. D.'s family could move at one time as well as another, and warned the Presbytery that if the engagement was continued they might pay him themselves, as the congregation would pay nothing.

When Mr. D. laid his document before the Presbytery at its next meeting, he stated at length the way in which Mr. B.'s petition had been got up and that Mr. Narrow's report was at variance with the facts of the case in three particulars. These he specified at length. Dr. Bland said that the case was decided on by the report which had been brought in at last meeting. Mr. D. contended that the object of the delegation was not carried out, hence there could be no report of it. The only report was of a meeting confessedly informal, and not only informal, but the report was notoriously at variance with the facts of the case; that the names to the petition which backed the report were forged.

Mr. Narrow then sprang to his feet and charged Mr. D. with coloring his statements. There was likely to be a scene between them, when Dr. Bland rose and said that though their statements were at variance, they were doubtless both perfectly honest. Mr. D. was about to resume his speech, when Dr. Bland said that it was useless

to waste time to hear Mr. D., as he was telling them nothing new. The moderator ruled that as Mr. D. had been interrupted by Mr. Narrow before he was through with his speech, he should have an opportunity to finish. But Mr. D. said that as he could see no disposition in the Presbytery to either hear or heed anything he would say it was useless to say anything.

Mr. Nestor then rose, and in sweet, honeyed tones of voice, which would not have disgraced his Greek namesake, whose reputation as a sweet-tongued orator had been handed down for three thousand years, moved that the engagement with the missionary be terminated. He said he had a high regard for Mr. D., indeed, he might say that he was a personal friend, but he must say that it would not be for his comfort that he should remain any longer. He had learned through means of an agent of a wealthy company who knows that country well—indeed, one of his own elders—that there was dissatisfaction. He could not say what was the cause, for he believed that Mr. D. had worked hard, and tried to do his duty faithfully, but it was evident he had failed. He was very sorry, but they must do their duty. "Let us see," he said, "the position in which we will place ourselves. If the congregation refuses to pay Mr. D.'s salary the Presbytery will have to pay it, and the Presbytery has no funds to implement the obligations of congregations, and, painful as it may be to us, there is no other

way for it. Mr. D. must go. This neat speech, so sweetly delivered, called forth some applause, which was promptly suppressed by the moderator.

Mr. Narrow then rose, and put on his broadest smile, and said: "I am glad to find that some members of the Presbytery are prepared to look the question fairly in the face. I can tell very well the cause of all the trouble. I have known all along that while things appeared fair on the surface there was an undercurrent all the time against him. Indeed, it is nothing but what I expected. You may all remember that I was opposed to sending an ordained missionary there. I am always opposed to overriding the wishes of the people, and I said at the time that the plan would prove a failure. It is just turning out as I expected. The people should always be consulted before a minister is placed over them. We want no patronage in the Presbyterian Church."

Mr. Green then sprang to his feet, and said: "Is it not evident, Mr. Moderator, that Mr. Narrow is trying with all his might to bring about what he prophesied would happen? He prophesied that the plan of sending an ordained missionary there would prove a failure, and he is now using every means in his power to make his prophecy come true. He is willing to sacrifice Mr. D. to accomplish that end. His conduct is like that of a fortune-teller, I heard of—he foretold that a man would die at a certain time, and to make his words prove true attempted to murder him."

Mr. Grove then followed in the same groove as had been marked out for him by Mr. Nestor, Mr. Narrow and Dr. Bland. He said: "It was quite clear that Mr. D. was not pleasing the people, and besides he was only an ordained missionary, and did not hold the rank of a settled minister. If the people do not pay the part expected from them, the Presbytery must pay it, and I can assure this Presbytery that I will not ask my congregation to raise money to be laid out in that way."

Mr. Green then rose and said: "Is it not a fact that Mr. D. was settled over that congregation as regularly as either Mr. Grove or Mr. Narrow, viz., by induction. Did not Mr. Narrow preach and preside, and address the people? And did not Mr. Grove address the minister? Did not the people stand up and with all the solemnity of an oath promise before God to accept him as their minister, and to render him all due obedience in the Lord? and did not Mr. D. with the same solemnity accept the charge of that congregation? Did not Mr. Narrow himself introduce Mr. D. to the Session as their moderator? and did they not accept him as such? And did not Mr. Narrow conduct Mr. D. to the door to receive the right hand of fellowship and welcome from the congregation? And did not the congregation accept him as cordially as other congregations are in the habit of welcoming their ministers? Was there any objection offered by any of the people? Was there anything omitted in this induction that should prevent it from being legal?"

Mr. Green here paused. The broad smile had departed from Mr. Narrow's face, and it was replaced by a deep frown, but he made no answer. Dr. Leu (one of the first church lawyers in the Church) then said: "Mr. D. was not called by the congregation, and no induction can be legal without a call."

Mr. Green then went on: "If a couple come to me and place a marriage license in my hands, and take upon them the marriage vows, I make no enquiry as to how the courtship was conducted, or whether it was conducted at all or not. I pronounce them husband and wife, and they are so, according to the laws of all Christendom. They are as legally married as if their courtship had lasted seven years and they had burned two barrels of kerosene during the process. So with an induction. If there had been any defects in the preliminaries, objectors should then have spoken out or they should forever hold their peace."

Dr. Leu then said: "I thought every Presbyterian knew that a call should precede an induction."

"Why was the induction proceeded with, if it was not legal?" said Mr. Green.

"I cannot answer that," said Dr. Leu. "I had nothing to do with appointing it, but it was a mere form. I presume those who appointed it knew that. They only wished to impress the congregation with a sense of their duty. After an ordained missionary has been on a field two years, it remains for the people to say whether his appointment shall be renewed or not."

Mr. D. then said: "I had no more idea that my induction ceremony was a mere form than that my marriage ceremony was. I think that should have been explained to me, so that I would not have been deceived by it, as I have been."

Mr. Green again rose, and said: "It is very sad, indeed, that a solemn ceremony, possessing all the sacredness of an oath, should be treated as a mere form. But we will pass on. If Dr. Leu's view of Church law is correct then a dozen individuals, not more than one-tenth of Mr. D.'s hearers on the whole field, and not paying more than one-seventh part of his salary ($750 per annum), have a power placed in their hands which is not possessed by Knox Church, Toronto, that pays its thousands into the Church funds. If this way of trifling with missionaries and mission funds should become generally known over the Church, I fear the people's money would come in more slowly. Was not Mr. D. regularly appointed moderator of the session? Who appointed Mr. Narrow and Mr. Bishop to the charge of that congregation to supersede him and his session?"

Mr. Narrow said: "I was appointed convener to visit that field and report. This action grows out of the report."

"It does not grow out of the report," said Mr. Green. "You were sent to do a certain work in a prescribed way. You refused to do that work. In refusing you were wrong, and Mr. D. was right. (A voice: "Address the

chair.") Excuse me, Mr. Moderator," said Mr. Green; "but if Mr. Narrow had read the document which was in his hands, he would have known better than to refuse to do the work assigned him, and we would have been spared all this trouble. But what is the secret of all this action? Mr. Bishop got into a drunken brawl, Mr. D. expressed disapproval, and, as is natural, Mr. Bishop wishes to use the power that is in his hands, and hence, Mr. D. must go. What is the secret of Mr. Narrow's opposition? He has himself told us. He was opposed to the appointment at the time; said it would be a failure, and now he is bound to make it a failure. If truth and righteousness are to be banished from the councils of our Church, and we are to be guided by the whims and caprices of those who are alike destitute of grace and gumption, then, the Lord have mercy on our Church."

He then sat down. Dr. Bland then rose. There was a dark cloud shadowing his countenance. He proceeded, in slow, deliberate tones, which boded no good, to say: "I have listened patiently to Mr. Green's long speech, but it did not touch the question at all. Mr. D.'s engagement ended last month. To favor Mr. D., owing to the state of his family, we extended the engagement for four months. It remains with the Presbytery to terminate the appointment at its pleasure."

"Has the cause for which the extension was granted ceased to exist?" said Mr. Green.

Dr. Bland, with compressed lips, cast a withering glance at Mr. Green, and moved that the engagement close at the end of a month from date. Dr. Leu moved as an amendment that the time be extended two months. He said he made this motion for two reasons : The one was that Dr. Bland's motion would terminate the engagement without giving Mr. D. an opportunity of filling all the appointments he had already out, and he presumed that as Mr. D. was not rich, a month's pay ($62.50) would be of some importance to him.

Mr. Green moved that the agreement into which the Presbytery had entered with Mr. D. should be carried out. "A bargain's a bargain," he said, "and whether good or bad, the Presbytery has no right to repudiate it. Again, Mr. D. has incurred obligations on the strength of this agreement, and it would be cruel and unjust to break the agreement. As to Mr. Nestor's plea that the Presbytery has no funds, the Presbyterial mode of raising funds is to assess the congregations according to the salaries paid their ministers. The share which would fall to my congregation would be about $2.50, on Mr. Grove's about the same, and as Mr. Nestor's salary is about four times as great, he would have about $10. Now, if I should be unwilling to pay that sum myself, if my congregation should prove unwilling to do so, rather than allow a brother who is about to be turned out of employment, to lose $125, I should have little claim to be called a follower of Him, who is the author of the golden rule."

Some one here remarked that there was a wealthy, liberal man in the congregation, who was from home at the time; that if the matter was deferred till his return there might be less trouble in raising the money.

Mr. Narrow, who had seconded Dr. Bland's motion, then rose, and, with one of his broadest smiles, said: "I know the gentleman to whom reference has been made. He is liberal, and if appealed to, he would respond liberally, but it is too bad to ride a free horse to death. The simplest and easiest way out of the difficulty is to terminate the engagement instanter. But while on my feet I feel it my duty to protest against such attacks as have been made on the character of Mr. Bishop. He is well known to most of us as the backbone of that congregation."

Mr. Green then rose, and said: "I know the gentleman well to whom reference has been made, and I know that he could pay the whole sum in arrears, and miss it as little as Mr. D. would miss $5, and I know still further that he would thank no one for trying to save his pocket at the expense of any poor minister in Mr. D.'s circumstances. With respect to what Mr. Narrow has said in defence of Mr. Bishop, I am just reminded of a story: A man in one of the Western States was on his trial before a justice of the peace, charged with stealing a hog. The evidence against him was so strong that his lawyer thought it was useless to attempt any defence. 'Never mind,' said the prisoner; 'you jist go on with your speech.

Jist spread on general principles, and it'll come out all right.' To the surprise of the lawyer, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The lawyer was surprised, and asked for an explanation. The acquitted prisoner said: 'Well, I'll jist explain. There is not a juryman here that hasn't eaten a piece o' that 'ar hog.' Mr. Narrow and a good many more here as well have eaten more than one piece of Mr. Bishop's fat turkeys, and ridden behind his fast horses."

Dr. Bland rose. His countenance was overshadowed with a dark cloud. He said: "We cannot spend all night over this business. I have another engagement, and cannot wait much longer."

The motion and amendments were put, and Dr. Leu's amendment was carried. This was $62.50 better than Dr. Bland's motion, and $125 worse than if the agreement had been carried out. It was agreed to send a deputation to visit the field, and see that the arrears were collected and paid. I was again appointed. I deferred the visit for a month till the liberal, wealthy gentleman should be at home to whom reference had been made. In due time I set out, and reached Lord McDonald's farm house in the evening, where Mr. Narrow and I had met with such a cordial welcome. In the morning I enquired how matters were going at the manse.

"Oh, trouble upon trouble," said Mrs. D. "Their infant child died this morning. It was a fine child, I was told; a little girl—the only one they ever had. I am

sure it must be a sore blow to Mrs. D. in the midst of all their other troubles."

"Have you been seeing them?" I said.

"No," was the answer. "We used to go back and forwards a good deal before this trouble happened between Mr. D. and the congregation, but I have never gone since."

"How old was their infant?" I asked.

"Only three days," was the answer.

"Have you ever had any trouble with them yourself?" I asked.

She answered: "No; I always liked them both well enough."

I was now trying to mollify my conscience by trying to atone for a part of the injustice we had done them on a former visit. So I said: "You ought to go and see them. It is hard for people in the time of their troubles to be deserted by those who had formerly been their friends." She promised that she would go. I felt bound, however, to justify my own conduct in the matter as far as possible. I said: "Though Mr. D. by his own injudiciousness, may have had a large share in bringing on this trouble, yet it is our duty to try to lessen their affliction as far as possible."

"I don't know anything about that," she said; "whatever came between him and the Presbytery, I know nothing about it, but there never was a minister about our house that I liked better. I always liked to see him coming in."

"Could you see nothing in his conduct in the congregation that would account for such a state of things?"

"Nothing," she said, "if it was not a disgraceful row that was got up at our last tea-meeting. The whole three that were engaged in it were church members. This Mr. Bishop was engaged in it—they say to keep the peace, but we all know that he sometimes takes a little too much drink, and he's quick tempered, and if the truth must be spoken, he'll sometimes slip out a bit of an oath. Mr. D. got the affair brought before the session, and they spoke to the other two, and got them to own a fault. The elders were against saying anything to Mr. Bishop, and nothing was said, but Mr. Bishop knew that Mr. D. was in favor of dealing with him as the others had been dealt with, and has never forgiven him since. Indeed, he has very seldom been in church since. Some of them thought Mr. D. said too much about it. But it's hard to please everybody, and it seems to me that in this country if a minister can't please everybody he goes to the wall."

Breakfast was now announced, and I was spared the effort of making a reply. When breakfast was over, I attempted to conduct worship. What a feeble effort! When I attempted to pray for the poor, afflicted family at the manse, I could scarcely find utterance. The words "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice," "Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," crowded into my mind, to the exclusion of every other thought. After a feeble effort at prayer, I rose from my knees. I felt

humbled. I felt that in our treatment of Mr. D. we had neither done justice nor loved mercy well enough to practice it. Filled with such thoughts as these, I made my way to the manse. As I walked along the road on that beautiful May morning, though my path was bedecked with flowers, and the songs of birds greeted my ears, my heart was neither attuned to such sights nor sounds. It was not in harmony with surrounding nature. It cherished far other feelings. When I got to the manse, and saw the small piece of black crape hanging to the knob of the open door, fluttering in the wind, it was far more expressive of my feelings than the cheerful sights and sounds of surrounding nature.

When I got to the door, I found two women standing in the hall. I could see from the complexion and figure of one of them that she was French. The other was a squaw. Tears were stealing over the dusky face of the squaw, as well as of the white woman. With noiseless step I approached them. In a whisper I asked the white woman if Mr. D. was in. She answered: "*Pas comprend*" (I don't understand). The squaw whispered, in good English: "He's in there," pointing to an open door at the other end of the hall. As I made my way along the hall, I saw standing in the open door leading into the room a short, thick-set man whom I afterwards learned was the family physician. His attention was so riveted on something within the room that he did not observe my approach. When I got opposite the door, I saw Mr.

D. standing, holding in his hands the little open coffin, which contained the lifeless form of their infant child—their only daughter. It was beautiful, even in death, as it lay in its narrow bed. The little robe in which it was enshrouded, was of snowy white. Its face and marble brow were encircled with a beautiful wreath of Spring flowers, which had been wrought and placed there by loving hands. A smile appeared to linger on its calm features, as if it had fallen asleep while reposing on a bed of flowers. The mother had raised herself up on her elbow, and was calmly gazing on the face of the dead, while her tears were gently dropping on the face and the flowers which surrounded it. After gazing for a time in silence, she passionately pressed her lips on its marble brow, murmuring: "Farewell, my dear, dear child—my only daughter," and sank back on her pillow, faintly but with calm resignation saying; "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Thy will be done."

Mr. D. bearing his charge, turned round. He was startled at seeing us, and we felt guilty of intruding on a scene too sacred to be gazed upon by strangers. The Dr. and I stepped to one side and allowed Mr. D. to pass by. He calmly and silently, treading on tiptoe, passed into another room and laid the little coffin with its contents on a little table. When he came out of the room, I grasped his hand and held it, but we were both speechless. I could see from his compressed lips the great

struggle which was going on within, and the great effort it cost him to maintain self-control. After an interval of silence, I succeeded in saying: "I'll see you again." Mr. D. bowed, but was silent. His grief was too deep for utterance. I passed silently out of the house. The Dr. was just turning his horse round when I got out of the house, and as we were both going the same way, he offered me a seat in his buggy.

"A painful sight," said the Dr. I bowed assent, for I did not feel like speaking. "They tell me," continued the Dr. that he is now thrown out of employment." I bowed assent. "What has he done? What was the trouble?" said the Dr.

"Oh, nothing," I said, "but according to our system, the Church is not obliged to find employment for its ministers. Congregations and ministers are left to arrange such matters among themselves. Congregations have the right to choose their own ministers."

"And send them away too, it appears," said the Dr.

"Well, no," I said; "Presbyteries have a voice in such matters."

"Why had they nothing to say in this matter?"

"You are aware," I said, "that a Presbytery cannot compel people to keep a minister and pay him against their will."

"But was the will of all the people on the whole field consulted in this matter? I happen to know, from being their family physician, that he is well liked by the peo-

ple generally. The dissatisfaction is confined to a few—not more than two or three, and some of those it would not be much to a minister's credit to please. I thought that it was the duty of a Presbytery to stand between a minister and the wrong treatment which he is liable to receive from a faction or a few troublesome individuals, who are to be found in every society, but if the action of your Presbytery is a fair specimen of the working of the system, it does nothing of the kind. It appears to be left to the people to keep or put away a minister as they may see fit."

I made no answer. He then said: "If that's the way things are done, God help the poor ministers, is all I have to say. But Dr. C. and I have done all we could. We have attended them in all their sickness. They have had the diphtheria three times in their family, and any amount of trouble. Dr. C.'s predecessor was equally kind. He was always ready to come any hour of the day and night as we all were, and it never cost them a cent. Indeed, we were all glad to have the opportunity of helping him, but if we had all charged for our attendance, I do not know how they could ever have paid it."

"That was very kind," I said, "and you are not a member of our church either."

"Neither of us is. I am a Methodist; Dr. C. is an Episcopalian, and Dr. M.—I do not know what he was, but he was not a member of the Presbyterian Church; but he thought everything of Mr. and Mrs. D., and would have done anything for them."

"Of what disease did this child die?" I asked.

"Of hemorrhage of the bowels—a disease scarcely ever known to attack infants. Neither Dr. C. nor I had ever seen anything of the kind, but we stayed with it till it died, and did all in our power to save it, but we failed."

"How do you account for the disease in this case?" I said.

"Well, that is the sad part," he replied. "It is well known to the medical profession that that disease is frequently brought on by trouble of mind and anxiety, and mothers frequently transmit to their offspring diseases, while they escape themselves. I think it highly probable that the trouble of mind through which Mrs. D. passed transmitted a tendency to this disease to the child. This is the second child they have buried here."

"The other died of diphtheria, did it not?" I said, and I was just beginning to ask a question about the disease, which I was in hopes would divert the Dr.'s mind from a subject which to me was becoming very painful. But the Dr. was not to be headed off in that way. He was bent on having his say out. He answered my first question without giving me time to ask the second, and much more fully than I desired. "Yes; he died of diphtheria," he answered, "and there is a sad, strange story connected with it," and he was soon immersed in his story.

"When on one of my visits to one of the sick children, Mr. D. asked me to see and prescribe for their servant

girl, who was now laid up. and instead of being able to give any assistance in this time of their need was an additional burden. You may judge of their and my astonishment and disgust when we learned that the disease was venereal, and that the girl was a common prostitute."

"How did the girl ever get into his house and employment? A man has surely a right to know something of anyone he takes into his house. There is something wrong somewhere."

"You never spoke a truer word in all the preaching you ever did," returned the Dr. "There was a serious wrong done by one of his own members, a communicant in his church. This woman, in reply to Mr. D.'s questions about the girl's character, told him that the girl was quiet and well-conducted and the only fault she had was that she was not well acquainted with the work, and rather too slow in her movements, and added, as Mrs. D. has not so much work to do, if she could only take a little pains to show her how to do her work, she may get along all right. On this recommendation Mrs. D. took her."

"Do you mean to say," I said, "that the woman knew the character of this girl?"

"All I can say," returned the Dr., "is that few women take more pains to know the faults and failings of all the girls in the community, and few here doubt but she knew."

"Why did Mr. D. not send her out of his house at

once? If I had been in his place, I would have soon got quit of her."

"Not so fast," returned the Dr. "Mr. D. tried to get this same woman who recommended her to take her off his hands, and made every effort in his power to get some one to take her, but in vain. What was he to do? Was he, in the cold winter season, as it was, to turn her out to die? Would you have done so? Come now," he said giving me a knock with his elbow. I was fairly cornered. He continued: "We did the only thing left for us to do, viz., to care for her till she got well. I gave the medical attendance—Mrs. D. the nursing, dividing as she best could her care between this object and her dying child. Before this child died others were attacked by this disease, and for nearly two months Mrs. D. had the care of this creature along with her own suffering family. When she was able to stand the journey Mr. D. took her in his cutter a distance of forty miles, and handed her over to the care of her father, and an elder brother, and tried to impress on her our Saviour's admonition to a sinner of the same kind, 'Go, and sin no more.' Mr. D., in this and all I have seen of him since I have known him, and, as their family physician, I have a better chance of knowing him than most men, followed the example of the Master, and if he has got into disfavor with his Presbytery for his conduct on this mission, I presume he will just have to bear it, as his Master did, for He got into far greater disfavor with the Pharisees of

old, when engaged in his mission in the city of Jerusalem."

"But why," I said, "did he not exercise discipline in his church? I never would have such members in my church."

"Easier said than done," said the Dr. "You have a large congregation and an efficient session. The Christian sentiment of such a congregation would frown down such conduct, but when congregations have the power of hiring and putting away their ministers at will, it is mere mockery to talk of a minister exercising discipline in his little mission station. The people may discipline the minister, but if the minister attempts to discipline a member who pays ten or fifteen dollars for the support of the church, he had better have his valise packed."

"Oh, no," I said; "surely not so bad as that."

To this he replied: "If you do not know, I do, that what got Mr. D. into all this trouble was a mere suggestion of discipline against the very man you are going to see now. You are going to Mr. Bishop's, I presume?" I nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "he pays about twenty dollars a year for the support of the minister, and for that sum of money he can be a bishop in fact as well as in name. He can get as drunk as a lord and swear like a sailor, and if the majority of the congregation have little enough regard for the third commandment to acquiesce in what he does, what is the minister to do? It makes me almost swear, though I'm a Methodist, to see a man like that running the church."

I then said: "Your feelings are carrying you away."

Before I could say more, he said: "I wish your feelings would carry you away in the direction of doing something to prevent such cases as we have to-day witnessed."

"Well," I said, "hardships will come up under any system, and it is hard to get a system that will at the same time guard the rights of the people and protect the minister."

"What you call the rights of the people is simply the power to wrong the minister. As far as giving the people a choice in their ministers, they have far less choice than we have. No minister can be over a congregation more than a fraction of a year, if he is not acceptable to them. A rule of Conference separates them. But one of your ministers and his people may continue in a state of irritation for years. I know of one case in which after fifteen years of irritation, the people bought off the minister for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. I have heard of higher prices than that. Truly the people may say of their freedom, as the Roman captain, Claudius Lysias, said to Paul, 'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.' What freedom is given to the people is exercised at a great cost to the minister, as Mr. D. so painfully feels at the present time. The folly of such a system, or rather such a want of system, is seen more clearly in mission work. Here we are, in a French province, more French than old France. They are French in their ideas of morals. Their

view of the decalogue, especially of the seventh commandment differs widely from ours. Protestant communities, surrounded by them, soon fall into their ways and share their feelings to an extent not suspected by themselves. The young men spend six months of the year in lumber shanties among the French, deprived of the Sabbath and the sanctuary and all the other ordinances of religion, except what they hear from the priests when they pass through on their winter visits, and as they are taught to despise and reject their instruction, they are in a worse state religiously than the Roman Catholics. When the young men are demoralized by such influences, what are we to expect from the other sex. A certain proportion of such cases as fell to the lot of Mr. D. is to be expected just as naturally as effect follows cause. To place a minister under the control of a little society made up of such material is as absurd as to do so in India or China."

We had now got to Mr. Bishop's gate, and I was glad to get away from the voluble Dr. Mrs. Bishop greeted me warmly. I felt little inclined for conversation. She soon saw that conversation was with me forced work. Hence she suggested music. I was glad to be thus relieved. In a short time Mr. Bishop came in, and dinner was announced. Mr. Bishop asked me if I had been at Mr. D.'s, and how matters were there. I told him as briefly as possible, and took occasion to tell him that the object of my visit was to try to get a settlement of all arrears with Mr. D.

"There would be no great difficulty in doing that," he said. "In fact we must do it. It wouldn't do to send off a man without paying him. I pay off my clerks when done with them. That's the only right way of discharging servants." He then said: "I am very sorry to hear of the trouble they are in."

Mrs. Bishop said, in a sympathizing tone: "I'm real sorry. We've had our troubles, and they were kind to us. We had made arrangements for the collecting of the money." Mrs. Bishop said she intended to go to see Mrs. D. as soon as convenient.

I next went to see the wealthy liberal man, to whom allusion has already been made. I did not find him at home, as he was attending the funeral of Mr. D.'s child. It then occurred to me that I should have attended it myself, but it was now too late. All I could do was to wait till Mr. McD. had got home and could attend to my business. He soon returned. He said the Episcopalian minister had attended the funeral. He had called to see Mrs. D. She was as well as could be expected. He expressed great regret that Mr. D. had been cut out of the two months' pay. A number of the people were dissatisfied with the action of the Presbytery, and it would be harder to raise the sum now required than if the other two months' pay had been included. The Presbytery was not thanked for this act of repudiation.

I spent the night with Mr. McD. Mrs. McD. had

called at the manse. She reported that Mrs. D. was very weak, and she saw some symptoms that she thought unfavorable, but hoped there was nothing serious. I felt little inclined to talk, hence I retired early. Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I went to the manse. When a short distance from the house, I met the French and Indian woman I had seen on the previous day. I enquired if they had been seeing Mrs. D., and how she was. "Very weak," the Indian woman answered. "*Bien malade* (very sick)," the French woman added.

"I am very sorry," said the Indian woman, "for she was very kind to us when we were sick." "Mons. D. good man too," added the French woman. The Indian woman then explained that when she was sick Mr. D. and Mrs. D. had visited them frequently, and that Mr. D. had read and prayed with them in French, and that they had always been grateful.

I then said: "I did not know that there were any French Protestants here."

To this she answered: "We are not Protestants; we are Catholics, but we like good Protestants."

I then passed on. I found Mr. D. at the door. I grasped his hand and enquired, as cordially as I could, about their welfare, especially about Mrs. D. He answered that he had reason to be thankful that Mrs. D. had rested well during the night, and he hoped she would in time be restored to health. He asked me to go in and see Mrs. D. I did so, but seeing she was very weak, I

spoke but little to her. Mr. D. and I stepped out into the garden. Their youngest surviving child, a boy about seven, accompanied us. I told him I had been sent by the Presbytery to arrange about the settlement of arrears, and I was sorry to find them in such trouble, and hoped Mrs. D. would soon be well.

The little boy said: "I'm sure my pa did the best he could. Mr. Narrow need not have been so hard."

"Oh, my poor boy," said Mr. D., with a sad smile, "you know little about the position of a minister. Doing as well as we can, or as well as can be done, has little or nothing to do with the case. We are bound to please everybody or go to the wall. There were some here I could not please without sacrificing principle, so I have failed."

I saw there was no use in arguing the case with him, so I told him that I had got arrangements made whereby arrears would soon be paid.

"Very good as far as it goes, but that $125 the Presbytery cut me out of (all for my comfort, of course) will be missed, as I had incurred obligations on the strength of it, but we are assured that the Lord will provide."

"I hope," I said, "that the Master will direct you to another field of labor. 'Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled.'" (Read James 2 : 16)"

"It will be a great help to me in getting another place, to have it published all over the Church, through the agency of that circulating school of scandal, known

as the probationers' scheme, that I have been turned out of such a poor place as this, and could not be allowed to put in the last two months of my engagement for fear I might do injury to the cause if I were allowed to complete the term."

"You are taking altogether too dark a view of the case," I said. "The Presbytery has engrossed in its minutes an expression of its high satisfaction with the way in which you have discharged your duties."

He replied, with a sneer: "What will that amount to. I have an extract of it, which I received from Mr. Narrow, and evidently drawn up by him. He testifies to my willingness to do hard work, and the regularity with which I attended meetings of Presbytery, but any statement which could have been of any use to me, is studiously avoided. I shall show it to no one as a recommendation, for it would only injure me. When I was in receipt of my salary of $700 and manse you all appeared to think that, as prices of provisions and goods of all kinds are much higher than in the older settlements, it was all needed to support my family, and now you cut off my salary, my only means of supporting my family, and tell me that it is all for my comfort. Do the natural wants of my family cease, or must we dig, beg or starve, or what are we to do? Has the Presbytery any concern in the matter?"

We were sitting near the door of the room in which Mrs. D. was lying. I could see her through the open

door. Her face was pale and death-like. She called out in a faint voice: "O, James, don't worry; the Lord will provide. Dr. Bland and Mr. Narrow did not know what they were doing. Remember our Saviour's prayer: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' We should use this prayer."

I ventured to repeat my hope that he would soon get another place, and that he must be under a mistake about the probationers' scheme.

"You have not tried it," he replied, "and no one can know its working unless he tries it. When following each other, one gets the character and history of all who go before him, and such an apparent failure as I have made here, when the most unfavorable aspect is given, as is the invariable custom, destroys all prospect of another settlement."

I replied: "You are too despondent. Remember that all things work together for good to them that love God."

When he turned round and looked me in the face in such a way as made me quail before him. "I have one favor to ask of you," said he, "that you will never quote a Scripture promise to anyone till you are ready to do what Providence has placed within your reach to help its fulfilment."

I saw it was useless to attempt any further conversation, and rose to take my leave. When I offered him my hand, he grasped it eagerly, and said: "I hope you will forgive me for this freedom of speech, as this trouble

sits hard on me, but we are promised that 'all things shall work together for good,' and He is faithful that has promised."

I parted from him with a heavy heart. I made my way back as quickly as possible. When I got to the town I met Mr. Narrow. In answer to his questions, I told him the state of things at the manse—the death of the child, and the low state of health in which Mrs. D. was. He seemed surprised, and said: "Mr. Bishop deceived me. If he had not done so, I would not have been in favor of terminating the engagement so suddenly."

"How did he deceive you?" I said.

"Well, it is hardly necessary to explain, but he made the impression on my mind that Mr. D. had misrepresented his circumstances,"

"This accounts for your being so hard on Mr. D.?" I replied. "I was surprised at it at the time, and from what I have learned of Mr. Bishop's character when I was on this visit, I have resolved in the future I shall be more careful whose evidence I take against a preacher, and I think we should all take a lesson."

He made no reply, and we parted. I then called on Dr. Bland. He received me with his blandest smile—hoped I had a pleasant journey, and invited me to stay to tea. In aswer to his questions, I told him the state in which I found matters. He asked me what about the arrears. I told him that there was no difficulty—that I

found the people much more willing to meet their obligations than I expected.

He said, with a blander smile than before: "That's pleasant."

I then told him that the wealthy liberal man to whom reference had been made had assured me that he could have raised the whole sum to pay Mr. D. up to the end of his engagement easier than what remained after the two months' pay, amounting to $125, had been cut off—that we had only made Mr. D. so much poorer, and had made ourselves no richer."

The Dr.'s smile departed, but he said nothing. There was a short pause in the conversation. There was a professor of music in the adjoining room giving a lesson to the Dr.'s daughter. The door was ajar. The Dr. had just risen to close a window, when the professor struck up a dancing tune. The Dr. gave a few steps of the Highland fling in such a way as to show that he had learned how to trip the light fantastic toe and had not yet forgotten it. He then turned round and looked at me, with one of his blandest smiles, as if to say, "Do you see how a D. D. can unbend himself?" After the sad scenes I had witnessed, the Dr.'s jig operated on me like vinegar upon iron. It grated painfully on my feelings.

The Dr. was at this time engaged in writing a theological treatise. This was his hour for relaxation. He did not wish to be troubled by such gloomy subjects as

Mr. D. and his troubles; hence our conversation was, for the most part, made up of petty nothings, prettily expressed. I was glad when tea was over, and I was again on the road. I reached home that night at a late hour.

The next day, the wife of Fairbank knocked at the door of my study. She had her knitting in her hand, which showed she was in for a confidential talk. She said if I was not too busy, she would like to hear how I got along with my visit to Mr. D. I related the whole story more fully and confidentially than I would have done to anybody else.

The tears came several times to her eyes. She at length said: "All this suffering results from this extreme view of voluntaryism. To say that the people have a right to choose their ministers sounds pleasantly, but practically in those small mission stations, it means putting ministers under the control of such men as Mr. Bishop. I know all about him. He became involved in financial difficulties and he got out of them by arranging with a creditor to sue him on a trumped-up claim. Judgment was obtained by default. The goods were advertised in a remote part of the county, then set up at auction, when there were only a few friends present, bought by his wife, and he is now managing the store as her clerk. As he gives about $20 a year for the support of the church, the congregation is willing to give him his own way. When Dr. Bland went there last year, he fed him on turkey and everything that is good—drove him

around with his fast horses, and convinced him that he was the mainstay o' the congregation. I know Dr. Bland's history. He was a clerk for his father when a mere boy, and was employed in collecting his accounts. He had the name of being shrewd—some said sharp. His father was an elder in the church. His minister taught him enough o' Greek to get him into the college, and through his influence he got him entered into the Theological Hall at once. As he was a man of good natural abilities, good address and good appearance, he was well fitted to make a favorable impression at first sight. He made a favorable impression on the college professors. He was recommended to the wealthiest and most influential congregation in the town of O——, and by his tact and shrewdness he has kept his position, and is the leading spirit in the Presbytery. He has been a successful man, and is charitable enough to himself to believe that it is to his superior abilities that he owes his present position. He altogether ignores the fact that it was through influence used in his favor that his position was obtained, and that for want of such influence men of superior abilities are in inferior positions, or no positions at all. The unpardonable sin with him is to fail to please the people. He believes in the old Latin motto: '*Vox populi, vox Dei.*' He is not disposed to be either uncharitable or unkind, but he has only seen one side of ministerial life, an' knows nothing an' cares less about the other. It was when you and he were out last year that you put everything wrong.

The intention o' the General Assembly in making the rule to have the aid-receiving congregations an' mission stations visited once each year, was that the congregations might be examined and stirred up to greater diligence in the discharge of their duties. You made the mistake o' turnin' the few people that were there into a coort, turnin' the minister oot doors, an' tryin' him behind his back. Your visit should ha' had the effect o' strengthenin' the hands o' the minister, an' in haudin' him up before the people. Insteed o' that you degraded him before them, an' we may say, put him below their feet. Every trouble that has taken place since that time has grown oot o' that as naturally as the plant grows frae the seed. Mr. D. offended Mr. Bishop by expressing disapproval wi' him for getting drunk an' fechtin'. Bishop could influence Dr. Bland, an' through him the Presbytery, an' cause them to do an unjust an' cruel act to one of their brethren."

I then said: "I did not like Dr. Bland's action at that time, but did not see how it was going to turn out, or I would have held out against it, but you see he was convener, and did as he pleased."

"Dr. C., the principal o' one o' our colleges, said no' lang since," said the wife of Fairbank, "that the minister was only the servant of the congregation an' no' o' the Church. Until the Church renounces that heresy, an' returns to Presbyterian principles, such cases must frequently occur, and the minister can have little or no pro-

tection. Such men as Bishop can be found in all small congregations, and Dr. Blands in all our Presbyteries." She then left me.

CHAPTER IX.

Scriptural Authority in Church Government—Resigned My Charge—Seeking a Call—Ruling Elder Asleep at his Post—Evil Effects of Long Vacancies—Meeting of Old Friends—The Laird and Mr. Dinnie—Mr. D. Meets with Friends—How Arrangements Are Made to Call Ministers—Visit to Fairbank Cottage—How the General Assembly Gave Congregations the Right to Object to Ministers—How Dugald McTavish Judged the Minister—Price Set on a Sermon by Old Nabal—Comment on Samson's Killing of the Philistines.

IN the evening Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johnson came in. Some remark was made about the difficult position in which Mr. D. was placed. I admitted that his position was a hard one, "but difficulties," I said, "will arise under all systems, and, after all, I am satisfied that our mode is Scriptural?"

"Is it certain," said Mr. Johnson "that there is any clearly defined form taught in the Scriptures?"

"Mosheim says not," said Lady Fairbank. "He says: 'Neither Christ nor His holy apostles have commanded anything clearly or expressly concerning the external form of the church, and the precise method according to which it should be governed. From this we may infer that the regulation of this was, in some measure, to be accommodated to the time, and left to the wisdom and prudence of the chief rulers, both of the state and of the church. If, however, it is true that the apostles acted by

Divine inspiration, and in conformity with the commands of their blessed Master (and this no Christian can doubt), then it follows that that form of government which the primitive churches borrowed from that of Jerusalem—the first Christian assembly established by the apostles themselves—must be esteemed as of Divine institution. But from this it would be wrong to conclude that such a form is immutable, and ought to be invariably observed, for this a great variety of events may render impossible. The truth is, that Christ, by leaving this matter undetermined, has, of consequence, left Christian societies a discretionary power of modelling the government of the church in such a manner as the circumstantial reasons of times and places may require; and, therefore, the wisest government of the church is the best and the most Divine, and every Christian society has a right to make laws for itself, provided that these laws are consistent with charity, and peace, and with the fundamental doctrines and principles of Christianity."

"That is Methodism," said Mr. Johnson.

"It's common sense and old-fashioned Presbyterianism," returned Lady F., and went on: "Hooker says, 'that no particular form of church government is prescribed, but that different forms may be equally conformable to the general axioms of Scripture,'" and turning to Mr. Wilson, she said: "That's one of your college text books. You should study it better. Archbishop Whitgift says 'that the form of discipline is not particularly laid down

in Scripture.' No kind of government is prescribed in the word of God, or can be necessarily concluded from thence. Neander says, 'Neither Christ nor His apostles have given any unchangeable law on the subject.' 'Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name,' says Christ, 'there am I in the midst of them.' Their coming together in his name, He assures us, alone renders the assembly well pleasing in His sight, whatever may be the form of church government under which His people meet. Stillingfleet, Hooker and Neander all agree that the eight offices mentioned by St. Paul, viz., apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, deacons, helps, governments, were all temporary, except two, viz., Presbyters and deacons. All are further agreed that these titles are derived from the synagogue. Their origin must be traced back to the time that the Jews were subject to the Persians. The names of the officers who administered the government under the satrap of Persia, and were immediately responsible to him were bishops and Presbyters. These offices were both civil and religious. They were applied to the rulers of the synagogues. The late Dean Stanley says, 'If this fact was generally known and considered, this question of different orders in the Church would be divested of all its importance.' Archbishop Whateley says, 'That when a Jewish synagogue or the greater part of it was led to embrace the gospel, the apostles did not so much form a church, as make Christian an existing congregation."

"But what about the elders?" I said. "You appear to ignore the office of ruling elder."

"Ma certie!" said the laird. "It'll no' dae tae pass owr' the rooling elders. I've been an elder for twa an' twenty years, mysel'."

The guid wife treated him to a frown, and he subsided, and I proceeded: "It's plain, from Timothy 5 : 17, 'Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they that labor in the word and doctrine.' Now, it is plain that we have three classes mentioned here. 1st, they who rule, they are worthy of honor; 2nd, they who rule well, worthy of double honor; 3rd, they who labor in the word and doctrine—"

"Hoot, toot!" said Lady Fairbank. "I'm tired o' that. I've read an' read on the subject o' the eldership till I'm tired, an' au' the writers I hae read just seem tae me tae be ringin' changes on that passage."

The laird stuck his hands down to the bottom of his capacious pockets, as he always did when anything puzzled him, as if he hoped to draw therefrom some new idea. The laird's better half had always been estimated by all who knew her as being at least one-half better. She did all his thinking for him on all important subjects, and expressed all his sentiments, leaving him nothing else to do only to endorse them by saying: "Them's ma sentiments exackly;" "Heeh, it taks oor guid wife tae set them au' richt." Hence, he was completely confused to hear her now, as she appeared to make light of both Paul

and the office of ruling elder. He gazed with his mouth wide open, as if ready to receive any stray thought that might come his way.

I, likewise, felt irritated to be headed off as I had been, when I was about to appeal to him who was invariably my referee in all my discussions, viz., the Apostle Paul. Notwithstanding a warning glance from Mary's eye, I proceeded: "In this discussion, you've been skimming over history of all kinds, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane, wise and otherwise." This last point was, in my opinion, so pointed that I paused, and glanced round the company to see what effect it would have. I could see from Lady Fairbank's eye that she would be likely to try to head me off, so I went on: "You have been giving all kinds of authorities, such as Mosheim, a Jew, Whitgift, and Cranmer, and Chillingworth, and Hooker, all Church of England, and hardly that, for at the time they were just hanging half way between the papacy and the Church of England, and a good many of them like our High Church men of to-day, going fast in that direction. Indeed, it may be said of many of them at the close of every day, that they are 'a day's march nearer Rome.' Not a word from Calvin, or Knox, or McCosh, or Hodge, or Withrow—and, what is worse, you rule out Paul. Now, he says in 1st Timothy, 4 : 17, 'Neglect not the gift which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery.' Now, what can be plainer than that. Timothy was ordained

by a Presbytery and hence was a Presbyterian, and Paul, who was moderator of the Presbytery that ordained him, must have been a Presbyterian. There's no getting round this."

"Ma certie!" cried the laird, slapping his hand on his thigh, and shaking his head, as if trying the strength of the neck joint, "bit ye've got the richt soo by the lug noo."

Lady Fairbank mollified her feelings by saying: "Hoot, toot!"

Mr. Wilson then said: "If you will just turn to I Peter 2nd and 25th, we read, 'for ye were all like sheep going astray, but are now returned to the shepherd and bishop of your souls.' Now, it is plain that Christ is the Bishop spoken of here, hence to follow Christ is to follow a bishop. Episcopacy, therefore, has scriptural authority, which cannot be set aside."

The laird again shook his head, but not with approval this time. Aleck now rose deliberately, went to a shelf, and got a Bible and sat down, and began to turn over its leaves, with great deliberation. "And what are you examining your Bible so earnestly for?" said Lady Fairbank.

"O," said he, "Sandy Smith and I had an argument to-day about the best way to clench nails. He came along while I was making a stable door. He did it one way, and I did it another. Each of us thought he had the best way. Now, I would like to see what Paul says about it."

There was a general laugh, in which even Crankie joined. Lady Fairbank then said: "If it was na' that you're raither big, I'd spank you an' put you tae bed."

Mr. Johnson then said, in his best modulated tones of voice: "Methodism teaches that the Scriptures lay down no system of church government, and, as the young man said, Paul taught as little on the subject of church government as he does on clenching nails."

I now felt it to be my duty to say something. I felt myself completely headed off in every direction. But a warning glance from Mary's eye kept me silent for a short time. But I decided to say a few words more. I then said: "No answer has been given to what I said on Tim. 4th, 14th. You can all see well enough that there is no other system that can be defended so easily from the Scriptures. None of you can find a passage of Scripture that bears as directly on the question. Your arguments are all far fetched. As for turning the arguments from Scripture into ridicule, as some of you have been doing, I will not follow you in that."

Lady Fairbank then said; "Though no particular form can be said to be taught in Scripture, what's the difference? It's just left tae folk's common sense to use whatever system will enable them to carry on the work the most efficiently. Whatever system enables us best to carry out the great command o' the Master to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, is the most Scriptural."

The laird had been sitting with his head down for a long time. At this point he cried out: "I've got it noo. I see frae the Greek that Tam gied us the tither nicht that honor means pay. Noo, I've been an elder in the kirk for the last twa an' twenty years, an' I've never got a faurdin' yet."

Lady Fairbank cast a withering glance at him, and said: "If you should get the pay, you would have to preach. I think I see you waggin' your auld bald pow in a pulpit. Ye would look grand." The laird subsided and the lady said: "John, I think it's time you were takin' your lantern an' gaun awa' tae the barn tae see if aw' is richt there." The laird was soon on his way, lantern in hand, singing "For Crummie, etc.," and the company separated.

After I had been settled about nine months, I learned what I should have known before I accepted the call, viz., that the sum guaranteed by Presbytery had never been secured by valid subscription. There was a deficit of $50. The moderator of session, though an excellent, well disposed man was lacking in business talent, hence the blunder which affected me so seriously and changed the whole course of my life. Before I had made the discovery, we were engaged in building churches. As we were lacking in men to manage such matters, I was forced to do the duty of collector, building committee, and general manager about the building of all the churches. I left the collection and payment of my salary to the managers

of the congregation. We got four churches built and dedicated and nearly out of debt within the first two years, but my salary was getting farther behind. I tried for nearly three years to get the people to come to an agreement, but I failed. All parties agreed that I ought to be paid, but they shifted the responsibility from one to another. I then asked the Presbytery to do what it ought to have done before it sustained the call, viz., to assign to each congregation the part of the salary it was expected to pay.

The elders looked on an appeal to Presbytery as an affront, and resented it by appearing before Presbytery with charges against me for not visiting as much as I should have done. All the time of the Presbytery was spent in hearing those complaints, and at length it pronounced them frivolous and vexatious, but told me at the same time that for my own peace and comfort, I had better resign. Up to this time the question of arrears and whose duty it was to pay them had never been touched. Being inexperienced in such matters, I had unbounded confidence in the Presbytery. I decided to take its advice and resign. I proposed to append a condition that my resignation should not take effect till all arrears should be paid, and that my claim was the difference between four years' salary at the rate agreed upon and what I had been paid during the time. Dr. Bland insinuated that such a condition was like an expression of want of confidence in the Presbytery, and said the Presbytery was

bound to pay me. By his much persuasion I complied. I expected that according to the rules of the Church my resignation would lie on the table and the congregations would be cited to appear for their interests. But Dr. Bland moved, and it was seconded and agreed to, that the resignation should be accepted instanter. The moderator was in a hurry to adjourn and ere I was aware, he had his hands up to pronounce the benediction. I prevailed on him to delay till a committee should be appointted to look after the arrears. The Presbytery adjourned, and I was no more a member of it. All my intercourse with all the various members of the Presbytery had been of the most agreeable kind. I had up to this time felt a strong attachment to every member, hence my mortification was great when I found myself thus summarily ejected.

As the rule requiring a resignation to lie on the table a month had been waived, my congregations had no opportunity of appearing for their interests,. At the next meeting of Presbytery, the question which had been brought up for settlement, and had been staved off, now came up in a practical shape. Each congregation held the same ground that it had held from the beginning. All were desirous that the arrears should be paid, but none could see it to be their duty to pay any part of them.

Dr. Bland very blandly explained that the Presbytery could not compel the people to pay. I reminded him that

he had promised on behalf of the Presbytery to see me paid. He answered by a judicious mixture of a smile and frown but not a word escaped his tightened lips. No one was willing to oppose Dr. Bland by espousing my cause, so for my additional comfort I was cut out of a little over $100 of my salary, I got my name put on the probationers' list. I had little doubt but I would soon get a much better charge. This event might after all prove a blessing in disguise.

As a minister generally hears nothing but flattery from his people—few ever making free enough to tell him of his faults,—he has generally a very favorable opinion of himself. I was no exception to this rule. All the vacant congregations were to be ready to receive me with open arms. I was only to choose what kind of a congregation I would take. There were a large number of vacancies, some of them good ones. I was rather pleased to have the opportunity of going out among them. My probation would be short. Such a thing as failure never entered my mind.

When I went to my first appointment, I found that the party to whom I was directed was the representative elder and leading spirit in the congregation. I thought, as miners say, I had "struck it rich." He was away in a swamp splitting rails. After a long search I found him, and introduced myself. He demanded a letter of introduction. I told him I had none and did not know it would be required. I showed him the probationers'

scheme and that my name was on it. He said: "How do I know that you are the person named there? I can't take up every Tom, Dick and Harry. You should have had a letter of introduction."

I was too much mortified to speak, and left him at once. I found my way to the boarding house assigned to me. My hostess was a young widow, who did her best to make me comfortable. She entertained me by giving me a history of all who had gone before me during the year which they had been vacant. From her account none of them were of much account. She knew all who were appointed to preach to them to the end of the quarter. She said she learned of them from those who had been before me, and as far as she could learn, they had a very poor "batch" this time. I soon found she had the unfavorable side of every minister's character. She put me through a process of catechising to learn as much about myself as possible and of my history. I gave her a brief history of my life up till that time, in which she appeared to be much interested. My being a single man and rather good looking, was nothing against me. If she had been the patron, I would have had little difficulty in getting a call. I saw that, but as the object of my affections was in Fairbank Cottage, my heart remained my own. I could see from our conversation what a powerful medium this fair young widow could be in circulating slander about my brethren in the ministry. Hence, I resolved that I would not allow myself to be

used in any such way, and I gave her none of the information she sought for.

I visited one of the elders, and spent a night with him. He appeared to be a very pious man,—one who earnestly prayed for, and sincerely sought the welfare of Zion. By his godly conversation I felt humbled and quite put to shame, and was led to pray for more of the grace of humility. He lamented the effect that their long vacancy was having on the young. "They are going," he said, "to the Methodist church every Sabbath evening. Though I am glad to see them going there or any where else where they will hear the gospel preached, I do feel sorry that we have not a minister of our own to look after them. If we could only get one that would take with the young. If the young people themselves would only make a move, I would be glad to accept anyone that they would choose. They all please me well enough."

I was about to make a reply when his good wife suggested that it was time to take the books. When worship was over, we retired.

I put in my two Sabbaths, and in due time was on my way to the railway station. The man who drove me was a communicant, but a poor man, and had very little influence. He was loquacious, and I soon saw he was in for a talk. He asked me if I was a student, and if I was near through with my studies. I felt a little hurt, and answered somewhat tartly that I was an ordained minis-

ter. He replied: "Oh! I didn't know you were a placed minister."

"Well," I replied, "I am not a placed minister now; I have given up my place."

"You'll be wanting another place?"

With a tone of surprise, I said: "I thought it was understood that I was here as a candidate?"

"I heard nothing about that," he replied.

"I thought that I formed part of a leet and that in due time, when enough of candidates were heard, there would be an election, and a choice made."

"What do you mean by a leet?" he said.

I explained that it meant a number of ministers selected and sent as candidates. "Well," he replied, "I never heard of such a thing, but I don't see but they might just as well call you. I'll speak to Mr. C., our ruling elder, about it."

I told him about my meeting with Mr. C. in the swamp.

He said: "Well, that's his way, but he's a good fellow, after all. We're first-rate friends. I'll speak to him, anyway, and I'll see if I can't get him to get up a call for you."

We were now at the station, and we parted. It was a new revelation to me to learn that every congregation has its patron and that it depends on him whether a minister has even his name brought before the congregation or not.

The next place I went to, I found the man who was said to be the patron. He was an elder, and what increased his influence more, he had money. Before I had got half through with my sermon I saw that he was asleep. The question, even then, arose in my mind, how can he report to the people on the merits of my sermon? but I learned afterwards that he had applied to the Presbytery for a student to supply the congregation during the summer months, and there was now no longer any necessity for him to remain on his watch tower to watch the ministers, and I felt flattered to think that he could quietly go to sleep, feeling that the word of God was safe in my hands.

I passed on to the next place. I found they had called a minister. I spent my time pretty comfortably. The gentleman with whom I boarded had a good library, and I could spend my time both pleasantly and profitably One morning, however, I got rather a damper. My host told me that one of the ministers he had staying with him had been in the habit of lying late in the mornings, and was rarely dressed in the morning in time for breakfast. He said he felt it his duty to tell him that while he stayed in his house he should expect him to rise in proper time in the mornings, as he did not wish such an example of laziness to be set before his boys. I took the hint and took care not to offend in the same way.

The three next places to which I was sent had all called ministers. I had the edicts for the inductions to

read. By the time I had got through I had got so familiar with the form that, though I had lost the document on one occasion, I could repeat it The next place I went to, I was sent to stay with a very fine family. I was surprised on the first afternoon I was there by a visit from the two Methodist ministers who were on that circuit. I soon saw from their free-and-easy manner, and the way that they called my hostess "Sister," that they were at home and that she was a Methodist. I afterwards learned that their two grown-up sons were likewise Methodists; that the head of the family alone had stuck to the Presbyterian Church; that during a protracted meeting, the mother and their two sons and the only grown-up daughter had joined the Methodist Church, and the sons were now active and efficient office-bearers in the church. On the Sabbath, I preached to about thirty persons in the Baptist Church, which the few Presbyterians there were now permitted to use. As I had no appointment in the evening, I went to the Methodist Church. There was a congregation of about four hundred. They had an organ and an efficient choir. The leading spirits were the sons of my host. After we had got home I enquired of my host as to what could be the cause of the great difference in the strength of the two denominations,—could the majority of the first settlers have been Methodists? He said that was not the case; that it was quite the other way. The village contained about one thousand inhabi-

tants. About two miles distant, counting from centre to centre, there was another village about the same size. About fifteen years previous to this time, when these villages were just taking a start, there had been a very able and efficient Presbyterian minister settled in the other village. This village formed a part of his charge. About seven years before this time, when the villages were beginning to grow fast, owing to a railway passing through, the Presbyterians in this village wished to be erected into a separate charge. The minister opposed it on the ground that it was too near the other congregation, and argued that all who had any sincere attachment for the Church of their fathers would be willing to go that short distance. One petition after another was sent to Presbytery on the subject, but this minister continued successfully to resist them, till a number of the best members were disgusted and united with other denominations. At length the prayer of the petition was granted, and now there was an attempt being made to build up a Presbyterian cause in the place.

Here we have an example of a minister of extraordinary abilities and abundant zeal completely blocking up the way for the spread of Presbyterianism. When my friend had finished, I said: "Well; what would you suggest as a remedy against the occurrence of such cases?"

To this he replied: "You have only to look at the Methodist system. Their Church takes the responsibility of supplying the people with preaching, instead of leav-

ing it to the local authorities, hence the result—a large, prosperous congregation, while we are just beginning. If we had been supplied in the same way, we would have had the prosperous congregation."

When on my way to my next appointment, as I entered a railway car, whom should I see seated only a few feet from me, but the laird. As I was now feeling somewhat discouraged, I tried to sit down with my back to him. I felt ashamed to see him, as I had not succeeded at all according to my expectations. I had been at six places, and had as yet no prospect of a call. The laird saw me, and rushed towards me. He grasped my hand, and cried out: "Man! but I'm prood tae see you. Hoo hiv ye been this lang time? We've been monny a time wonnerin' that ye were never comin' tae see us."

I made the best excuse I could. The laird then started on the subject uppermost in his mind. He said: "I've just been at a sale back on the ither side o' the toon, an' I've just been buying a fine bit beast. He's thoroughbred. I've just made what I ca' a rale sappy bargain," and he rubbed his hands gleefully. "Ther's ma neebor, Jock Thampson, had an e'e on him, but he didna' happen tae be by when he was knockit doon tae me. He offered me ten dollars for my bargain, but, hech, I ken't better than tae listen tae that. We had twa or three glasses o' the rale stuff, what they ca' the peat-reek in the Aul' Kintra." I could both feel and see from his breath and flushed countenance that such was the case. His speech

likewise betrayed him, for it was with great difficulty that he could pronounce the word "dollar." He then said: "Though ye'r' gettin' into the ways o' the kintra an' ye'll no tak' ony, but ye ken that in the Aul' Kintra, ministers an' elders an' au' wad tak' a guid glass, an' they were nane the waur o't."

The train had just stopped at a station, and I saw, entering by the front door of the car the long, lank, lean form and solemn visage of Mr. D. Without taking time to excuse myself to the laird, I rushed forward and grasped his hand. He held mine firmly, but said nothing. I enquired for Mrs. D. and the family. They were quite well the last he heard from them. I found an empty seat and we both took possession of it. "I heard," he said, "that you had resigned your charge, which I always understand to mean that a minister is pushed out." I did not like his interpretation, but I said nothing. I asked him where his family were living.

"They are now finding a home with my father-in-law," he replied. "I suppose I have reason to feel thankful, but my heart is sick. They are all Methodists, and though they say nothing, I can easily see that they feel it to be a burden, and what pains me most is that they cannot help looking on me as a failure. When I think on the way I have been used, I'm sometimes tempted to doubt whether there is a just God in Heaven, when He permits such injustice to be done by those who call themselves His ministers, to their brethren."

I was astonished to hear such expressions. I answered: "Come, come, Mr. D., we must remember that it is only a small part of His administration that we can see. 'What we know not now, we shall know hereafter.' We shall in the end see that all His dealings towards us have been merciful. He causes all things to work together for our good. Remember how much greater the suffering of our Master, and He knows all, and He pities us in all our afflictions."

Just then the laird brought his two friends, John Smith and John Thompson, and introduced them to me. I then introduced them to Mr. D., for I was glad of the opportunity of diverting his mind from his troubles. I had no sooner given the name Dinnie than Mr. Thompson asked him what part of the Old Country he was from, "for," said he, "I can hear from your tongue that you'r' frae the Aul' Kintra."

"I'm from Johnson," said Mr. D.

"Ye'll no' be onything tae the Dinnies that kept a retail hoos there?"

"He's my uncle," said Mr. D.

Smith then jumped up and took his hand in both his and shook it, and said: "Aye! my! but I'm prood tae see you if you'r' yin o' the Dinnies' frae Johnson. I'm frae there mysel'. You'l no' be onything to the Rev. J. Dinnie frae A——?"

"He's my cousin," said Mr. D.

"That's the minister I sat under in the Aul' Kintra."

"Hech!" said Mr. Thompson. "We dinna sit under ministers in this kintra; we sit over them."

"Weel, never heed that," said Mr. Smith; "ye ken what I mean."

The laird then said: "Are ye onything tae the Donald Dinnie that was in this kintra some years sin' that bait everybody at puttin' the stane, an' thro'in' the hammer?"

"Well," said Mr. D., "he's my cousin."

"Hech!" said the laird, "I'm prood tae see you," and he grasped his hand and gave him another shaking.

"You'l be gaun tae preach for us next Sabbath?" said Mr. Thompson. Mr. D. bowed. "You'r 'oot o' a place an' wantin' tae get yin, I reckon?" Mr. D. assented. "Ye resigned your place, I reckon, before ye began tae look for anither place?" Mr. D. again bowed. "Well, that's the honest way. I dinna like tae see placed ministers runnin' roon' lookin' for places. Oor last minister tried it, an,' feth, he fun' oot his mistake. I fun' oot that when he was awa' takin' his holidays he was fishin' for a call, an' that he had his e'e on a place that he thought better than oors. I thocht tae mysel', I'll help you, my man, an' I made it up wae twa or three o' them that we would stop paying. When it was reported to Presbytery that we were in arrears, they advised him to resign, an' when we paid him we keepit off the time that he was awa' fishin' for calls. He brought that before Presbytery but we bait him. The Presbytery ken't weel that if they decided against us, they would have decided against them-

selves. The Presbytery is always baith coort an' defendant in cases o' that kind, an' there's no' monny men that care about deciding against themselves. I've heard folks speaking aboot the advantages o' having a freen' at coort, but we had the whole coort on oor side. They threw oot his claim, but they recommended us tae deal generously wae him. But, hech, we thought we had dealt generously wae him. We were aye guid tae him an' payed him up as long as he stayed wae us, but we were na gaun tae pay him when he was rinnin' roon' the kintra trying tae better himsel'. I heard he had been compleenin' that he could na' leve on the $800 a year we gied him. He's noo been awa frae us twa years, an gaun roon' as he is, I dinna think he could save $200. Pair man, ambition has been his ruin, as it's been o' mony anither before him."

"Nae mair o' your philosophy," said Smith; "let's tae business. Oor freen' here, Mr. Dinnie, wants a place, an' we want a minister. Noo, ye ken that we hae been playing at cross purposes long enough. Whoever I proposed, ye opposed, an' whoever you proposed, I opposed; an' the kirk is gaun doon fast. Noo, that's rale unchristian, an' I think the best thing we can dae is just tae put oor heeds thegither an' get up a call for oor freen' here. The tain'll move, an' the tither'll second."

"Wi' au' my heart," said Mr. Thompson, and bringing down his fist to give emphasis to what he said; "I would like tae see the yin that would be able to oppose us if we put oór heads thegither."

"Gie me your haun on that," said Smith. They shook hands.

"But are you not too fast," said Mr. Dinnie. "You haven't heard me preach yet."

Thompson waved his hand, with the palm forward, towards Mr. D., and said: "Never heed. Let me see a Dinnie that canna dae onything he takes in haun. Noo, au' we want you tae dae is, after yer' through preachin' on the Sabbath, tae ask the folk tae stay in a we, an' we'll just settle the whole business, and there's tae be a meetin' o' Presbytery o' next Tuesday, an' I'll just go in an' get the Presbytery tae take it in haun, an' we'll get it through in short metre; an' ye'll understaun' that when you're oor minister that if we hear o' you gaun roon' fishing for calls, that we'll close the purse-strings wae you just the way we did wae the last."

We were now at the station where I was to go off, and I rose to go. The laird laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "Are ye no' gaun hame wae me. The aul' wife an' Mary 'll be rale angry at ye, if they hear that yer' sae near and hasna come tae see them."

I was much pleased to receive such a cordial invitation and explained that as it was Friday night, my visit would be very short, as I would require to be back for the Sabbath. I promised to go on the following week, and make a long visit. I got to my boarding house in due time. I learned that the people would not be likely to call a minister for some time; that they had so much

trouble in getting quit of their last minister that they wanted to be cautious about getting another settled. I asked why they were so anxious to get quit of him.

My informant did not know, "but a number got against him," she said, "and you know a minister can never do any good when that's the case. If he had only left two years ago it would have been a good thing." I did not wish to hear any more. I knew the minister that was spoken of in this slighting way to be an excellent man. I excused myself and retired.

I took the first train on Monday and went to Fairbank. I found them all well, and I received a hearty welcome. I found a student there who was supplying them for a couple of Sabbaths. He appeared to be on excellent terms with himself, and I feared that he would like to be on equally good terms with Mary. He told me that he had been sent lately to preach to a congregation that had refused to hear the probationer who was sent to them. I asked him what was the cause of their refusing to hear him.

"Oh!" he said, "when they have a minister that don't draw a good congregation, the collections are less and they lose money by it. They had heard that this minister was not popular, and they just wrote to the Home Mission convener to stop him, and they sent for me."

"How did they stop him?" I asked. "Did they call a regular congregational meeting through the session and

lay it before the meeting? Surely in such an important matter as this—rejecting one of Christ's ministers, and injuring his reputation as a minister—they would do it in a regular way."

"Oh!" said he, "the corresponding secretary does all that. If there's anyone that he thinks will not draw a good congregation, he just notifies the convener."

"Well! it appears," said I, "that though the congregation is said to refuse the minister, it is never consulted. The corresponding secretary takes the responsibility on himself."

"Well," he said, "that's the way it's done, and I think it would be very hard to force a congregation to hear a man they don't want, and to lose money by it. Congregations have their rights as well as ministers."

"Is't the right to wrong the minister you mean?" said the Wife of Fairbank.

"Oh! you all know that's not what I mean."

"Whether you mean it or not, that is the real meaning," said Mrs. Smith. "When and how did congregations get that right? In the year in which the General Assembly is said to have passed this law, I read from the Blue Book that the motion was defeated. How did it become law, if it was defeated?"

"Oh! I can tell you that," he said, smiling. "Towards the close of the Assembly, Dr. Bland tacked it on to another motion which he had brought up, and it was passed

through in that way. You see, the Dr. is shrewd—not a longer head in the Assembly."

"Well, well!" said Mrs Smith, "if such tricks as that are played among ministers, what are we tae expect frae politicians? What would the Grits no' gie tae fin' oot Sir John in a trick like that? They would cast him oot in quick time."

The student seemed a little crestfallen, and said no more.

In the evening, Mr. Wilson came in. Aleck volunteered the information that there was a new elder elected, one Donald McNeil—"An' prood he's o' the office," said the laird. "You would have thought it," said Aleck, "if you had heard him the other Sabbath."

"Weel, never heed," said Mrs. Smith.

But Aleck was bent on having his say, and, of course, did not take the hint, but went on: "We had a minister lately that was pretty well liked. Donald was not there the first Sabbath. When he heard him praised, he said: 'I maun hear him my ainsel'.' Donald was in his place next Sabbath, and as he was expected to judge for Dugald McTavish as well as himself, he felt his responsibility. He sat with his head on his hand and his eyes closed during the time of the sermon. When the benediction was pronounced and the people had begun to move, Dugald said to him: 'Weel, Donald, hoo dae ye like that yin?' 'Just middlin',' said Donald. 'Dae ye think he'll dae?' 'I dinna think it.' 'What for? I'm sure he

speaks brave an lood, an' I think he can spoke the Gaelic.' 'Hoot toot! He'll no' dae. His neck's ower short, and he hoches ower muckle.'"

The laughter with which this was greeted encouraged Aleck, and he wished to spread himself still further. Before his mother could get him headed off, he said: "That's not a beginning to one I have about old Nabal, as they call him. I was at the blacksmith shop the other day, and old Nabal was there waitin' for a job. Wattie Dean was going around collecting for the minister. He saw Nabal in the shop, and made for him. Nabal saw him, and suspected what he was after, and tried to get out by the back door, but Wattie called an' stopped him. He began: 'Weel, Jemmie, I'm jist gaun roon' tryin' tae colleck some money tae pay the minister we had the tither Sabbath.'

"'Whatna minister?'

"'I think it's McKay they ca' him.'

"'Hoot!' said Nabal, 'I'll nae gie naething for him; he's no' worth paying for.'

"'What hae ye against him?' said Wattie.

"'I canna say that I have onything against him, but ye can say nothing for him. He's waik, waik.'

"'Well, I'm share ye canna say but he's soon.'

"'Oo, aye! Wattie,' he replied, 'the word o' God is au' guid an' soon, but what licht did he cast on't? That's what I would like tae ken.'

"'Weel,' said Wattie, 'on some o' the points he took

up I thocht he was gae strong, in fack, I thocht he read them up gae weel.'

"'Hoot! ye'r jist sayin' that, Wattie, because ye'r wantin' the siller. But what's tae be the price o' the sermon onywaye?'

"'Four dollars,' said Wattie.

"'Four dollars for sic' a na sermon is thon! It's nae worth nae mair than three York shillings au' thegither!'

"'Hoot!' said Wattie. 'You're sharely jokin'. Ye never can think that a man can go roon' an' pay his way on that.'

"'Oh! I would gie him his boord in the bargain, but three York shillings an' his boord is just as muckle as it's au' worth.'

"'Hoot! ye'r ower hard,' said Wattie.

"'Weel,' said Jemmie, 'ye ken jist as weel as I dae that the ministers that don't draw a congregation are jist a loss in mony tae us, for on the second Sabbath the collection is sma'. Noo, I understaun' that when we have a guid minister that draws a guid congregation the collections'll jist aboot pay him. Noo, I would jist be for gi'ing them the collections, and ony o' them that didna draw a congregation would be at the loss themsel's.'

"'An' what aboot wet days?' said Wattie. 'Ye ken that ther's days that they'll no turn oot for ony minister.'

"'Oh!' said Jemmie, 'I would mak' up that. I would na be unfair for the world. Fair play's the bonny play.

Then putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a quarter and handing it to him, he said: 'Here, take that. Sixteen like me'll pay for that sermon onyway.' Wattie pocketed the money, thanked him, and went on."

Aleck would have liked to have spread a little further, but his mother was shaking her head at him to keep him quiet. Mr. Wilson saw the position, and was minded of a story about those same parties. Nabal was, according to his custom, conducting worship. As he read the Bible in course, no part of it escaped him. The lesson that evening was about Samson killing the thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. Jemmie paused a little and then said: "Deevil a bit, Wattie, but they would be jist lyin' like mauks" (maggots).

After this the conversation fell off into a few commonplace remarks, till Mr. Wilson thought it was time to go, and the laird was soon on his way to the barn, with his lantern in hand, singing his old and only song, about Crummie.

I was soon left alone with Mary. She saw I was deeply depressed, and did her best to encourage me. She said: "You should be thankful that you have your health and strength. Never fear; the Master has some corner in His vineyard for you; that'll come all right in good time." I felt much cheered by those encouraging words, and we bade each other good night.

CHAPTER X.

Again on the Rounds—A One Man Sect; or the Extreme of Dissension—Meet Mr. D. Again—His Plan of Getting Arrears Settled—Visit to Mr. D.—Another Visit to Fairbank—Mr. Grey—Mr. High on Dissenters—Aleck Chooses his Profession.

MY visit was soon over and I was again on my weary rounds. I put in my remaining Sabbath, and went to my next appointment with some degree of hope, as I had been told that the congregation was really vacant. I found a comfortable boarding place. It was kept by a sprightly, intelligent, good-looking young widow. She soon gave me full information about all who had gone before me, and she appeared to know all about myself. I asked her if we had ever met. She said, "No, but I have heard of you." This information sent a thrill through me, for I knew if the account she had heard of me was as unfavorable as she had given of all the others, my reputation was not high. So I made no further remark. In the evening one of the elders came in to see me. He told me that he was quite discouraged with the state of things. That there were new preachers every other Sabbath; that they never had time to hear one long enough to get acquainted with him, and he said: "You know Scotch people do not at once put confidence in strangers, and we have no opportunity of choosing except among strangers,

It's true we get our pulpit supplied, but we have no one to do the work of a pastor."

"Why do you not call?" I said.

"There is no prospect of our agreeing on anyone," he said; "but we have tried a plan now that I think will make things better. There's a Congregational minister preaching a short distance from here; a number of people have begun to go to hear him and, to make a long story short, we've made an arrangement with him to supply us once in two weeks, and we'll have a pastor to 'go in and out before us,' and not be as we are."

"But do you think the Presbytery will agree to that?"

"Hoo are they tae help themsel's? Accordin' tae Presbyterian principles, the people hae the choosin' o' their ain minister, an' that's just what we're dain'."

"But your choice is limited to Presbyterian ministers," I said.

"The Presbytery didna' gie us oor choice in the way we want it," he said. "An' we've ta'en the business into oor ain haun. But you can put in your twa Sabbaths. Oor minister is no ready tae come yet; but we'll tak' nae mair."

The next place I went, to I found a worse state of things. They had been vacant eight years. The Plymouth Brethren had been among them. A hall had been built in which some of the plain farmers were in the habit of airing their sentiments or "'spoundin'" as they called it.

They vied with each other in pointing out the errors of Presbyterians and Methodists and others, while the young people attended for the same reason as they would attend a dog fight, viz., from a feeling of combativeness, and to ridicule the preachers. The most disgraceful scenes were of frequent occurrence at these meetings. There was besides this another sect made up of one man and his children and his grandchildren. This man as patriarch and high priest of his people preached and administered the communion every Sabbath and baptized his grandchildren. At this time it was with him as it had been with Mahomet in the early days of his ministry. His converts were all confined to his own family. Out of curiosity I called to see him. I found him at his barn. He was a successful farmer; everything around him presented an aspect of neatness and order. When I introduced myself he said he was glad to see me. He walked to a level spot of ground, put his left foot forward with the heel to the side of the right foot, raised his right hand, put himself in the posture of an accomplished orator, and there expounded his doctrines, and the *raison d'etre* of his sect. *Inter alia*, he said that he had been an elder in the neighboring congregation, but he had lost confidence in the minister. I knew that the same minister had been very fortunate in losing the confidence of the people. At that time this minister told me that he was hemmed up within the manse. It was quite true what this high priest told me that if this minister had

been removed when he began to be unpopular, what was now broken up into five fragments would have been one large prosperous congregation. What would have saved this wreck and many other wrecks like it would be for the church to exercise its powers of appointing and removing ministers. My orator went on: "After I had quit going to the Presbyterian Church, I went for some time to the Methodist, and I like them for they allow every member to exercise his gifts. I used to exercise mine, but I couldn't be an Arminian—No, no; I couldn't be an Arminian." He gave me a history of his religious experience up to the time that he first dispensed the communion. I was anxious to get away, so when he made a pause to take breath I bade him good evening and told him I had another engagement. He thanked me for my visit, hoped I would call again and we parted.

During the two weeks I was there I visited nearly all the families in the place. The greater number cared little whether they had Presbyterian services or not They were glad to see me; glad to have a visit from any minister, but as they could not get regular preaching from the Presbyterian Church, they were glad to get it where they could. I took tea with an amiable, intelligent lady who had been a communicant in the Presbyterian Church since she had been a girl of sixteen. She was now a Methodist. She was sorry to see the cause so low, but it was all through mismanagement. "The neighborhood for miles around was nearly all Scotch Presbyterian,

originally. The first minister that was settled here when the country was new, about twenty-five years ago, was a good preacher and a good man, but arbitrary. He made a few enemies, whether in the way of his duty or not I'll not say, but if we had had a change then we might have kept together, but instead of that, minister and people were left to wrangle with each other till congregations were formed on both sides and we've got into the condition in which you now see us. To supply us with students in summer and sometimes a supply in winter, but more frequently none will do the work,—and if the Methodists step in and do it, who is to blame?"

"But," said I, "how can you who were brought up a Calvinist become an Arminian?"

"That's all moonshine," she replied. "What did Principal Grant say about that?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"The Arminian pronounces the human side with the greater emphasis, while the Calvinist lays the greater stress on the Divine side. And Dr. K— a short time before his death said: 'The difference is nothing but the shadow of a shade.' I'm anxious to see our young people get a Christian training; if not Presbyterian, whatever we can get."

I met with the kindest treatment, and when I had given them my two Sabbaths I passed on. My next appointment was in a new settlement where lumbering was the chief industry. The land was rough, hence it

was sparsely settled. The few settlers that were there were engaged during the summer in cultivating any small spots of land they might have sufficiently free from stones to be ploughed. When winter came the men and all the boys old enough to stand "roughing it in the bush" went to the lumber shanties and spent the winter there. When they returned in spring many of them spent the greater part of their hard earnings on the very worst of whiskey. Those who saved their money were generally able to supply all the necessaries which their small, rough, imperfectly cultivated farms failed to produce. There is always to a certain extent an analogy between men and their surroundings. In rough countries we generally find rough people. Lumbermen, though open-hearted and generous to a fault, are generally noted for their profanity; hence a lumber shanty is the very worst school for boys. Unless they are under strong religious influences at home they are sure to become profane.

This field had been but lately raised to the rank of a pastoral charge. After several attempts, which they claimed to have made and been defeated by the undue interference of the Home Mission Committee, they had at last succeeded in complying with the requirements of the Presbytery, viz., to send in a petition in due form backed by a valid subscription list guaranteeing $400 per annum and a manse. They were now making the most of their privileges by trying how many candidates they could hear

and reject. When the moderator of their session suggested to them that it was time for them to choose they insisted that they had only heard ten probationers as yet, and many other congregations had the opportunity of hearing forty or fifty.

"Certainly," replied the Moderator, "that is one of the rights secured to the congregations by the constitution of our church, and further, you are not confined to probationers or ministers without charge. You have a right to call any minister in the church. Why not call a settled minister if you can find no probationer to suit you?"

A plain, blunt-looking man, dressed in a smock, then said: "You surely cannot be in earnest. You must be trying to fool us. You cannot mean that there is no probationer or minister without charge in the church fit to minister to a small, weak, poor congregation like ours, that is only able by a great effort to raise $400. Your congregation," he said, addressing the Moderator, "raised $750 for your support and needs no supplement. Are there no ministers without charge, or probationers equal to you?"

"Oh, I would not say that," replied the Moderator. "The people have the right to choose."

"The privilege you mean, (not the right) of carrying out their whims and caprices. I have subscribed $5, but I'll not pay a cent if a minister is called from another congregation." The meeting was then adjourned.

Some time previous to this a petition had been granted subject to the approval of the Home Mission Committee, and the time had been fixed for moderating in a call to a minister. But it was pretty well understood that a missionary then labouring in the field was likely to be called, and the Home Mission Committee had for some cause withheld its approval, a student had been sent on to the field and the missionary had to go. They had succeeded in their second attempt, they were now in a position to hear not candidates but ministers and licentiates, who were willing and ready to become candidates if they could only find some one to nominate them. When I reported myself to the corresponding secretary of the congregation, I was sent to my boarding place. I was assured that though the family with whom I was sent to board were not members of the church, and the house was small they would make me comfortable.

To this he added: "If you can live on the rough fare on which we rough lumbermen live." He then gave me a poke under the ribs to let me know the last remark was a joke. As I had no joke on hand with which I could repay what I had so freely received, I made no reply but bade him good evening and wended my way to my boarding house. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when I reached my destination. When I drew near to the house I heard music and dancing. I was surprised and thought I must have come to the wrong house. When I had reported myself, the hostess expressed regret

that I had arrived on that evening. She said that they had not expected me till the following evening. Hence, they had complied with the wishes of the young people and were having a "bit of a dance." She added: "I know you ministers do not like it, but I can see no harm in it, and you know you cannot put old heads on young shoulders."

I bowed assent. There was no other place near in which I could stay, hence I had no option. It came into my mind that I would have a fine opportunity of playing the role of Peter Cartwright, but I had neither the ability nor the inclination to attempt what he is reported to have done. My hostess requested me to say nothing about my being a minister lest I should mar the enjoyment of the evening. I thought that I would enjoy spending an evening incognito in such a company, and as I wore a black necktie my clerical character was not apparent; hence I complied with her request. The house was made of round logs 18x24. The room which answered the purpose of a kitchen, dining-room, parlor and ball-room, when occasion required, was 14x18. The remainder was divided into two rooms 9x10 each. Above was a garret which was used as a general store-room and sleeping room for the younger members of the family. This dwelling, however humble it might appear to those who had been accustomed to the large and comfortable houses occupied by the wealthy, was by far the best in the neighbourhood, and its occupants felt their importance. They

were looked upon as the aristocrats of that society. I was to occupy one of the two sleeping rooms, but as the bed was filled with the bonnets, shawls, etc., of the female portion of the party there was no chance of getting possession till the party should break up, hence there was nothing left for me to do but to take a seat wherever I could find sitting room. On the floor conspicuous among the dancers I noticed a long, lank, lean, curved-spined specimen of humanity, about six feet and two inches in length along the curve and about six feet in a straight line. He was evidently doing the best he knew how, but it was plain that he was not as much at home in dancing as he would have been in log-rolling. His partner was a sprightly, good-looking girl, a little under the medium size, as was to be expected, for though the rulé that like draws to like is generally true, between the sexes like draws more frequently to unlike. She appeared to be his guiding, guardian angel while going through what was to him the bewildering mazes of the dance. At the close of the set they took possession of the only unoccupied sitting space they could find, that was by my side.

In a short time a solid, substantial-looking young man wearing coat, boots, etc., equally solid and substantial, came forward and made the very best bow of which he was capable, and asked my long friend's partner to accompany him in the next dance. She consented. She had no sooner stepped on the floor than I could

see, as if it were, a thunder-cloud pass over the countenance of my long friend. She happened to turn her head and noticed the change. She excused herself to her new partner and came back, put her face to his ear and whispered, not so low but I could hear: "Now you jest keep cool while I go an' take a trot with that 'ere hoss." She glided back to the side of her new partner and was soon engaged in "tripping the fantastic toe." My companion brought down his fist on his knee in the most emphatic manner and shook his head as violently as if he wished to test the soundness of his neck-joint, and then turned to me and said: "Wall, if that hain't one o' the darn'dest critters I ever seed all my born days." He then took another fit of laughing. When he had succeeded in controlling himself he said: "Wall, there hain't no use o' talkin, but that ere's a gal what is a gal, and she'll jest make the sort o' a wife for any feller as is lucky enough to git her."

"I hope you'll be the lucky feller," I said.

"We'll see arter a spell," he said; "that ere feller that's ta'en her into that ere shindig is a mighty site gone on her, but lor' he can't come that game by a d—d sight."

The set was soon ended, and she was by his side, and his small cup of happiness appeared to be full. I was asked several times to take part in the exercises. Among them a sprightly, good-looking girl, who appeared to be the belle of the evening, chanced to be seated by my side. She turned round and appeared to be inclined to enter

into conversation. She began by suggesting that it must be very dull to sit and look on while others were enjoying themselves. I made no reply. She then asked me why I did not take a part in the amusement.

I answered that I had never engaged in it and could not, if I wished, go through the simplest figure. She offered to teach me. I then told her plainly that I couldn't do so if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. My answer appeared to put an end to any inclination to pursue the subject further. I saw a strapping youth who appeared to be paying particular attention to her during the evening eyeing me with apparently no good will. It was a great relief to me when she left my side and rejoined him. I noticed that during the remaining part of the evening I was observed more closely, and was more of an object of curiosity and suspicion. Hence I was glad when, about two o'clock in the morning, the party broke up. The company then dispersed, and I tried to make the best use of the small part of the night that was left.

As the weather was too cold to allow me to remain in my room, I was under the necessity of spending all my time, excepting sleeping hours, in the kitchen. I had no preparation to make for the pulpit, as my old stock of sermons was always sufficient to last a longer time than I was allowed to remain in a place. There was no newspaper taken and the house was almost destitute of reading matter. With the exception of the Bible and a few school books there was not a book in the house. I was

fortunate enough, however, to have a few books with me, and I spent the time in a way that was neither unpleasant nor unprofitable. In the second week that I was there my long friend called on me. I could see from the way he toyed with his hat and twirled it round that there was something on his mind. I made a few remarks on the weather, and a hundred topics to help him to open his mind to me. In a short time he asked me to go out-doors with him. When we got outside he looked carefully in every direction to see if there was any one near. When he was satisfied on that point, he said: "They tell me as how you can marry folks, an' I thought I would jest come round an' see."

I told him I did a little in that line sometimes. "Wall," he said, "I'm mighty glad o' that, for ye see, ye know—" he paused a while, and proceeded: "Ye mind that ere gal?" and he paused, being at a loss to know how to describe her. "That darn'd critter?" as you then called her, I suggested. "Jest so," he said. "Wall, I'll be ——" and he paused. I could see that he was thinking—damn—but he toned it down by saying, "I'll be dog-on if ever I thought you were a parson, though I seed ye talk'd kinder larn'd like. Wall, ye see that ere gal an' me's a goin to get buckled, and I jest cum round to see if you could tie the knot."

I assured him I was always ready and willing to execute all orders of that kind with neatness and despatch. I then asked him whether he would rather have a long or a short ceremony.

"Short, short," he said; "by G—d the shorter the better."

I then repeated the third commandment to relieve my conscience, and asked him when my valuable services would be required. He answered: "Wall, if it'll suit you, about seven o'clock to-morrow evenin'." I assured him I would be on hand, and complimented him on his good fortune in getting the consent of such a fine-looking girl.

He answered: "Wall, thar haint no use o' talkin, that's one o' the dog-on'est fine gals in the diggins. Thar's mor'n one feller has had a likin' for that ere gal, but it wa'nt no use; I cut 'em all clar out, an' won't they be mad as hokey when they hear as how we're buckled." He then bade me good evening and started.

After he had gone a few steps he turned round and said: "Now, mister, you'll not say nuthin about this ar'" —I assured him I would keep it strictly secret. "That's right, mister, mum's the word, ye'll mind."

He was soon on his way home. I was there punctually at the hour next evening. When the ceremony was over he cried out: "Hokey, is that all? Wall, did ye ever see the like. Wall, I seen ole Parson Squibs a bucklin 'Siah Perkins an' Sal Gregg, an' I'm blesst if he was'nt nigh on to half an hour a readin' out o' book one stuff an' another, an' sech a time as 'Siah had a gettin' the ring on to her finger, caus' he was kinder flustered like, ye see, but you did it up brown, in short metre like, as the parsons say. Wall, what's the damage?"

"I shall be very sorry if there is any damage," I replied.

"I see ye don't tumble," he said. You see you folks with larnin' don't always understan' us plain folks. Wall, I'll jest try again. What's to pay? I guess you'll tumble to it this time."

"But what do you mean by 'tumble' in this connection?" I enquired.

"Wall, I'll be ———." He then paused, and I feared some "cuss word" was coming, but he coupled his speech by the familiar Western phrase, "dog-on." "Wall, when we plain folks say d'ye tumble, we jest mean d'ye understand."

"Thank you," I said, "I've learned something this evening."

"Wall, I'm mighty glad if I've larnt any o' you larn'd folks suthin', but let's to business. What's to pay?"

"Oh I always leave that to the parties themselves."

"Wall, I hearn' as how 'Siah Perkins giv' ole Parson Squibs two dollars, an' I'm blowed if my gal 'haint as good as 'Siah's gal an' a d——d site better. Excuse me, parson, but I feel so good over this ere racket, that I can't help swarin'."

"Joe, Joe," said his mother, "I should think you would be ashamed o' yoursel' to swar afore the parson."

"Wall, wall," said Joe, "them ere cus' words that we're a hearin in the lumber shanties all the time will slip out, but we don't mean nuthin' bad. Here, take yer money,

and let's say quits." And with a knowing wink and with a poke on the ribs with his ponderous knuckles which nearly took my breath, he added: "I guess, parson, I've got the best end o' the bargain this time." I pocketed the money and after having the conditional promise extorted from me that if ever I was that way I would visit them, I took my leave.

The remainder of my sojourn in that outlandish region passed without any incident worthy of note, and I was soon on board of a railway train moving towards my next appointment. I saw an old gray-haired man in clerical attire on the opposite side of the car. I approached him and made his acquaintance. I soon learned that he was the missionary to whom I had frequently heard reference made, as having first tried to work the field up to a pastoral charge. "It was unfortunate," I said, "that you have made any movement in the matter. It is always safer to let the people take the initiative."

"That would mean," he replied, "that in the pastoral relation the sheep should lead, guide and direct the shepherd or pastor instead of the shepherd leading, guiding and directing his flock. But in this case I did not take the initiative. It was an elder who first moved in the matter. I had been appointed for only six months, and my services could only be continued after the end of that time by the people petitioning for my re-appointment. The congregation only complied with the conditions laid down by the committee. They said they were

tired of being supplied by those students during the vacation of their colleges, and being vacant during the winter while the colleges were in session. There was a strong feeling that the church was run in the interests of the colleges and students."

"That is a great mistake," I replied. "The colleges are under the control of the General Assembly. They are the property of the church, and the professors are the servants of the church."

"Very true," he replied. "But it is equally true that the heads of colleges with a few of the city and town ministers control the Assembly."

To this I replied: "If the country ministers do not take a part in the business I presume it is because they have less ability, and if they simply sit and look on, I can see no help for it."

"Here is a point which you fail to observe," he replied. "A large number of ministers and those most interested in this question we are discussing, both those employed in supplying vacant congregations and those employed on Home Mission fields, are not on the roll of any Presbytery. They are disfranchised."

"I beg your pardon," I replied. "Home missionaries are members of Presbyteries. I have met them in Presbytery."

"Not so fast," he replied. 'If a minister is sufficiently in favor with the convener of his Presbytery to get appointed for two years, his name is put on the roll of the

Presbytery; if not, he is appointed for six months. In that case his name is not put on the roll of Presbytery, and he is not eligible to be a delegate to the Assembly. I have been for years engaged in the work of the church and I am now in this disfranchised state. You, yourself, are in that position. You are doing the work of the church by supplying vacant congregations. You have as much interest in the church as ever you had, but the day you resigned your charge you were disfranchised. And how many more are there in the same position? The number is legion. That you know just as well as I do."

This home-thrust silenced me. I simply shook my head as the best protest I could make against this attack on our venerable church. But he still proceeded: "Being thus disfranchised is only a small part of the evil of those half-yearly appointments. By taking a vote of the people as to whether the missionary shall be re-appointed or dismissed, the control of the field and of the funds apportioned to the field is placed in their hands. While the Home Mission Committee talk of re-appointing the missionary or terminating his engagement, they call the same thing hiring him over again or putting him away. I envied the position of a young Methodist minister who was on my field. He was only in the third year of his probation, hence was not an ordained minister. He had been given the charge of that circuit because they had no ordained minister to send, but young and inex-

perienced as he was, while he occupied that position, he was as independent as the Archbishop of Canterbury, if he could only discharge his duties in a way that would be satisfactory to his Conference. A few of the people being displeased did not affect him. At the end of any year he could be transferred with a clear record to another field, while I, with an experience of nearly two-score years, if I should offend an equal number of my people, though in discharge of what was confessedly my duty, could be turned out on the road at the end of any six months. All the disaffected required to do was to complain to the convener and their end was gained."

"You have got off your story," I then said. "You have not told me why your call did not go on."

"I must make as short a story of it as I can," he said. "There was a difference between two members of the congregation. It was brought before the session. There was a division in the session. It extended, to some extent, to the congregation, and though, when the matter was brought before the Presbytery, I was acquitted of all blame in the matter, and the mass of the congregation and the community were with me, I was, like Jonah, thrown overboard to calm the storm. The few disaffected could influence the convener. He could influence the whole Committee. They could and did override the Presbytery and congregation. I was turned out of employment."

"Why did not the Presbytery stand out for its rights? Why did they submit to be overridden by the Home Mission Committee?" I enquired.

"That's the question," he replied. "Well, it was none of their funeral. The convener is a popular, influential member of Presbytery. He does a great amount of work for very little pay. No one else wants his position; hence he is allowed to manage the business about as he pleases. Those conveners may or may not be nominated by their Presbyteries, but they are appointed by the General Assembly. Each has a small committee appointed by Presbytery to act with him, but his rule is practically more absolute within the bounds of his own Presbytery than that of any Anglican bishop within his diocese. He has charge of all the mission work within the bounds of his Presbytery. It is his duty to secure supplies for all the vacant congregations and give them their appointments, and he can prevent any minister to whom he objects from getting appointments within the bounds of that Presbytery. He likewise appoints all the missionaries to their mission fields. His management may be ever so distasteful to the missionaries on the field, but if there is any complaint, he has only to threaten to resign and as no one else wants the office he is allowed to keep it. His position is very much the same as that of a judge who has tried and sentenced a prisoner. The poor culprit complains that the trial was gone through with so hurriedly that he had no opportunity of bringing forward

evidence which he had in his possession, or he could have proved himself innocent. The judge cuts him short by saying: 'Go and be hanged. On the small pay I get I cannot afford to spend my time in giving the like of you a lengthened trial. If anyone else wants the office he is welcome to it; as for me, I shall be glad to get quit of it.' The convener has always some party on each of the mission fields, generally an elder, with whom he corresponds.* It is a part of his duty to watch the missionary and report not as to whether he is doing his duty or not, but to find out if there be any complaints. The question as to whether there be grounds for complaint is not considered."

"Are you perfectly sure," I asked, "that those conveners do their work in that way?"

"I am simply giving you facts from my own experience," he replied. "The party appointed to watch me was an elder—a very shrewd, keen, hatchet-faced little body. His ways were movable, a thorough Proteus.† He was ready to promise to engage in any church work I proposed, but his part was rarely if ever performed. He was an adept in apologetics, for he was always ready with an apology and took far more pleasure in apologizing than in doing the work. When he was expected to aid me in any work he always appeared to me to be capable of eluding me, slipping into a barrel, concealing himself and grinning

* The appointment of such agent is a reality.

† A heathen divinity supposed to be able to change at will.

at me through the bung-hole, while I did the work. When some trouble arose in the congregation through a dispute between members, he led an opposition party, and with the assistance of a member of the Salvation Army out on furlough, or, in other words, in a back-slidden state, he got up a petition and got it signed principally by outsiders and children, and sent it to the Home Mission Committee. Irregular as such a proceeding was, it was effectual in upsetting the one which had been transmitted regularly through the session to be raised to a pastoral charge."

To this I replied: "You will agree with me that it is necessary that the Committee must get information about the state of the mission fields. In what way would you suggest that it should be obtained?"

"I will take the Irishman's way of answering that question," he said, "*i.e.*, by asking another: Can you tell me how the Methodists get information from their mission fields?"

I confessed my ignorance. He proceeded: "From the missionaries themselves. Every Methodist minister's character is passed once a year, and he is considered worthy of confidence and is trusted. He is supposed to know more of the condition and wants of the field than those who are hundreds of miles away; and I think you will agree with me that a minister who has been months or years on a field ought to know its condition better than a deputation which has made one visit and met a few of

the leading members and got their statements. The missionary is the only person who is fully informed on the subject and he is passed over. Salvation itself is by faith, and the work of salvation cannot be successfully carried on unless ministers besides having faith in Christ have a little faith in each other. I have yet to learn that our ministers are less worthy of confidence than Methodist ministers. If the Committee have not full confidence in a minister he should not be sent to a mission field. If sent he should be in the same independent position in which the Methodist minister is placed. He should be sustained by the church, and if in the discharge of his duty he arouses a little opposition, it should not be thought an unpardonable sin. Even Christ and Paul did that, and if they taught any one thing more clearly than another, it was that Christian ministers might expect the same. 'The disciple,' said Christ, 'is not above his Master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.' He should be treated as Episcopalian and Methodist ministers are treated. He should be transferred, not on to the road, leaving him and his wife and family to dig, beg or starve, but to a new field where he would have an opportunity of retrieving any errors into which he might have fallen, and the people would have the advantage of a new man against whom there would be no prejudice."

"Such a change as you suggest," I replied, "would require a change in the constitution of the Church."

"Very true," he answered. "There is so much power placed in the hands of the Home Mission Committee that the Church has almost ceased to be Presbyterian."

"Why do you not try to get those grievances brought before the Assembly?" I said.

"Ministers in my position," he replied, "have no voice in the Assembly. We are disfranchised, and besides the prominent members of the Assembly who really do the work of the Church are the heads of colleges and city ministers; and though those men would be as unwilling to do anything unjust or ungenerous as we ourselves would be, they are as ignorant of the position of the poor missionary in the backwoods as George IV was said to be of the condition of the starving poor. It was said that a petition was presented to him setting forth that the poor were suffering for the want of bread. He answered: 'Why the devil don't they eat pie?' As the constitution of the Church is at present, the Church is under no obligation to provide employment for its ministers. Hence old men who have borne the burden and heat of the day and become grey in the service, theological students, non-theological students, and railway labourers are all on a level before the Church."

I shook my head, and cried: "O! O!"

"You need not shake your head," he said; "I can lay my hand upon a man, if you will only go with me where he is, who had been an exhorter in the Methodist church,

was received into the Presbyterian church, and in less than four months was given employment on a mission field, and an old man who had served the church faithfully and efficiently for more than twenty years was set aside to make room for him. Such a change in the constitution of the Church is necessary as will prevent men who have served the Church faithfully and efficiently for from one to two-score years, and who, if they were in the Episcopalian or Methodist church, would be in positions where they would be both comfortable and useful, shoved aside to make room for young men who have not yet entered upon the study of theology, many of whom have never seen the inside of a college and whose English education is extremely limited. Those young men get employment simply because they succeed in winning the favour of members of the Home Mission Committee. While men of age, experience and recognized ability are set aside for no other cause than that they have failed to secure such favour."

I wished to hear no more, so I stopped him by saying: "What did you do then?"

"I got my name put on the probationers' list. I got employment about half the time. Though my travelling expenses sometimes made a large hole in what I got for my services, through the industry and self-denial of my wife and family, we succeeded in keeping the wolf from our door."

"Had you no opportunity of getting a call?"

"Not the slightest," he replied. "My grey hairs are an effectual barrier. I got enough of compliments for my sermons, and I hope my labours were not altogether in vain. We must trust to the promise that God's word will not return to Him void, but will accomplish His will. But congregations are not in the habit of calling men of my age, even if they have not been on the mission field. But to be thrown overboard by the Home Mission Committee as I have been insures his failure. I went round the two years; then, according to the rules of the Church, my name was removed, and I am practically out of the church."

"Why do you not get your name on the list of aged and infirm ministers?"

"I tried that, but according to the rules lately passed, unless a minister has a certificate that he is unfit for service or is seventy years of age, he cannot be placed on the list. I am sixty-six and have good health for a man of my age. I was told by one of the ministers when I applied that I was as able to preach as he was, and he was right. You are only a young man and I presume it had not entered your mind that a minister could be placed in the position that I am in. I know that when I was your age I did not think it possible. But we know who has promised to cause all things to work together for our good."

"How do you make out to live then?" I enquired.

"I do but little towards making a living, but I have two of the best boys in the country and my wife is in-

dustrious and economical. The soil in this part of Muskoka is good, and wherever we can get it sufficiently free from rock it yields abundantly. Land is cheap. My boys have taken up a quarter section each. We have about twenty-five acres cleared and a small log house and barn. I can help a little in picking up and burning, and though the way is closed in the meantime against any active work in the ministry, I can do a little in the way of Sabbath school work, and I preach as far as I have the opportunity without interfering with the students. If my health should fail, or if I should be spared four years longer and have served my three-score years and ten, I may by applying draw from the aged and infirm ministers' fund. But if my boys continue to prosper, I do not think they will be willing for me to draw from that fund."

"But your's is an exceptional case," I said.

"Not at all," he replied. "I can point you to scores of men in my position. Some are trying to make a living by selling books; others by copying in offices, and others trying to get along as I am doing. Indeed, when I am in company with ministers of other denominations I am tempted to try to conceal the fact that I am a minister in a church capable of treating its ministers so."

The train now stopped at a station and he rose. We shook hands and parted. When I turned round I saw the hatchet-faced elder who had been so graphically described by my friend approaching me. He took a seat by

my side. He began to compliment me on the sermons I had preached, and regretted that he had not been out on the second Sabbath; that he had been from home, or he would have been there. He then said: "I have been talking to the most of them in our station, and I have seen a good many of them from the other stations, and the most of them are pretty well satisfied with your preaching, and I believe we might have got up a call for you if it hadn't been for that dance."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Why, you know the night you came to the place, there was a dance at your boarding place."

"I know it, but how could I help that?"

"I know you could not," he said, "but some of them think you could have gone somewhere else, and some of them say that you danced yourself. I did not believe that, but you know people will talk, and when a few turn against a minister, whether they're right or wrong, he can do no good."

"How could I help being there? It was past nine o'clock when I got to the house. I was a stranger. There was no house near in which I could stay. If people go and tell lies it's none of my business. I would be badly off for a call before I would accept one from you."

I then took a copy of the *Globe* out of my pocket, spread it out and began to read, as a signal that our conversation was now to end. He took the hint and left me and I was soon at my journey's end.

For about a year it was a repetition of the past with a few variations, but I noticed that with each new quarter there was a change for the worse. The congregations to which I was sent were poorer, and the distances to travel greater, and I noticed that the poorer the congregations the more difficult to please. When on my way to an appointment, seated in a railway car, I observed three gentlemen seated a short distance in front of me eagerly discussing some question which appeared to interest them. I was surprised to recognize in one of them my old friend, Mr. D. His sad, solemn expression of countenance had given way to one of wide awake business-like activity. He evidently felt himself to be a factor in the world's work. The three were returning from a meeting of Presbytery and they were discussing a question which had been before them during the day. I rushed forward and took his hand. When he recognized me he greeted me cordially and introduced me to the two other ministers. "I go off," he said, "at the next station. Can you not go with me and pay me a visit? Mrs. D. will be glad to see you."

As it was only Thursday evening and I had abundance of time, I consented. We were soon at his house. Mrs. D. rushed to me as soon as she saw me, and seized my hand in both of hers, and burst into tears. She stood for some time holding my hands and weeping. At length she said: "Oh, sir! I hope you will excuse me. I'm a poor, weak woman, and when I saw you the thought of

what we had passed through together quite overpowered me, but all that is passed. The Lord has brought us through it all."

Mr. D. then said: "Come, my dear; you know you've often promised me that you would try to keep from talking about those painful events. Praise the Lord, they are past, and let us pray that such may never return."

I then said: "When I saw you last, those people had just decided to get up a call for you. I see they have kept their promise or you would not be here."

"Oh yes!" he said. "They got it all through just as they said."

"I hope it is satisfactory," said I.

"Oh!" said Mr. D., "any place would be satisfactory after our experience; and the induction was real. It was not a mere empty form like the other. Everything went on right for a short time, but at our next annual meeting, which took place about six months after my induction, there was a dispute between two of the managers, A. and B. A. thought I favoured B., and withdrew his support and induced a number of others to do the same. There was a reduction of $100 on the subscription list at once. One of the managers said: 'If every other subscriber is not willing to add one-sixth to his subscription the burden will fall on the managers, and each of us will have to pay about $25 extra out of his own pocket. Now, I for one am not willing to do that, though I am well enough satisfied with Mr. D.' Another said: 'I am not willing

either, and I can see no other way for it only for Mr. D. to resign. I'm sorry, for I'm well satisfied with Mr. D.' Mr. B. then said: 'In that way you're au' siding in wae Mr. A. against Mr. D. and giving him his way. Now, I'll pay $25 extra before I'll do that. Hoo monny mare 'ill dae the same?' No one was willing to do so. I was too much taken by surprise to say anything for a time, and suggested that the meeting should be adjourned for a week to give time for due consideration. In the meantime I got the remaining managers together and got them to go through the congregation with the subscription list to get it revised, and to everyone who withdrew his name I sent a clear receipt. Several of those to whom I sent receipts called and paid. They said the money was due before they had withdrawn their names. At the next congregational meeting the managers reported that the subscription list was revised and in a satisfactory state."

"How much do you lose," I said, "by this change?"

"Oh! I don't know," he said. "It will not be much. The people are kind and it will be made up to me, or at least the greater part of it."

"But what about the Presbytery?" I said. "Did they not interfere?"

"An attempt was made," he replied, "but it failed. Mr. Prior, who is a relative of Mr. A.'s, had been posted on the question, and when my next report was handed in and no arrears reported, he said: 'I have it on good authority that matters are in a very unsatisfactory state

in Mr. D.'s congregation, that some of his best supporters have stopped going to hear him and have withdrawn their support, and I do not see how it is that there are no arrears.' "

"I then rose and said: 'I wish that brother to understand that I have asked for no interference between me and my congregation. I wish for none and shall permit none.' Mr. Prior then subsided, and the moderator proceeded with the other business."

"But what would you do," I said, "in case of a Presbyterial visitation being ordered?"

"I would just refuse to allow them to enter my church. Indeed they've tried it already. The first meeting of Presbytery I was at they were appointing their different delegations. They began to appoint one for mine. But I just stood up in my place and said: 'No, thank you, no delegation for me.' "

"And what did they say?"

"The moderator asked me what I meant. And I told him I just meant what I said. That, while I was minister of that congregation I should let no one interfere between me and it," he continued. "If you just examine you'll find that all who keep their places for any length of time go on that principle. Did you ever know a minister stay long in his place if he allowed a Presbytery to interfere?"

I admitted that I did not. "But," said I, "is it consistent for you who are a thorough Congregationalist in prac-

tice to attend meetings of Presbytery and interfere in the affairs of others?"

"I do," he replied, "because I feel it my duty to use my influence in favour of truth and justice. And if I ever forget to stand up for any of my brethren and try to protect them from such suffering as I have gone through, may my right hand forget her cunning."

"Oh, I am sure," said Mrs. D., "we can never forget what we've gone through, and if we can do anything to smooth the path of anybody else it's surely our duty to do it. All that we have passed through in connection with that sad affair has made me more reconciled to the death of our dear boy that was taken from us a short time before we went to that place. It may have only been a mother's fondness, but I thought I saw in him those qualities which would have fitted him especially for the work of the ministry. We had dedicated him to that high and holy calling. But God in His mercy took him to Himself. He had a very sensitive, sympathetic nature which, while it would have especially fitted him for that work by causing him to rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep, and like His Master, to bear the griefs and carry the sorrows of his people, it would have unfitted him for bearing all the cruel treatment to which one is exposed from his brethern. To have been called to pass through what we have endured would have broken his heart. God in His mercy took him to Him-

self. We often hear people wondering why so few ministers' sons study for the ministry, but I can easily tell why. I wouldn't, if I had ten, consent for one to be a minister under the present system. But as far as the work of the ministry is concerned, with all its hardships, and we have gone through as many as most of them, I would delight to see them engaged in it and endure all its hardships as good soldiers. It is the position in which the church places its ministers to which I could never consent."

At this point Mr. D. said: "Perhaps Mr. G. is tired and would like to retire."

We then had worship and retired. I spent the greater part of the next day with Mr. D. He had a large well selected library, and I spent the day very agreeably. We made no further reference to the past. I took the evening train and went to my next appointment. In a short time I paid another visit to Fairbank Cottage. While I was there, the bishop was on his annual visit, and Mr. Wilson sent an invitation to the laird and lady and myself to spend an evening there. The laird said "he did'na heed aboot gaun among thai big folk." The lady and I went. We met his lordship and a clergyman who accompanied him by the name of High. We were introduced all round and were all quite well. The bishop was a man of fine appearance, apparently about forty-five, a graduate of Dublin University, a polished and accomplished gentleman. Mr. High was long, lank, lean and cadaverous. His words were few and he tried to have them

well ordered. In his enunciation he discarded the use of the letter R, as far as possible. His etiquette, like every art acquired late in life, was somewhat stiff. After a little commonplace conversation about the weather and kindred topics, tea was announced. The Bishop escorted Lady Fairbank to the door of the dining-room and passed her in. Mr. High had got to the door one step in advance of his lordship. When he perceived this he made one step backward, made one of the stiffest of stiff bows, and said: "Aftaw you, my la'd." Lady Fairbank was seated on the right hand of the bishop. The tea passed off pleasantly enough. When the company returned to the parlour, the bishop apologized to Lady Fairbank for getting her son-in-law into the Episcopalian fold, and added: "He makes a very good churchman. We get a great many Presbyterian ministers to join us. And the only fault I ever have to find with them is that some of them are rather too high church for me. I'm glad to find," he continued, "that though we differ in some things our differences do not extend to any of the essentials."

Lady Fairbank replied: "The more I examine the question the less important the differences appear to be. In doctrine we are substantially the same. And it would have been strange if it had not been so, as nine out of ten of the ministers composing the Westminster Assembly, that drew up our confession of faith and larger and shorter catechisms, were Episcopalian ministers. In government we differ a little in name. We call our presiding officers

moderators or superintendents instead of bishops, but they do the same kind of work. In your forms of worship you read rather more of your prayers than we do. These are our main differences."

"But then you are a little more aristocratic than we are," said the Bishop. "It is only in some of your wealthy congregations that your ministers wear gowns and they are made of silk and are costly. In your poorer ones they wear none. All our ministers in poor as well as rich congregations wear cheap, plain gowns."

"When the differences are so small," said Lady Fairbank, "is it not a great pity that we should remain apart?"

"It would be a blessed thing," said the bishop, "if we could all be united, and I have no doubt if it were left to us we would soon do it. For my part I would be willing to appoint a committee to meet with committees appointed by the Presbyterians and Methodists, and I would agree to any basis of union they would draw up."

After a couple of hours' conversation of this kind we rose to take our leave. The bishop said: "If you are not in too much of a hurry, we would be pleased to have you wait for prayers."

We did so. After singing a hymn and reading a chapter, the bishop offered up a simple earnest prayer for the Divine blessing on our evening's conversation, and that the time would soon come when all Christ's disciples would be one as He and the Father are one. We then took our

leave, and went home feeling that we had spent a pleasant and profitable evening.

On the following evening Mr. Johnson came in to spend the evening. I now had ceased to be jealous of him, as I had learned that he was paying his attentions to Mary's younger sister. This was a great relief to my mind.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. High likewise came in. He greeted me warmly and said: "You have returned from your wanderings. You will be able like wandering Ulysses to give us some interesting accounts of the places you have visited."

Among other things I told them of my meeting Mr. D. and the happy change in his circumstances. Mr. High said: "Such difficulties as that gentleman has passed through are unavoidable among dissenters. In the church every clergyman is provided with a comfortable living while he is able to officiate, and when he is unable from age or infirmity to continue his duties he gets a comfortable retiring allowance. It's a great pity but all the sects could see the beauty and order of the church and return to its fold."

Mr. Johnson then said: "Methodism provides for the protection and provision of its ministers equally as well."

"Well, as for your Methodism," said Mr. High, "whatever is valuable in it is taken from the church, and as their separation is so recent the evil fruits of dissent have not had time to mature

as they have done in the Presbyterian church. We have first the Kirk dissenting, and after that a number of smaller bodies dissenting from the Kirk till it would appear to be all dissension."

At this point the laird turned round to his 'leddy' and said in a half whisper, but loud enough for all to hear, "Come, guid wife, gie them a bit o' ma mind."

She treated the laird to a frown, and proceeded: "I have yet to learn that the church o' Scotland has any more right tae be ca't a dissentin' body than the church o' England. They baith dissented frae the church o' Rome at the same time. In Scotland the Presbyterian form was adopted. In England the Episcopalian was continued the same as in the Romish church. They're baith in the same boat as faur as dissenting is concerned."

"Them's ma sentiments exactly," said the laird.

"I beg to differ with you," said Mr. High. "The Christian church was planted in England, some say by Paul, but if not, very shortly after the time of the apostles. The Romish church usurped the control in the church as the Danes did in the state. The church in time freed itself from the Romish yoke, just as the nation under Alfred freed itself from the Danish yoke and resumed its ancient form."

"Can ye no' see." said Lady F., "that Scotland just went through the same? They were brought under the Romish yoke in the same way, resisted in the same way, and freed themselves in the same way. Where

does your dissent come in, in the one case more than the other?"

"Well," said Mr. High, "I have not seen it in that light."

The wife of Fairbank then proceeded: "As for the other dissents you speak of, it is true that there have been a number of bodies seceded from the church of Scotland pairtly through the fau't of the Kirk in abusin' its power, and pairtly through the fau't o' the seceders themselves in not exercisin' enough of forbearance. But is't no the same in the church o' England? Have 'na the Methodies an' the Baptists an' the Congregationalists seceded frae the church o' England, an' who'll say that the fau'ts are au' on the one side?"

Mr. High made no answer.

Lady F. then said: "Can you tell me who's most responsible for the divisions that exist?"

"The dissenters, of course," said Mr. High.

"Though I think it's time," said Lady F., "that you were giving up the use o' that name that's so offensive to many, I'll let that pass; but I can tell you it's the high church party in the Church of England. You're willing to fraternize with that very same Romish Church that, according to your own story, brought you into bondage, and from which you had such a struggle to free yourselves. You accept their orders, and you'll refuse to recognize, in the same way, those bodies that, while you were engaged in the same great

struggle against Rome, fought shoulder to shoulder with you, contending for the very same faith given to the saints, by the Lord Himself and all His prophets and apostles; and now those whom you own were your oppressors are your dear brethren. Those who assisted you are sneeringly called dissenters. And now, Mr. High, if you high churchmen would just come doon frae thae high stilts on which you've got up, and recognize as brethren those who have acted the part of brethren to you, how much more good you could do—how much you would do to promote the cause of union. As your bishops are generally men selected with care, and, as a rule, are men of ability, they might practically, though not in name, be bishops of all the Christians in their various dioceses. They would generally, by universal consent, be called upon to preside at Bible society meetings, missionary meetings and all meetings of public interest, and do much to promote the cause of Christianity."

"Weel din, guid wife," cried the laird, in great glee. "I ken't ye would hae the last word." Lady Fairbank then reminded the laird that it was time to get his lantern and go to the barn.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. High thought it was time to be going, and the subject was dropped.

Next morning there was a family council held to decide on the profession that Aleck should adopt. John had been the name of the eldest in the family for several generations back. The laird insisted that while they

should continue the old ancestral name of John, that Alexander should be added to it in honour of his great model chief, Sir John A. Hence, he had for short been called Aleck. Lady F. had, when he was an infant. dedicated him to God and to the work of the ministry. The laird had often said that he hoped he would see the time when his son Aleck would be "waggin' his poo" (head) in a pulpit. What had brought up the question at this time was the action of two of his schoolmates. They had begun to take private lessons under their teacher, who was a good Latin scholar, with a view to preparing to pass the Law Society. They had chosen the profession of law, and they had been urging their companion to join them.

To the wife of Fairbank this appeared like choosing mammon instead of God. The laird said since he had seen "the waye ministers were dinged roon' frae pillar tae post, an' scrambling for places like a wheen politician," he would rather see his son "aither a farmer or a lawyer." "A lawyer," he said, "is a gran' tred'. They can mak' a heap o' money at it. An' a clever loon like oor Aleck, that's got the gift o' the gab that he's got (for he's jest like his mother for that), might get tae be a parliamenter or some great man, like his namesake, Sir John A. An' whae kens but they may be ca'in' their horses an' ither beasts after him, like his great namesake."

The wife of Fairbank gave a pained, sad look at the laird, and said: "Oh! John, John! ye'r mind appears tae

be au' set on the things o' this world. Can ye no' set your mind on something higher?" She then looked at me, evidently expecting that I would endorse her sentiments. My mind had undergone about the same change as the laird's, but on Mary's account I did not like to express my sentiments. Hence, I shifted the responsibility by advising them to ask Aleck to express his own feelings on the subject.

When invited to do so, Aleck spoke in a way that shewed that he had given the subject much more thought than I would have given him credit for. He said: "I had no other thought than to study for the ministry till I saw the way ministers are capable of treating each other. When I saw a minister with a large salary use his position and influence to push aside and take a place from a poor minister who had no place and had a poor, weak, delicate wife, and a family to support, I changed my mind. You know, mother, just as well as I do, that what I'm saying is true, for you know the minister that did it. According to the ideas of right and wrong that you have taught me—and I never want to set a lower standard—I must either suffer wrong or do wrong. If I have to engage in contests I would rather it should be in politics over some political question in which there is some principle involved than to engage with a brother in the ministry in a scramble for a place; and instead of preaching the gospel with a single eye to God's glory, with a view of gaining the

suffrages of the people, and thereby defeating an opposing candidate."

"You are putting it too strongly," I said. "It is not necessary to lose sight of our duty to glorify God while we preach as candidates."

"In proportion as the one object is prominent the other is obscured," he replied. "You cannot serve both, more than you can serve God and mammon. If I thought preaching was the only way to serve God, I would engage in it, but in connection with some other body. But I look on the responsibility equally as great to serve Him in practising the law as in preaching the gospel."

"Weel—weel!" said the wife of Fairbank. "The Lord's will be done. Commit all your ways to Him and He will direct your paths. Consecrate your life to Him whatever your calling or your lot in life may be."

The case was in this way disposed of.

CHAPTER XI.

Col. Miles on Ministers—Effect of a Pimple on the Cheek—My Appointments Cancelled—Get Employment as a High School Teacher—Marriage and Settlement—Mr. Johnson's Marriage—The Laird's Opinion of His Sons-in-law.

ON the following day I started again on my rounds. I parted from Mary with more painful feelings than at any former time. The first place I went to I was waited upon by two of the elders and asked if I would be willing to accept of a call. They flattered me by saying that my sermons had made a good impression, and they thought that the congregation would proceed to get up a call. I felt quite elated. I thought of writing to Mary to inform her of my prospects, but I decided to wait till I was sure. After I had preached my second Sabbath, I visited a little through the congregation to get a little idea in a quiet way as to how I stood. I could learn nothing satisfactory, so I called on one of the elders who had spoken to me, and asked him if there was any move being made. He told me that he had been speaking to several of the members, and that the greater part of them thought they had better wait till they would hear one who was related to one of the influential families in the place. I knew that my fate was sealed.

I went to my next appointment with a heavy heart. After I had preached my two Sabbaths my hopes were

raised rather higher than they had been on the former occasion. One of the elders told me that they had appointed a meeting for the Thursday evening following, and he had little doubt but they would take steps to get up a call for me. After the meeting was over I was told that the people were not quite unanimous and they had taken no action.

My next appointment was to a congregation within the bounds of which there was a retired minister living. This minister had been in charge of a congregation for twenty-five years. For the last fifteen years there had been a chronic state of friction. A great majority of the people wished him to resign, but he refused. He was determined to stick to the congregation till they would agree to pay him $200 per year as a retiring allowance and he should be placed on the retired list as an annuitant and secure an additional $200 from the aged and infirm ministers' fund. As he was hale and hearty, though somewhat advanced in life, the Committee of the aged and infirm ministers' fund for several years refused to entertain his application, as he could not procure a medical certificate stating that he was too infirm to be fit for service. At length an M. D. was found with a pliable conscience, who gave the necessary certificate, and a few equally pliable friends, who supported his application, and he was pensioned off. He received from those two sources $400 per year, and as he was healthy and strong he received almost steady employment at $8.00 per Sab-

bath ; hence he was in a much better position than when he had a regular charge. The congregation by paying this $200 a year were free to call a minister of their choice.

My home while supplying this congregation was with one of the elders, a most worthy man. His wife was lively, intelligent and loquacious. I met the minister who had supplied them on the two previous Sabbaths—a Mr. Hemming. He had not yet passed on to his next appointment. He was an old man of whom his congregation had got tired. His Presbytery, after sending two or three deputations and bringing all its influence to bear on him, had induced him for the sake of his own comfort to resign. Hence for his comfort and for the comfort of his wife and family he was turned out of house and home, and as he had failed to pay into the aged and infirm ministers' fund, he was entitled to draw nothing out of it. His lot was a hard one, but his ministerial brethren said the fault was his own. He might have paid into the fund, he had failed to please the people, and the church was not obliged to find employment for its ministers.

After we were introduced, Mrs. Greenlees, for that was the name of my hostess, eyed me from head to foot and said: "You're no' an ill-lookin' chiel. Ye'll dae—ye'll get alang. Au' ye've tae dae is tae coort Dan Davies' dochter."

"What has that to do with his work?" said Rev. Mr. Hemming.

"Everything," said Mrs. Greenlees. "Pet rules her mother; her mother rules her faither, an' he rules the kirk, at least sae faur that nae minister could get in wi-thoot his consent. Pet hauds the kirk under her thoom an' we can get nae minister till Pet gets a man. We may as weel mak' up oor minds tae that. Noo," she said, turning to me, "if ye'll just mairry Pet, ye may get baith a wife an' a kirk at yinst."

"But how do you know that I would please them with my preaching?" I said.

"Oh! the preaching has verra little tae dae wae't. If it was guid soon' preachin' that was wantit, we needna gang by oor aul freen' here," she said, nodding towards Mr. Hemming. "The preaching is au' that could be desired, but, losh me, we've got yae aul minister on oor hauns, billeted on us, an' costin' us $200 a year after bearin' wae his infirmities for the last ten years."

"Is there no ehanee of your agreeing on a minister?" said Mr. Hemming. "It's hard that grey hairs have become such a reproaeh that a man must be rejected simply on that aeeount, though owing to his experienee he may be a far more efficient worker than any of the young men, but the people are not to blame. It's fear of that billeting system."

"I unnerstaun'," said Mrs. Greenlees, "that they've applied for a student for the summer. That's the only thing that keeps up oor congregation at au'. We had yin the simmer afore last, no' a great preacher, I'll allow, but

a fine lookin', pleasant spoken man an' a rail airnest craytur he was. Well, he gade roon' an' visited ivery place amang folk o' au' kinds, guid, bad an' indifferent, an' had prayer meetin's au' ower the congregation, an' there was sixty-five members added to the kirk, indeed we may say the first additions we have had since oor aul minister left, or we may say was turned oot."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hemming. "I have heard of that young man. As you say he has very little ability, and he's a regular dude, and he spent the most of his time running round after the girls. It's true he influenced a good many to join the church, but he didn't half examine them. I don't think that the half of them were fit. I fear that there were not one half of them really converted?"

"Hoo dae ye ken that?" said Mrs. Greenlees. "Hoo dae ye ken whether I'm converted or no'? Hoo dae I ken whether you're converted yoursel' or no'? I canna see your heart; ye canna see mine. What dae we ken aboot it? What richt ha'e we tae judge? The Maister says: 'Ye shall know them by their fruits.' That's true baith o' members an' ministers. I judge o' that student by the fruit o' his labours. If he used au' his gifts and graces an' graciousness tae the lassies, if ye like tae put it in that way, tae lead them back tae the path o' duty an' tae decide tae be on the Lord's side, I've naething tae say against it; an' for ocht I can see a young minister may

be dain mair for the glory o' God whan he's coortin' the lassies, than when he's gaun roon' preachin' an' speakin' ill o' his brethren. Christ said: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' Christ's religion is one of love. The devil's is one of unmixed hate. It's surely no' the best way to prepare for the kingdom of love tae indulge in hatred against the brethren. Guid forgi'e me, but when I hear some o' the ministers speakin' ill o' yin an ither, an' shewin' mair o' the speerit o' hate than o' love, the passage comes into my head, 'The poison o' asps is under their tongues.' I'm only a pair aul ignorant woman. I ken naething o' aither Greek or grammar or logic or theology, or ony ither kine o' 'ology. The religion that shows maist o' the speerit o' the Maister is the best wae me."

Before Mr. Hemming had time to answer, one of the elders was ushered in. We were no sooner introduced than he said: "Have you had a letter from Mr. Roddie lately?"

"I had none since I got my appointments about four months ago."

"Had you no notice from him not to come here?"

"I had none."

"Well," said he, "we notified him more than two weeks ago that we had got a student appointed, and wanted no more supply. I don't know what Mr. Roddie could have been thinking about to send anybody here after we had told him that we didn't want anybody."

I explained that I had been appointed before the student and Mr. Roddie could not help himself. Mr. Hemming endorsed what I said.

"You ministers 'll always stick together when it's against an elder," said he.

"Hoot! you're ower hard on the ministers," said Mrs. Greenlees. "Oor young freen' here," she said, giving me a poke under the ribs, "doesna want tae gang awa' till he gets a chance tae coort Pet Davie."

Mr. Hemming sighed deeply; I scowled darkly; Mrs. Greenlees smiled broadly, but this might be expected as the joke was her own. The elder's hard face relaxed. His sides heaved like a porpoise, while a hissing sound was emitted from his partially compressed lips, resembling the escape of steam from an engine but in miniature.

He then said: "I suppose there is no way for it, but we'll have you both to pay, and that's hard when we have all we are able to do tae keep up the congregation and pay that $200 a year to our old minister that we have thrown on our hands. Why should not the whole Church bear the burden of supporting the old ministers? What more right have we than any other congregation in the Church to support him? We had our own time in supporting him when he was our minister."

"True—true," said Mr. Hemming; "and what's as bad, the like of me will never be called however well we may preach, for fear that we might be forced on them as a burden."

He took his leave. I put in my two weeks there, but I gave Pet Davie a wide berth. There was a meeting of Presbytery on the Tuesday following the last Sabbath that I preached there. As the place of meeting lay on the way to my next appointment, I decided to attend, partly from curiosity and partly from a hope that I might hear something to my advantage. I met there an aged minister by the name of Gray. His name stood at the head of the probationers' list, showing that it had been longest on. I knew him well by hearsay, but we had never before met. For a whole quarter he had preceded me, but he had always left the boarding-house before I reached it. I had, therefore, an opportunity of hearing his character and abilities discussed in all the boarding-houses, and all his faults and failings pointed out.

A petition was presented by a Mr. Goodwin in favor of putting Mr. Gray's name on the list of aged and infirm ministers as an annuitant. Mr. Goodwin moved and Mr. Blunt seconded the motion that the prayer of the petition be granted. In support of the petition Mr. Goodwin said that Mr. Gray had served the Church well and faithfully for thirty-two years; that he had resigned his charge three years ago, and had been for that length of time travelling around as a probationer; that the limit of the term which his name could remain on the list had been reached and his name would be removed, and he would be completely thrown out of employment; that he had a wife and family depending on him; his salary had always

been small, and was needed to support his family; that during the time that he had been going round as a probationer his family had been in very straitened circumstances. "If this limited means of support is cut off, what is he to do? He is too old to dig; he will not steal, and to beg he is ashamed. What is he to do?" He then sat down.

Mr. Steel then rose and said: "Mr. Moderator, I would like to ask one question, has the brother got a medical certificate certifying that he is too infirm for service?"

Mr. Goodwin answered that he had not.

Mr. Steel then said: "I move that the petition be not granted. We cannot pension off every minister who proves a failure. The Church is not obliged to find employment for its ministers. They must find employment for themselves. If they cannot it is their own business."

Mr. Echo then rose and said: "Mr. Moderator, I second the amendment. I will not detain you with a speech. I will simply endorse what has been so eloquently expressed by Mr. Steel."

Mr. Blunt then rose and very bluntly said: "Mr. Moderator, there is a very good reason why Mr. Echo does not make a speech—he has none to make. He is now, as he always is, simply an Echo of Mr. Steel. As for Mr. Steel's remark about Mr. Gray's inefficiency, it is a vile slander. I have heard him preach, and I would rather hear him than any minister in this Presbytery—not even excepting yourself, Mr. Moderator."

A young brother by the name of Trim, who was always as neat and trim as if he had stepped out of a band-box, who had never been guilty of making a speech in Presbytery before, now said: "*De gustibus non disputandum.*"

Mr. Blunt turned round and said: "Young man, you had better put away what little Latin you have with your scented pocket handkerchief for your own future use. It is not required here at present." He then said: "Can you translate your quotation?" Trim was silent.

"Now, please don't be personal," said the Moderator, "or I'll have to stop you."

"Go on—go on," said Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Blunt continued: "I know also that he was for ten years chairman of the council of instruction for the county in which he resided. In that position he enjoyed the confidence and the respect of the whole Board, which was made up of ministers of all denominations. He made a few enemies, as his Master did, by speaking the truth too plainly to suit everybody. Acting on the advice of his Presbytery he resigned, for his own peace and comfort, and for his peace and comfort he has been brought with his family into the position in which we now find him. He has been degraded from the rank of a minister to that of a probationer. A probationer is not a minister." He then paused, and looked around, to see if anyone would join issue with him on that proposition. All were silent, and he went on: "He has been peddled around for the

last three years like a piece of unsalable goods. We may say his grey hairs have been dragged in the dust." There was another pause to see if anyone would dispute this statement. Mr. Steel bit his lip and gave a frown which showed that his heart was steeled against all sympathy for a brother in distress. Mr. Blunt went on: "We are told that he is not sufficiently infirm to get leave from the Church to retire from the active work of the ministry. Has he not got leave with a vengeance? Has he not been forced into retirement? Has he not been removed three years ago from the list of ministers? Has he not been a probationer since that time? He is now to be put off that list. What is to be his position in the Church? The amendment to our motion is, 'that he shall not get leave to retire from the active work of the ministry, and we have cut him off from all employment. What is his position, Mr. Moderator?"

There was a frown, but no reply. He went on: "You cannot define his position. Neither could a Philadelphia lawyer. He is not sufficiently infirm to draw out of the aged and infirm ministers' fund, nor to cease paying into it. He has no means of support. How long will he have to starve before he is sufficiently infirm to be entitled to draw from this fund?" He then paused, and looked round, and slowly said: "information wanted."

"Mr. Steel had an equal, if not a greater number of his congregation opposed to him at one time. He was advised by an officious brother to resign for his peace

and comfort. He could not see any great amount of comfort in being, with his wife and family, turned out of house and home, hence, like a sensible man, he held on to his position, and let the fault-finders fret and fume or be quiet as best suited them."

Mr. Steel then sprang to his feet, and cried out: "Mr. Moderator, I protest against such insulting language."

As the Moderator was in the same predicament, having a considerable number of his congregation opposed to him, he rose and said: "I beg to call Mr. Blunt to order. This is becoming altogether too personal."

Mr. Blunt sat down. Mr. Steel then rose and said: "It is now near the hour for adjournment. We must dispose of this question now or have an evening session."

Mr. Echo echoed the sentiment. The Moderator was just rising to put the motion—

There was an old military veteran, a Colonel Miles, seated beside Mr. Goodwin. He had been listening attentively during the whole discussion. He sprang to his feet and introduced his subject by an old well tried oath, which had been handed down to him by tradition from Lord Wellington. His father claimed to have heard it from the Duke's own lips at the battle of Waterloo, when he saw the Forty-second Highlanders give way. It had been somewhat blunted by repeated use, but he tried to make up for this defect by being more forcible in his expression. It was directed against the pronoun "it." He then proceeded to say: "If that don't beat the devil."

All were struck dumb, and for a time sat gazing at each other. At length Mr. Goodwin rose, and partly from the kindness of his nature and partly from the fact that the Colonel paid $20 a year towards his salary, he entered upon his defence. He said: "Mr. Moderator, while no one will try to excuse such an expression, it is right that we should take all the circumstances into consideration. It is well known that expressions of this kind are so common among military men that they sometimes give utterance to them unconsciously."

Mr. Steel sprang to his feet and cried out: "Mr. Moderator, I protest against this defence of such a glaring breach of the third commandment and irreverence for the house of God."

The Moderator called out: "Order—order! One at a time." They both then sat down and he proceeded to say: "In the name of this court I feel it my duty to protest against the conduct of that person, who, while a visitor, has been guilty of such a breach of ordinary courtesy, altogether passing over the wickedness of the act. I cannot characterize his act better than by calling it contempt of court." Then, looking at his watch, he said: "The hour for adjournment is up. I will now put the motion."

It was put, and the amendment was carried. The prayer of the petition was refused. The court was at once adjourned. Colonel Miles was heard to say as he was walking out: "Any court that could come to such a

decision deserves to be looked upon as a standing object of contempt."

In the sitting-room of the hotel in which I put up, I met Mr. Gray. He was sitting with his face on his hand, the very picture of despair. I tried to engage him in conversation, but it was useless. Mr. Goodwin and one of his elders and Colonel Miles were present. This elder, a Mr. Cash, was a merchant who was doing a large business and said to be in good circumstances. Mr. Goodwin stepped forward and slapped Mr. Gray on the shoulder, and said: "Come, come, cheer up; don't be so cast down over that failure. We must look some other way. Do you know how to keep books?"

"I don't know whether I could do so now or not. I kept my father's books for a while when I was a youth. I got along very well then. I don't know how I would do now as they have so many new ways of doing everything in these times."

"Well," said Mr. Cash, "if you like, you may try my books. If you succeed and like it well enough to continue, I will give you $600 a year and a free house. I want a book-keeper upon whom I can depend. You can bring your family and call yourself a fixture."

"That's your chance," said Colonel Miles. "You can preach on Sundays too and be independent. You won't need to care who you please or displease."

Mr. Steel just came in at this time, and said: "He'll

have to be careful not to preach on the third commandment."

Colonel Miles cast a withering glance at him, and said: "I should expect him to be manly enough to do his duty without respect of persons. I assure you I shall take no offence at hearing the truth. I know I am a little hard on the third commandment, but I find that some of you are just as hard on the eighth and ninth. The treatment you gave Mr. Gray to-day was in my opinion a breach of the eighth, and you are all notoriously given to slandering, not only your neighbours, but your brethren."

At this point the stage horn blew for passengers to the railway station, and we each took our several ways.

When I went to my next appointment, I thought I would at once visit the representative elder and find out as much as possible of the state of the congregation and the prospect of a settlement. He said matters were in a very unsatisfactory state; that they had taken steps a short time ago to call a minister. He had nominated a minister who was an excellent preacher and of whom he had heard a good report; who was out of charge and had a large family to support, and needed a place badly. Mr. B. nominated another minister who had preached for us only once. He gave us a fair sermon. He is a man of a rather attractive appearance, and is settled over a good congregation and getting a salary of $900 a year. "There was one thing which set me rather against him," he said,

"and it was this—He visited round considerably, and I heard of him in several places warning the people against calling a minister who had been settled and had resigned his charge. 'When a minister,' he said, 'resigns his charge, it is evident there is something wrong.' To this I replied: 'To find a minister looking for another place is an equally strong evidence that there is something wrong, and he has not the manliness to resign before he begins to look for another place.' When the call was moderated in, my nominee was defeated by three of a majority, Some five or six of them who voted against him owned that the only reason they had for voting against him was that he had a small pimple on his face which prevented him from making as good an appearance in the pulpit as the other. When the successful candidate heard of the small majority that he had he declined the call and decided to stay where he was, while my friend on account of the pimple was forced to pass on. I'm sure I'll not make another move towards calling a minister for some time, if not longer."

When he had finished, I said: "That was surely a small thing to reject a minister on."

"'Tis true," he said, "it was a small thing, but it was enough to turn the scale."

I saw there was no chance of another move for some time, so I had to pass on.

When on my way to my next appointment, on the cars, I saw a gentleman seated a short distance from

me whom I knew from his dress to be a minister. As I had no reading matter to occupy my attention, I resolved to make his acquaintance. I soon learned that he was one of the probationers, of whom I had often heard. During a whole quarter I had followed him, but he had always left the boarding-house before I reached it, and we had never before met. He was an old man apparently in the neighbourhood of sixty, scholarly in appearance, and of refined manners. I was soon in possession of his history. It was the old story. He had been in a comfortable country charge. His son had had a difficulty with a son of one of the elders. A small party sympathized with the elder and his son. A few withdrew their support. The matter was brought before Presbytery. He was advised to resign for his comfort, and he did so. His name had been on the probationers' list for nearly two years. Though I had got all the unfavourable points in his character in the boarding-houses, all agreed that he was a good preacher, but as he had grey hairs on his head and wrinkles on his brow, he had failed to get settled. He had tried to get employment from the Home Mission Committee, but owing to the peculiar way the Committee had of making the appointments, he had likewise failed in that. The mode of appointing, as he explained it to me, was as follows:—The names of all the applicants for employment were placed on a printed list. Each member of the Committee in his turn chooses a name from the list, and any

applicant who had no friend on the Committee was liable to be passed over: hence it frequently so happened that a minister of twenty or thirty years' standing and of more than average abilities as a preacher was passed over, while a student in the first year of his literary course and who had never entered upon the study of theology, got employment.

"But would they not go on to the end of the list and give all the applicants employment if they had fields for them?" I asked.

"Not unless the applicant has a friend to choose him. I have three different times been left without an appointment, and immediately the Committee have advertised for missionaries, and have not only employed students in the first year of their literary course but men who have no standing in the church whatever, more than ordinary members. In one case I knew a man who had been an exhorter in the Methodist Church, and who had been only three months in connection with the Presbyterian Church, to get charge of a mission field, while a minister of long standing and first-class abilities was left idle."

"That is strange," I said. "I cannot account for such a mode of doing business as that."

"It is really strange," he replied, "but it is nevertheless true. That I know from a sad experience, and I cannot pretend to account for it in any way whatever."

"There must surely be some mistake about it," I said.

"It is incredible that a committee of ministers could do business in that way."

To this he replied: "I may be mistaken about my existence, but if I am not, I am just as little mistaken in the statements I am now making. I have had my name on this list for nearly two years, and when that time is up my name will be dropped, and I will get no more appointments. God only knows what will become of me and my family." He went off at the next station and I went on and filled my appointments with the usual results.

When I went to my next appointment and reported myself to the person to whom I was directed, I was met with the question: "Have you had no notice from the convener, Mr. M., directing you not to come here?" I answered that I had not, and produced my letter from Mr. M. with my appointments. He looked at it, and said: "Well, I'm sorry that there should have been any mistake, and that you should have been at the expense of coming here for nothing. I cannot see what Mr. M. was thinking about. I'm sure I wrote to him and told him plainly that we did not want you here, and to send you somewhere else, and to send somebody else here."

"What is the matter?" I said, in utter astonishment.

"I mean no offence to you," he said. "I have nothing against you personally. I am sorry that it has become my duty to tell you that you are not wanted here—that the people have refused to hear you. You either

know, or ought to know, that by a late act of the General Assembly, any congregation has the right to refuse to hear any minister to whom they may object, and, to be plain with you, our congregation has refused to hear you."

"And what do they know about me!" I said, in great surprise. "I thought I was a complete stranger."

"Do you not know," he said, "that every probationer's name, good, bad or indifferent, goes before him. We have the character of every minister on the probationers' list."

"Who sends the characters before the ministers?" I asked.

"The ministers themselves," he said. "Those who go before give the characters of those who follow."

"And where do they get the information?" I asked.

"In the boarding-houses," he said.

I then remembered that I had a slight difference with the mistress of one of the boarding-houses about a piece of furniture which had been injured and which she wrongfully suspected me of injuring. I saw in a manner I had never seen before what a thorough circulating school of scandal the probationers' scheme had become, and what a temptation there was held out to ministers to injure each other's reputation. I then said: "This is a serious matter for me. This will be a very serious injury to my reputation as a minister. Have you proceeded in a constitutional way? Have you through the session called a meeting of the congregation and laid the matter fairly

before them? It is too bad that I should be condemned unheard."

"I am not here to argue the case," he said. He then rose and bowed me out.

I was so completely taken by surprise that I neither knew nor cared whither I went. After walking for some time, I found myself near the railway station. I took a sudden notion that as there was a train nearly due, and Mr. M., the convener of the Home Mission Committee, lived only a short distance from there, I would go and see him, and ask for some explanation. When I met him I asked him if he could give any explanation as to the cause of my strange treatment. He repeated what I had so recently heard about the rights of congregations to refuse to hear anyone to whom they objected.

"Has the congregation objected to me?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, "or your appointment would not have been cancelled."

"Has the congregation been consulted in a regular constitutional way? Has there been a congregational meeting called through the session after due notice from the pulpit? Surely in a matter so seriously affecting a minister everything should be done in a constitutional way. If those steps have not been taken, the congregation has not refused to hear me. Was this really the act of the congregation, or was it the work of some patron?"

"The corresponding secretary of the congregation

notified me and I notified you, and that is sufficient," he replied.

"The whole thing is unfair and unconstitutional," I said.

"I require no instruction on the matter," he replied. "I have a great deal of trouble in managing this business and get very little for it, only a great deal of blame from those I am trying to accommodate," and he bowed me out.

I hurried back to the railway station. It was now dark; a drizzly rain was falling. The night was dark and gloomy, but no more so than my feelings. The last train had passed about ten minutes before I got there. There was no choice left but to remain in a small hotel near the station. I retired at an early hour, as I had no wish to see or to be seen. I passed a restless night. I tried to while away the lonely hours by repeating this beautiful hymn of Addison's, "When all Thy mercies, O, my God," etc., and trying to think of the trials the Master I professed to serve had passed through before me. Towards morning I fell into a disturbed sleep, but it was to dream constantly about Mary. She always appeared to greet me with the well known smile of welcome. When I awoke, I felt sadder when I reflected that I was about to separate myself from her, perhaps for ever. I had resolved to go to the States. I would have gone long before had it not been for her. It was a sore trial to leave her, and that without seeing her once more and bidding her fare-

well, but I could not trust myself to see her. I would write and explain all. I could endure this kind of life no longer. My resolution was taken. I then remembered that I had not visited the post office at the village of A., where I had directed my mail to be sent. A train was to pass at an early hour going in that direction. I decided that I would go and see what might be there. I had barely time to catch the train. I reached the village at an early hour, and was at the post office before it was opened. I paced to and fro until it was open, and was rewarded by getting a letter addressed in Mary's well-known handwriting. It sent a thrill to my heart. I saw a little piece of pine woods a short distance away, and went thither that I might read the precious document undisturbed. I had only read a few lines when I learned that Mary had got a hint from some source of what was in store for me at the village of A. She hoped I would not be discouraged; that there were better things in store for me than I expected; that her father and mother wanted to see me as soon as I could make it convenient to come. She added that she had some good news for me which she could not tell until she should see me. The letter ended as all such letters do. The saying of a great man holds true that such letters are sheer nonsense to all except those to whom they are addressed. Mine was no exception. I felt a choking sensation. I was completely overcome. I found relief in a way in which women so readily find it—men only sometimes,

i. e., in tears. I was reading the letter over again to make sure that I had made no mistake, when I was startled by the breaking of a bush. Turning suddenly round I saw a man approaching. I beat a rapid retreat towards the station. I found that there was a train almost due going in the direction of the object of my affections. I soon had a ticket and was on board the train. When I was passing a mirror I noticed that I was in a sad state of deshabille. Want of sleep and trouble of mind had told on me. I sought the wash room and by the aid of soap and water and comb and brush tried to put on as presentable an appearance as possible.

I then began for the first time to feel the cravings of hunger, and I now remembered that I had taken neither breakfast nor supper. In my excitement I had forgotten both, but two hours would bring me to the end of my journey, and I would probably eat a breakfast prepared by Mary's own hands. Those two hours seemed long. I tried to read the morning paper, but though my eyes followed the lines, my mind was elsewhere. In due time the train reached the station. Ere it had stopped I saw Mary standing on the platform. As soon as I could safely do so, I sprang out on the platform and eagerly seized her outstretched hand. We hurried away from the crowd. There was a path through a beautiful maple grove leading by a more direct way to Fairbank Cottage, and, as might be expected, we chose that. As soon as we were out of the crowd I expressed my surprise and pleasure at

meeting her so unexpectedly, when she could have no knowledge of my coming,

She answered: "Some people do not believe in presentiments, but whatever was the cause, it was so strongly impressed on my mind this morning that you would come that I could not help being there."

"And you really came to meet *me?*" I said, in great surprise.

"Nothing else," she quietly replied, with her usual frankness.

My feelings so overpowered me that I could make no reply. We walked on for a short distance in silence.

Mary at length said: "I must tell you the good news of which I wrote." She then proceeded: "I suppose you are aware that the question of establishing a high school in our village has been for a considerable time agitated."

"I have heard of it," I said, "but I took but little interest in it, as I thought it did not concern me."

"That is just what does concern you now," she said, "for they have succeeded and you are appointed head master."

"What? How?" I said, trying to say something, and not knowing what to say. I at length said: "You must be joking, or you are under a mistake of some kind."

"Neither the one nor the other," she replied. "The Board met the evening before last and made the appointment. Mr. Scribner, the secretary of the Board, was at

our place yesterday to get your address that he could write to you, and he sent a letter away last evening."

"But how was it all brought about?" I said.

She replied: "The chairman of the Board has always been a very intimate friend of my mother's. He came from the same place in the Old Country. He has a great partiality for Old Country men and Old Country institutions, and when he learned that you were a graduate of Edinburgh University he thought that you were just the man for the position. There was also another thing which weighed with them in the matter, viz.: he and a good many more besides thought you had not been very well used when you had charge of the congregation here, and they have sympathized with you ever since. Hence, when your name was brought up, there was not a dissenting voice in the Board."

By the time she had told me all this we were in sight of Fairbank Cottage. As there were several other things I wished to enquire about, I asked her to sit down with me on a log, which lay near the path. She answered all my questions. There was another question which she expected to hear, and which I would have liked to ask but hesitated.

At length she said: "You see now, every obstacle has been removed which stood in the way of our——"

I had no difficulty in understanding what she meant. As one of my college-mates used to say, "it was elegantly understood." Yielding to the impulse of the moment,

ere I was aware, I had, *a la mode* Burns with his Highland Mary, clasped her to my bosom. I had scarcely done so when I was startled by a voice crying out: "Ah! Ah!" and turning suddenly round, I saw within twenty yards of us the wife of Fairbank; her snow-white apron and old-fashioned cap or mutch (as she used to call it), her half-finished stocking and ball of yarn stuck on her knitting needles in her left hand; her right hand uplifted, and with her finger pointed at us and motioning, she said: "Ah! Ah! Behave yoursels before folk."

I was struck dumb, and felt like beating a hasty retreat, but Mary was equal to the occasion. She said: "We did not know that we were before folk."

"Weel—weel," said the wife of Fairbank. "Your faither an' me were yinst young oorsels." I saw from the expression of her eye that she took in the whole situation, and that she wished to relieve me of my embarrassment. She added: "God bless ye, bairns." Then directing her words to me, she said: "May be ye hiv na had yer breakfast yet." I owned that I had not. "Weel—weel," she said, "it's time ye had it then. Gang awa' tae the hoos, an' Mary 'll git yae yer breakfast."

What a sudden change in my lot! I had risen that morning one of the most miserable of men, and now my cup of happiness was full to overflowing. I had just received a renewal of Mary's consent to be my wife and her mother's blessing. The face of nature had undergone a great change, though not so great as my feelings. The

gloomy night with its overhanging clouds, its falling rain and howling wind, which had harmonized so completely with my feelings at that time, had given way to one of the most beautiful mornings in that most beautiful of all the months of the year, viz., May. The face of nature had assumed its brightest and gayest aspect. The flowers, refreshed as they had been by the rain of the previous night, were decked in their gayest colors. The birds were warbling forth their most cheerful songs. The path along which we walked through the maple grove towards the cottage was beset with the most beautiful flowers, but the fairest and sweetest flower to me was my Mary. How it thrilled my heart to feel that I could now call her my own. My earnest prayer was, O, that her path all through life might be always strewed with flowers. But the reality even then intruded itself into my thoughts, that the thorns and the thistles must be encountered as well as the flowers.

We were soon at the cottage, and I was seated at the table enjoying a breakfast prepared by Mary's own hands—a luxury that when I arose that morning I could never have thought possible. When my hunger was appeased, Mary took her seat at the piano and began to play "Home, Sweet Home." How sweet any home, I thought, presided over by Mary, and I could now look forward to the time when that would be my happy lot. In the afternoon I called on the chairman of the Board and got all the necessary arrangements completed. It was ar-

ranged that I should enter upon my duties on the 15th of August, so I would have three months at my disposal before that time. I had appointments made for me up to July 15th. I decided that I would not fill them. So I wrote to Mr. M., who had treated me so curtly, a letter equally as curt. It was as follows :—

"My Dear Sir,—As you have been pleased to cancel my appointment to the congregation of T., be kind enough to cancel all the other appointments in your Presbytery, and oblige. Yours, etc."

I wrote to all the other conveners where I had had appointments to the same effect, but with more courtesy. A few days afterwards I got a letter from Mr. M., advising me not to be rash enough to throw up my appointments; that if I failed to fill them the matter must go before Presbytery, and the case would be reported to the committee of distribution, and my name in all probability would be dropped and I would receive no more appointments. I wrote in reply that I required neither advice nor instruction in the matter, and that as he considered that he required no instruction from me, he was at liberty to take any action he pleased.

During the interval which must elapse before entering upon duty I spent as much time as I could spare in reviewing the subjects I would require to teach and procuring such books as I would require to aid me in my work.

Our marriage took place about two weeks before I was to enter upon my duties. Of the wedding I will say nothing, only that it was like all others, whether of prince

or peasant—exceedingly interesting to those immediately concerned. We commenced housekeeping in a neat little cottage which had recently come into the hands of the laird. It was a matter of some anxiety to me to know how I should succeed with the management of the school, but as I had an experienced assistant I had less trouble than I anticipated.

About three months after I had entered upon my duties, I was waited upon by a deputation from the congregation with a petition requesting me to accept of the charge of the congregation, promising to pay me $400 per annum. They expected only one service each Sabbath. I asked for time to consider the matter. The congregation was at a very low ebb. It had been vacant a little over two years. It had been built up by students during the summers and built down by probationers during the winters, till all who were in any way movable had left it and gone to other churches. Nearly all the young people belonging to those who adhered to the Presbyterian church had got into the habit of attending the Methodist church. All the good singers among them were in the Methodist choir. None were left only regular blue-stocking Presbyterians. All agreed that this state of things was caused by a want of the regular and stated ordinances. And that the congregation had got as low as it could, to exist at all.

After due deliberation and prayer, I felt it my duty to accept. I immediately set about visiting all those

who adhered to the congregation. I visited a family who had been formerly one of the best supporters in it. I was cordially welcomed by the mistress of the house. When I found that she appeared to be so much attached to the Presbyterian Church I asked her how it was that she came to leave it.

She said: "Nothing only the long vacancy. I enjoyed the summer very well when we were regularly supplied by one student. Everything went on smoothly then. Although many of the students were poor preachers, we had peace and quietness, and the cause prospered, but I did dread the winter, when the probationers began to supply us. It was just a continued time of disputing and quarrelling. One would take a notion of one and another would fancy another. Some would want to call one, and another would want another. They would finally agree to drop both and hear another batch, as they used to say; and it seemed to me that the longer they went on in that way there was the less prospect of getting a minister. However well a man might preach, if there was a prospect to call him, one would say: 'I'll not support him because you wouldn't support the one I proposed.' The fitness or the unfitness of the ministers sent to us had very little to do with the case. It was a want of agreement among ourselves. There was not a minister sent us that we should not have been glad to get. But what grieved me most was the way it was teaching the people to despise and reject Christ's ministers. I often

thought of the passage in which our Saviour says, 'He that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me.' I could not help feeling that our church was just turned into a training school to teach the people to despise and reject Christ's ministers. If they would just deny that they were Christ's ministers there would be some consistency in such conduct, but to own that they were ministers at all and treat them so, was what I could not understand. There was another thing that grieved me much. Every time we had a communion, however well the service might be conducted, we heard little else than a criticism as to how the minister acquitted himself—the way he handled the elements, the kind of a prayer he offered, were all matters of criticism."

To this I replied: "This fault is inherent to human nature. You will find it elsewhere as well as in the Presbyterian Church."

"Not to the same extent," she replied. "The real cause is that the administrator is not there as a religious teacher or minister of religion, but as a candidate. Every movement he makes is canvassed. The communicants are engaged in criticising the minister instead of seeking to draw near to God in the sacred ordinance and seeking to profit spiritually by it. I felt that to continue in that position I was a partaker of other men's sins, and of the guilt of despising and rejecting Christ's ministers, and consequently despising and reject-

ing the Master Himself. So I decided to leave the Church. It caused me great pain to take this step, for I was, and am yet, strongly attached to the Presbyterian Church. Yet I felt it my duty to do so."

"But," I replied, "in the Methodist Church there is a great deal of that kind of thing. The people, through delegates generally, get the stationing committee to send them the men they want. The stationing committee only appoints those to places whom the people do not choose."

"The system is all the better for that," she said. "The people have a much wider choice and have their wishes much better carried out than in the Presbyterian Church. In the latter the people have a choice when it is of very little use to them. After hearing a minister once or twice they know very little of him and have very little idea whether he is a suitable man for the place or not, and after his induction they have no choice, however poorly they may be satisfied. They must keep him or buy him off, and pay $1,500 or $2,000, as congregations have been known to do. While, on the other hand, in the Methodist Church the people have a choice, not only at the beginning, as they may have by petitioning the stationing committee, but at the end of each year. No minister can be more than a few months with a congregation if unacceptable to them. A minister never appears before a congregation as a candidate, but as an ambassador of Christ, and that is the only character in which he

ever should appear before them. Candidating is the curse of the Presbyterian Church. It is degrading, not only to the minister, but to the Christian religion, and its author."

I had too much experience of the system to defend it, but I said: "Suppose we should send ministers to the congregations as the Methodists do, and the people should refuse to receive them, what would you do then?"

She replied: "Students are sent for six months, and though many of them are very poor preachers, yet it is very rare that there is any complaint. It is strange if the Church cannot put as much confidence in its ministers as its students."

At this time the Methodist minister who had charge of the circuit came in. After we had been introduced, he expressed his pleasure at meeting me. "I will now be relieved of a part of my duty," said he. "I was frequently called upon to visit the sick and bury the dead in connection with the Presbyterian Church, and I always felt it my duty to respond, but I will be relieved of that duty now. There is enough of work here for us both to do."

I reciprocated his kindly expressions and expressed a hope that we would continue to labour harmoniously together. The conversation soon turned to the different modes of supply.

He said: "Although your system may appear very well in theory the practice appears to be attended with

difficulties. I know this, that wherever there are vacancies in your Church our Churches are increased at their expense. Some of our best members are those who leave the Presbyterian Church, and come to us, from that cause."

I knew all this to be true, hence could make no reply, and as I had no wish to discuss the question any further, I took my leave.

I proposed beginning evening services, but I was overruled by the session. The laird declared that those evening meetings were only places for "coortin'." The better class of church members generally yielded to such narrow views for the sake of peace, hence many of the churches are ruled by the most ignorant and bigoted people in the community. When the Presbytery was notified that no further supply was wanted, a deputation was sent to investigate the case. They began at first to blame the congregation for not continuing to receive its supply through Presbytery, and if we wanted a change, for not proceeding in a regular way.

They were informed that the congregation had continued that process till it was about run into the ground, and that if a Presbyterian church was to be kept up in the place, a change was necessary, and that if the Presbytery did not endorse their action, the congregation would consult its own interests. The convener of the deputation soon saw that it was useless to interfere. Hence, he suggested that the better way would be for the

congregation to proceed in a regular way, viz., to send delegates to Presbytery and ask to have a call moderated in, and have me called and inducted regularly. Time was asked to call a congregational meeting to consider the matter. After due deliberation it was agreed to adopt the suggestion of Presbytery. So I was regularly called and inducted. After I had visited the entire congregation, I learned that there was a considerable amount of skepticism in the community. I decided to deliver a course of lectures on the Sabbath afternoons on "The Evidences of Christianity." The lectures were largely attended, and blessed beyond my most sanguine expectations. The attendance at all the churches was largely increased.

I have little more to add. The work of the Lord appears to be prospering in my hand. I am in possession of an income of $1,200 per annum, which meets all our expenses, and enables us to lay by a little each year against a rainy day. My father is dead and I have sent for my mother, and she shares our home.

The young Methodist brother whom I used to meet so frequently at Fairbank Cottage, and who had been so kindly entertained, repaid the kindness by stealing the heart and affections of Mary's younger sister. They were married about a year after our marriage. The laird says it's droll that he "should hae three ministers an' o' different kines for sons-in-law; that if the whistle kirk minister (as he calls the Church of England) would just keep

aff that goon' when he preaches, an' gie his prayers off haun the waye oor ain ministers dae, I would like him jise as weel as ony o' them. An' though I can never be an Armenian that Maithody son-in-law preaches a gran' sermon, an' jist aboot as soon' as one o' oor ain ministers. An' I believe noo that Mary has din the best o' ony o' them, though I was awfu' feart for a while that she was gaun tae be the wife o' a stickit minister."

CHAPTER XII.

Elder Pickle and his Style of Preaching—Methodist Revival—Jock Smithers—His Speech and Its Results—Elder Pickles' Visit to Fairbank Cottage—His Discussion with Crankie—Faith Defined—Only One Religion—Preaching of Enoch—Noah—Shem.

ABOUT a year after I was inducted into the charge of the congregation the town was visited by an Elder Pickle, a noted Baptist preacher. There was quite a revival. A large number made a profession of their faith by being immersed. Elder Pickle had in every discourse sought to impress on his hearers the importance of this mode of professing their faith. He assured them that it was the only mode. He ceased not to warn them daily against the great error of baby sprinkling, which he denounced as an invention of the mother of harlots. His meetings were quite successful and there were a large number of converts. His meetings were no sooner over than there was one commenced in the Methodist church. The services of a popular minister were secured to assist the minister in charge, and there was quite an awakening. A number were added to the church. Several of the new converts had not been baptized in infancy and had now to receive the ordinance. Owing to the influence of Elder Pickle there was a strong feeling in favour of baptism by immersion. Three of the candidates pre-

ferred immersion, one preferred pouring, and all the others were sprinkled. Those who preferred the two latter modes were baptized in the church, and the whole congregation went immediately to the river to witness the immersion of the others. As the day was beautiful there was a large number assembled to see the rite performed.

There was in the company a poor idiot boy familiarly known as Jock Smithers. This poor lad was a regular church goer. No matter who preached or to what denomination the preacher might belong, Jock was always present, seated immediately in front of the pulpit, with his mouth half open, as if eagerly drinking in every word the preacher said. He had looked on with intense interest when the ordinance of baptism was being administered in the church, and now he stood on the bank of the river near the preacher, his mouth wide open as usual.

One after another of the candidates were plunged under the water. When the last had set foot on the shore, Jock, in a loud, sepulchral tone of voice, said: "One Lord, one faith and three baptisms."

All eyes were turned on Jock. Elder Pickle was present, and, after eyeing the youth for a few moments, said to one who stood near him: "Who is that youth?"

"Oh! he is only a fool," was the reply.

"Are you sure he is a fool?" said Elder Pickle. "Is he not right? Have we not just witnessed three baptisms?" Then addressing himself to the congregation, he said:

"Have we not the scripture fulfilled in our hearing to-day, that the way of the Lord is so plain that the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein? Here we have this young man, who is generally called a fool, apprehending the plain, simple truth of the gospel, and expressing the folly of those who have a reputation for learning. Here we have seen some sprinkled, some poured upon, and some immersed—three baptisms, while the scriptures say, one baptism. Now, all these cannot be right. Which is right?"

He then went into the subject and gave their stock arguments, viz.: Our Saviour's baptism in Jordan, the baptism of the eunuch by Philip, etc.; and proved very much to his own and to the satisfaction of several others besides that immersion was the only baptism; that neither pouring nor sprinkling was baptism at all. His address made such an impression that the person who had just been baptized by pouring and three of those who had been sprinkled came forward and were immersed.

Elder Pickle was a young man of fine appearance, attractive manners, and an easy, fluent speaker. The wife of Fairbank, who was present, observed the whole scene with great interest. When the proceedings of the day were closed, she invited Elder Pickle to accompany her home and take tea. He was much elated over the invitation, and was in hopes that he had converted her to his views.

The conversation was on general topics till tea was

over. The Fairbank Cottage was always a home for the poor and destitute, and the hand of its mistress was always open and ready to relieve distress, and many a poor, unfortunate, homeless, friendless creature had cause to rise up and call her blessed. Jock Smithers was finding a home there at the time. His manners were so odd and eccentric that he could not be allowed to sit at the table with other guests, but he was always prompt at meal time; hence, no sooner had the company risen from the table than Jock was in his place, eagerly devouring all the eatables within his reach. As soon as Elder Pickle saw him, he said: "Well, my lad, we are all much indebted to you for the excellent sermon you gave us this afternoon."

"You're trying tae mak' a fil o' me," said Jock. "I'm daft eneuch, but no' sae daft as tae think I can preach."

"You spoke a word in season, anyway," said Elder Pickle.

Jock was more interested in the eatables before him, than in religious questions. Hence, he made no reply to Elder Pickle, but turning round to the servant, he said: "They's gran' tautas (potatoes). Hae ye ony mair o' them?"

As Elder Pickle was determined to have a discussion on the subject, he saw no better way of bringing it about than to follow up Jock, so he said: "You must be well posted in the Scriptures to have a passage so ready and so suitable to the occasion, as you had to-day."

"Hoot!" said Jock. "I naither ken nor care onything about thae things noo. I want my dinner." Then looking up, with a broad smile, he said: "I didna say what I said for naething. Will Barley gied me a bran' new sax pence for saying it."

Elder Pickle seemed somewhat taken down. The wife of Fairbank then said: "Yon don't seem to grasp the main idee that's in the passage. It seems strange tae me that onybody should think that the apostle is discussing the mode o' baptism. He's speaking about the unity o' the Christian Church, an' the great need o' exercising love and charity towards one another in order to preserve that unity. As there is but one Lord there is but one way of being united to that one Lord. That is by faith. Our Lord appointed this ordinance as the means of professing faith in this one Lord. It was to be the mark of separation between those who were his and those who were not, just as circumcision was in the former dispensation."

"O!" said Elder Pickle, "you are at that old, exploded notion that baptism comes in the room of circumcision."

"Because you and a few of your way of thinking deny it," said the wife of Fairbank, "you think that settles it, but you cannot deny that as far as you use the ordinance at all you use it in the place of the other, viz., as the door of entrance into the Church. But we will not discuss that topic now. It will be more in order to notice the two preceding ones, viz., one Lord, and one faith."

"I always find you Presbyterians and Methodists inclined to go back to the ancient rites and forms of religion which prevailed in the earliest ages of the world instead of coming down to the plain practical religion of the New Testament, as revealed by the Lord Jesus Christ himself."

"It is customary even among religious teachers," said Crankie, "to speak of different religions, and of the religion of the New Testament as if it were only one among many others, but however prevalent the opinion may be it is none the less erroneous. There never has been but one religion in the world—that is the religion taught in the Scriptures. The Lord Jesus Christ of the New Testament scriptures is the Lord Jehovah of the Old. There is but one Lord and one faith in that Lord, or one religion. All the various systems in the world which have been called religions are but corruptions of the true. They have all some elements of truth in them, and they exercise an influence for good in the world in proportion to the amount of truth they have retained. The very worst system in the world is not so bad as atheism. The only true religion was revealed from heaven by the Lord Jehovah, Jesus Christ. All the true philosophy in the world may be traced back to Father Abraham, who, while the world of that time, just as now, with all its philosophy and worldly wisdom, knew not God, comprehended God in nature and nature in God. The voice which was uttered from the summit of Siniah reached the whole world. The

light which shone from Zion's hill has enlightened every land. It is not that God did not give light to the heathen nations. The light was given, but they did not walk in that light. They chose darkness rather than light because of their evil deeds and evil inclinations."

"It appears to me," said Elder Pickle, "that you are making no difference between the nations and peoples who have received Christ, and those who are groping their way in heathen darkness. I have yet to learn that there is any other way of salvation than by faith in Christ—that faith which brings forth fruit in obedience to his commandments."

"Quite true," said Crankie. "Let us now have a proper definition of faith. How do you define faith?"

"It is," said Elder Pickle, "the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen."

"That is a scriptural definition," said Crankie, "but the translation from the original is somewhat obscure. Faith may be defined as that which we receive on the testimony of others. What we see we know. What we have not seen ourselves but has been related to us by credible witnesses we believe. Hence, the Christian religion is a matter of faith, not of sight. Faith must come before reason."

"That is the right way to make infidels; to teach that we are to ignore that faculty which distinguishes us from the brute creation," said Elder Pickle.

"You are speaking of one thing, and I of another,"

said Crankie. "You are speaking of the rational faculty; I of the use of that faculty. We must have evidence sufficient to satisfy us that a thing exists or that a fact has been accomplished before we can reason or draw inferences concerning the thing or fact under consideration. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions or a theory; it is a great fact for which we have the very best of evidence. Its author, Jesus Christ, is a real person—no myth. The evidence is at least ten times as strong that He lived, wrought miracles, preached and taught in Judea, Samaria and Galilee, was condemned and crucified and rose from the dead in Jerusalem, and ascended from Mount Olivet to heaven, as that Julius Cæsar lived and reigned and wrote his commentaries in Rome. Yet few doubt that Cæsar wrote those works or that his histories are on the whole true."

"I am sure," said Elder Pickle, "we are all agreed on that. No man except an infidel would deny that."

"Quite true, but I wish to ascertain as far as possible the common ground on which all Christians agree, and to show how small the differences are, as compared with the points on which they agree."

Dr. Hale, a young physician, who was boarding at Fairbank Cottage, had been listening attentively. He then said: "That is just what I would like to hear. I am far from being satisfied with the foundation on which the Christian religion rests, and one of the greatest difficulties with me is to believe the Christian religion true

when I find professing Christians divided up into sects and each one of those bitterly opposing all the others. It is certainly a matter of great importance whether the Christian religion is true or false. If true, how come all these divisions? They cannot be all right. Each one tells us that he is right and that all the others are wrong. How are we to know who is right and who is wrong?"

Elder Pickle appeared to be somewhat confused. At length he said: "Do not doctors differ as well as theologians? Have we not the eclectic school, the homœopathic and the allopathic, and others too numerous to mention? Must we then come to the conclusion that the science of medicine is false?"

"Very true," said Dr. Hale, "but in medicine there are certain general principles on which we all agree."

"But," replied Crankie, "the general principles on which Christians agree are far more numerous in proportion than those of the medical profession."

"I must confess," said Dr. Hale, "that to find two men holding creeds so widely different from each other as those which you two hold agreeing in anything impresses me somewhat favorably towards Christianity, but I must say that when I hear two professed ministers of religion wrangling over such a question as the mode in which an ordinance like baptism should be administered, one teaching that unless performed in a particular way, the subject is still outside of the kingdom and an heir of wrath; the other teaching the opposite, while both agree that all

who die unconverted are lost—I can only come to one of two conclusions, viz., that all such must be either hypocrites or bigots."

"You arrive at your conclusion rather too hastily," said Crankie. "You would not consider it fair to condemn a man and his system on account of some inconsistencies and follies among his followers. You would want to know the author and study his system. Why not treat the Christian religion in the same way? Acquaint yourself with its author, Jesus Christ. Study His life and character and doctrine fairly and impartially, and if you can find anything there contrary to your moral sense, let us know, and if His gospel commends itself to your better judgment, as I am satisfied it must, then to be consistent you must come out squarely on the side of Christianity, and teach those hypocrites and bigots a more excellent way. The question whether the Christion religion is true or false is surely of sufficient importance to demand a candid, serious investigation."

"But how is it," said Dr. Hale, "that our investigators arrive at such different conclusions?"

"Never heed the different conclusions," said the wife of Fairbank. "Ye wud na think it fair o' me if I wud condemn you or your doctor books withoot readin them. It's just as unfair for you tae condemn the Bible withoot readin't. Read the Bible through an' examine it fairly. I hear a great many condemning the Bible who have never read it. I hope that's no' the case wae you."

"I must confess," said Dr. Hale, "that I've never read it all through in order."

"Hoo are ye fit tae judge then?" said the wife of Fairbank.

"I must confess," said Dr. Hale, "that it would be only fair to read it through."

"Will ye promise that you'll do it?" said the wife of Fairbank.

Dr. Hale promised.

"Let us return," said Crankie, "to the point at which we were when interrupted. The Christian religion is founded on the evidence which we have of that one great fact—that Jesus Christ died for our sins and rose again for our justification. The Scriptures contain the recorded evidence of that great fact. Those records are called the gospels. But even if the Scriptures were entirely lost or set aside, we have enough of evidence from ancient history to establish the great fact on which Christianity is based. Josephus refers to Christ as a being more than human. All the ancient historians who referred to the early Christians at all, and all those of any note did refer to them, spoke of Christ as the author, and by combining those references we can get a pretty full account of the life of Christ and the doctrines which He taught, or, in other words, a gospel. Hence those who reject the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, because they were the friends and disciples of Christ, can have access to those gospels written by His enemies, and they will find that

they agree with the Scriptures. This gospel was first proclaimed at the gates of Eden, when our first parents were expelled from the garden. It then contained only one promise, viz.: 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.' This promise may appear to be dark, obscure and shadowy to us, but we must remember that it was given in the light our first parents had enjoyed while in Paradise, when God had been their constant visitor, angels their companions. Their minds had been like theirs, capable of continual expansion, refinement and elevation; hence, they doubtless fully comprehended the import of that promise. And we have good grounds for believing from the few expressions of theirs recorded, which they used at the birth of their children and from the names which they called those children, that they truly and sincerely repented of their sin, accepted that gospel and were saved by it, and when done with their weary pilgrimage here below, that they entered into a more glorious paradise than that from which they had been expelled.

"Abel believed that gospel and was saved by it, and though now dead for nearly six thousand years, yet by his faith he speaks to us. Cain rejected that gospel, and was condemned for so doing just as sinners of the nineteenth century are condemned for rejecting it. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, believed this gospel and not only was saved by it, but became a bold, fearless preacher of that gospel. He boldly denounced God's judgment on

that wicked generation. 'Behold,' said he, 'the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.' By the light of prophetic vision which he possessed he saw, at the end of time, Christ seated on His judgment throne, passing sentence on sinners of that age and of all ages. It would appear as if by his bold, fearless denunciations of God's wrath on that godless race he had incurred their enmity and hatred to such an extent that he was in danger of martyrdom, and that God sent his fiery chariot and translated him to his upper sanctuary, as he did Elijah at a subsequent period, and rescued him from their grasp. Now, we are not to suppose it was on Enoch's account alone that this great deliverance was wrought. It was a matter of small importance to him. God could have brought him to those blessed mansions through the gates of death, as He had brought Abel and others, but it was for a testimony to that wicked generation, and to leave them without excuse. By faith Noah was saved and became a preacher of righteousness. 'He being warned of God,' said Paul, 'of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, or being wary, prepared an ark to the saving of his house, by the which he condemned the world and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.'

"He preached not only in words but in deeds; during the hundred and twenty years he was preparing the ark, every blow of the hammer, every stroke of the saw, was a proclamation of this gospel. It must have been a strange sight to the men of that time for a man to be engaged in building a huge monster vessel, larger than the *Great Eastern*, on dry land—no sea on which it could float. Doubtless many inquiries were made as to the object of this strange proceeding, and many must have been the explanations given. They were told that the time was fast approaching when the whole earth would become one vast ocean. That soon that monster vessel would float in a sea without a shore, and that unless they shortly repented of their sins they would all be overwhelmed in a common destruction. These admonitions and warnings were met by scoffs and jeers. That process of reproving and warning on the one side, and of bold, persistent defiance on the other, continued for one hundred and twenty years. They then had additional warnings. Strange appearances were now seen in the sky, all indicating the coming storm which was shortly to burst upon them. The brute creation, taught of God, understood those omens, while the men of that generation did not. They saw creatures of different kinds and diverse natures trooping one after another to the ark, seeking refuge there, while the men were utterly unmoved by all these warnings. The gospel, as preached by Noah, Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Peter, John, or Moody, can have but

one of two effects. It must be either a savor of life unto life, or a savor of death unto death. It proved to be the latter in their case. Noah's preaching, the apostle assures us, 'condemned the world,' while he and his family became 'heirs of the righteousness which is by faith.' Jesus said of the Jews: 'If I had not done among them the works that no other man did they had not had sinned, but they have both seen and hated both me and my Father.' The preaching and miracles of Jesus left the Jews without excuse. The preaching of Noah left the men of that time equally without excuse, and vindicated God's justice in condemning them. God never left himself without witnesses in the world. Noah lived and preached and warned the people for three hundred and fifty years after the flood, up to the time of the birth of Abraham, and when Abraham's father, Terah, was an old man. Shem lived five hundred years after the flood, up to the time that Abraham was an old man. He was living at the time of the destruction of Sodom. During all this long period he ceased not to warn the people against the folly of departing from God, pointing them back to the flood as an example of God's severity against them who continue in unbelief and hardness of heart. The inhabitants of those cities were warned by the preaching of Shem and of Abraham and of Lot to repent of their sins and to flee from the wrath to come. The preaching of those patriarchs, as it did not save those guilty cities, it condemned them and revealed God's justice in destroying them."

The laird had been sitting during all this time with his mouth wide open. He edged up near to me and gave me a nudge with his elbow, and said: "Did you ever hear the like o' that? Is that no' just wunnnerfu'? I monny a time wunner hoo that auld bald paté o' his can haud it au'."

The wife of Fairbank now said: "John, I think its time ye were gaun tae the barn to see if aw's right there."

The laird was soon on his way, merrily singing the same old tune which he always sang on that occasion. The discussion now ended for the evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Gospel in the Old Testament Scriptures—Noah—Abraham—Moses—Passage of the Red Sea—Israel in the Wilderness—Balak—Balaam—Rahab, and the Canaanites, Syrians, and Nineveh.

ON the day following, a Presbyterian minister by the name of Flint came to Fairbank Cottage on a visit. He was an old acquaintance of the family. He was now spending his holidays and he decided to spend a few days at Fairbank Cottage. He always boasted of being a Conservative Presbyterian, and that he set his face as a flint against innovations of every kind. He felt himself at home on the five points and was always ready to prove, and could prove, very much to his own satisfaction, that Calvinism was Paulism and that Arminianism was infidelity. Whatever he knew he knew for certain, and what he did not know was of very little importance. He had been trained in the best, and what he considered the only, college in the country worthy of the name.

One evening, not long after his arrival at Fairbank Cottage, Elder Pickle came in, as he said, to have a "dish of talk." He was not long in introducing the subject they had been discussing. He was evidently interested.

Crankie then proceeded: "We had got as far, the last evening that we were together, as the destruction of Sodom. We will now proceed to consider the call of

Abraham. God promised that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed. And this was fulfilled in a much broader sense than is generally taught."

"We have too much of that broad teaching in these times," said Mr. Flint. "I always set my face as a flint against it. I am Flint by name and by nature when it comes to that broad school."

The wife of Fairbank then said: "It's no' what's ca'ud the broad school of thought that we are speaking about. It's the gospel in the Old Testament Scriptures."

Crankie, without noticing this interruption, went on: "Not only are all the nations of the earth who have received Christ, who is of the seed of Abraham, according to the flesh, but all the nations that have existed from that time downward through all the ages were blessed in him. Abraham and the family to which he belonged were far from being the only worshippers of the true God in the world at that time. That country from which they had been called had departed further from God and was more deeply sunk in idolatry than any other nation of the earth at that time. God virtually said to this family, 'Come out of her, my people, and be not partakers of her iniquities,' and they were not only saved from the doom of those nations but the descendants of Abraham were made a light to enlighten the other nations, but it is evident that some of those nations among whom he sojourned had retained a knowledge of God and possessed a great amount of religious knowledge. This was true of

Melchisedek and his kingdom, called Salem, and as he was called the prince of peace it could be from no other cause than that the kingdom over which he reigned was noted for its peaceful character. But this monarch was also called the king of righteousness. And it was doubtless owing to the high degree in which this nation possessed that righteousness which alone can exalt a nation that this small country enjoyed immunity when all the nations in the valley of the Jordan and all the cities of the plain were overthrown by the victorious army composed of the confederate hosts of the great Chedelaomer. The ancient kingdom of Egypt at that time, and as far back as its history can be traced, was noted for the high moral and religious character of its people. An Egyptian tablet which dates back more than four thousand years, long prior to the time of Abraham, gives a record of the claims of one of those ancients to acceptance with the powers of the heavenly world. Among those things that he affirms to his credit is his love of truth. He said, 'I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth. I have perceived the advantage to conform to this practice upon the earth from the first action (of my life) even to the tomb. My sure defence will be to speak it, the truth, in the day when I reach the divine judges, the skilful interpreters and discoverers of actions, the chastisers of sins.' And again he declares for himself, 'My mouth has always been open to utter true things, not to foment quarrels. I have repeated what I

have heard just as it has been told to me.' Any Christian of the nineteenth century might envy such a record."

"This is only natural religion," said Mr. Flint. "Many of the ancient nations of the world by the light of natural religion alone said and did many things in accordance with the teaching of the Scriptures, but we are clearly taught that there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus. You are giving us a new gospel. Paul said that though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we preach unto you, let him be accursed."

"It is strange," said Crankie, "that you can't be got out of that groove. Does not our Saviour the Lord Jehovah Jesus say: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Not a fountain of Truth, but the Truth itself, just as the devil is falsehood. Now this love, and we may say reverence, for the truth exhibited by this ancient worthy cannot fairly be separated from a love and reverence for the author of all truth. And if we take the case of Abimelech, the king who reigned over the Philistines in Gerar, when Abraham was driven there by famine, notwithstanding all the snares and temptations of court life to which he had been exposed, we find in his dealings a regard for truth and mercy which would do credit to the most Christian monarch that has lived in the nineteenth century. The well-timed, well-merited rebuke which he administered to the father of the faithful for his unfaith-

fulness and cowardice in having recourse to falsehood, may be looked upon as a model of faithful, kindly dealing with the erring. The humble apology, and the explanation which Abraham gave, 'Surely I thought the fear of God was not in this place,' shows what a great mistake Abraham had made in estimating the moral and religious character of this king and people. Abraham recognized the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom, the only foundation of all true government, and when he unexpectedly found it among the Philistines he felt himself safe, as he and this king of the Philistines were united by a common faith in the one Lord. Abraham had made the mistake which Elijah made long after this time. He thought he was the only representative of God's people on earth. God showed him that he had reserved to himself seven thousand who had not bowed the knee unto Baal. Abraham thought that he and his house were the only representatives of God's people on earth, and a weak specimen he was at that time, but he found those who were capable of teaching him and strengthening his faith.

"Was not the Egyptian nation largely blessed through means of Joseph, the great-grandson of Abraham? Through his prudent, far-seeing administration that nation was raised to the highest pitch of power that it ever attained. It was raised to heaven in point of privileges, and if that nation had been true to the trust committed to it, it might have continued to hold its place in the front rank among the nations of the earth. It might have

been numbered with God's people and enjoyed all the blessings and privileges of that highly-favoured race. But they were unfaithful to their trust. We are told that a new king arose who knew not Joseph, and what was worse, he neither knew nor regarded Joseph's God. This was not only a new king but a new dynasty of kings, and their policy was to undo and reverse all the policy of the former dynasty. The nation now entered upon a career of injustice, oppression and cruelty which in the end caused its ruin. They set the God of heaven at defiance by persecuting and ill-treating His people. All the admonitions and warnings which they received from the mouth of Moses, and from the hand of Jehovah in inflicting the ten plagues upon them, were despised. They persisted in their hardness of heart and unbelief till their king with the flower of his army were drowned in the Red Sea. By this stupendous miracle this king and his people have been made a standing monument of God's wrath, while Moses and God's chosen people have been made monuments of His mercy. Now we are not for a moment to suppose that this stupendous miracle was wrought for the benefit of this people alone. It was a proclamation to the whole world of the power and goodness of the great Jehovah. It was to manifest His goodness and mercy to His own children and His severity to those who persisted in rebellion against Him."

"I differ with you there," said Mr. Flint. "It was for the sake of His own elect people that this was done. All His plans and purposes are for their sake."

Crankie went on without noticing this remark: "No doubt this stupendous miracle was well known throughout the entire world. Let us suppose a similar event to have transpired in our own time. A people about equal in population to the inhabitants of Scotland should have a passage opened up for them through the English channel, and that they should pass over on dry land, and instead of being landed in a fertile country like France they should be placed in the barren steppes of Russia where there was neither food nor water, and year after year they should continue to subsist; that a dark cloud should be seen hovering over them, floating before them as they marched, guiding their way; and a bright pillar of fire hovering over their encampment during the night; that a stream of water which had burst out of the solid rock when struck by the rod of their leader, should be seen following them day after day, and that they should be daily supplied with bread sent down from heaven, what wonder and excitement would be caused by such an event. How numerous would be the visitors who would flock to see this wonderful people. Human nature is the same everywhere. Such an event must have attracted as much attention in that land at that time. Numerous must have been the visitors. Multitudes must have climbed to the mountain tops by night to gaze on the pillar of fire which was to be seen hovering over the encampment of this peculiar people. All the people in the world were fully convinced that this people were

under the protection of a power which was omnipotent. Balak, king of Moab, was fully convinced of this, or he would not have sent for Balaam to come and curse them. He was thoroughly convinced that they were under the divine protection, and that unless the divine favour could be turned away from them he could have no hope of overcoming them. Balak, like so many in the world, could not resist the evidence which he had of the divine power and goodness towards this people, but he refused to yield. He was convinced, but not converted."

"I cannot agree with this," said Mr. Flint. "Balak and his people were not of God's elect. They were vessels of wrath fitted for destruction."

Jock Smithers had made his way in among them. He had been sitting with his mouth wide open. He said that talk was so much like preaching that he liked it. Though lacking in many ways he could commit verses to memory with great facility, and he had learned many of the Psalms by heart. Aleck was seen whispering to him, and as all were silent for a short time, he broke the silence by repeating slowly and solemnly in sepulchral tones: "Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe I'll over Edom throw, and over Palestina's land I will in triumph go."

There was a general burst of laughter, in which all joined except Crankie, but this was made up by the laird, who was fairly convulsed, and cried out as soon as he could find utterance: "Ma' certie, that's a guid yin."

The wife of Fairbank turned round and tried to assume an expression of anger but failed. As soon as she could find utterance she said: "Noo, Jock, ye better gang awa' an' get kennlin' wood for the mornin'."

Jock started, and as he went out at the door he was heard to say: "I dinna see what ye au' lach sa muckle for when a buddy says a verse o' a Saum."

The subject was then dropped for the evening.

A few evenings after this they were all met together again. Jock Smithers begged of the wife of Fairbank to let him in. He said: "Aul' Crankie speaks sae muckle like a minister it does my soul guid tae hear him."

"Weel, weel," said the wife of Fairbank, "it'll no dae tae keep ye awa' frae onything that'll dae ye guid, for I'm sure ye need it au'."

Jock took his place and sat with his mouth wide open. When Elder Pickle saw him he said: "Well, this is the boy who is so ready at quoting the Psalms of David.'

"Ye great muckle fuil," said Jock, "they's no' the Saums o' Dauvit. It was George Bewhumun (Buchanan) that wrote the Saums."

As soon as the laughter which was caused by this sally had subsided, the wife of Fairbank said: "Jock, ye better gang oot if ye dinna ken better hoo tae behave yoursel' than that."

When Elder Pickle saw the rueful countenance he assumed on the prospect of being sent out, he interceded for him, and he was allowed to remain.

Crankie then said with great solemnity, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and turning to Jock he said: "Young folk like you should be seen and not heard."

Mr. Flint then said: "I've been thinking a good deal over what was said here the last time we were together, and the more I think of it the more I am surprised at some of the statements that were made."

"Just the same with me," said Elder Pickle.

"It appears to me," said Mr. Flint, "that you put the heathen nations on the same level as God's chosen people. You appear to make no distinction between the elect and the non-elect."

"I very much admire the way in which our friend treats this question," said Dr. Hale. "He shows that God is no respecter of persons, that He gives to all the same opportunity of being saved. Many of your so-called orthodox represent God as a partial being who picks and chooses according to whims or caprices, or who, as Burns expresses it, 'sends yin tae heaven an' ten tae hell, au' for thine ain praise an' glory, not for ony guid or ill they've din before thee.'"

"Guid for you," said the laird. "I see you've read Bobbie Burns."

"Burns is no' a verra safe guide in religious doctrine," said Crankie.

"I'm sure," said Dr. Hale, "it's just the Confession of Faith turned into rhyme."

"I'm sure," said the wife of Fairbank, "it's naething o' the kind. The Confession o' Faith says that men on account of their sins are consigned to eternal punishment, but Burns says that 'not for ony guid or ill they've done before thee.' You see the one contradicts the other."

"If you have a copy of the Confession of Faith," said Dr. Hale, "will you please get it for me and I will prove what I say."

The book was produced and he searched it carefully, but he failed to find the evidence.

"Well, I must confess that I have been mistaken," said Dr. Hale. "My objections to the Confession of Faith will be largely removed if that cannot be found."

"You may rest assured that it cannot," said the wife of Fairbank, "but of the Confession of Faith I may say that few of those who condemn it so freely have ever read it."

"I must confess that it is unfair," said Dr. Hale.

"Well," said Elder Pickle, "though I do not agree with our friend, I like his way of putting things."

"And there is common sense in his views," said Dr. Hale.

Crankie then proceeded: "I think we have no example on record of such clear light and high privileges given and rejected as in the case of Balaam. He enjoyed the light of prophetic vision to perhaps as great an extent as Moses. He saw by this divine illumination the star of Bethlehem arising in the latter days which should be the

light of the nations and which should destroy Moab. He saw the triumph of the Gospel. But he saw much beyond that. He saw the Lord Jesus Christ seated on His great white throne and before Him assembled all nations. He saw the final separation between the righteous and the wicked, the one placed on the right hand, the other on the left, but he saw that he had neither part nor lot in the matter. He said with a deep sadness, 'I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh,' and utters this prayer: 'Oh, that I may die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like his.' And why could he not die the death of the righteous? It was simply because he was unwilling to sacrifice all for the kingdom. The barrier which stood between him and heaven is the most potent one, to-day, in shutting men out of the kingdom. It was then, and is to-day, the love of money. Balaam's heart was set on the gold and silver of the king of Moab, and for that he lost the kingdom. But did he obtain those riches on which his heart was set. No. He was disappointed, as men invariably are when they set their hearts on this object. He had sought to ruin God's people by teaching Balak to put a stumbling block before them. He knew and taught Balak that no weapons of war could prosper against them, but he taught him to entice them into sin, so that the divine favour might be diverted from them. Moabitish prostitutes were sent into the camp to entice them into sin, that they might accomplish their ruin. This failing, he took his place

openly among God's enemies, and died miserably while fighting against God's people. Where was the difference between Balaam and Moses? Both enjoyed the light of prophetic vision to a remarkable extent. Moses walked in the light which he possessed. Balaam did not. He chose darkness rather than light. Balak had, likewise, sufficient light. His convictions were clear and strong that the Lord Jehovah was the mighty God. He was brought to this conclusion from seeing His providential care over His people in opening up a way for them through the Red Sea, leading them and guiding them through the wilderness by His fiery, cloudy pillar, feeding them with bread sent down from heaven and supplying them with water caused to gush forth from the flinty rock, but he did not yield to his convictions. They did not result in conversion. It was with him as with thousands to-day; they are convinced, but they do not yield to their convictions, hence they fall short of the kingdom."

"You appear to talk," said Mr. Flint, "as if the gospel was offered to the heathen as well as to God's chosen people."

"You appear to talk," said Dr. Hale, "as if God was a respecter of persons and was partial in His administration. He has put a moral sense in every human bosom, and I cannot believe that He would administer His government in such a way as to shock that moral sense."

"God is sovereign," said Mr. Flint, "and we are not to judge Him by our feeble sense."

"Very true," said the wife of Fairbank, "but shall not the Judge of all the earth do right. Abraham could not conceive of the Almighty acting in any other way than according to the principles of strict justice. Neither can any other good man, and for that part of it, even wicked men can appreciate justice and are equally ready with good men to condemn injustice. All the nations of the world were at that time convinced of the power and majesty of the Lord Jehovah. When Joshua invaded Canaan the hearts of the people quailed before him. They knew from the mighty works which the Lord Jehovah had done in Egypt, at the Red Sea, and in the wilderness, that none could resist His almighty arm. It was by faith in this Lord Jehovah, Jesus Christ, that the harlot Rahab was saved and perished not with those who believed not. Rahab and all that were in her house were saved because they believed and obeyed this gospel. All the other inhabitants of Canaan were condemned because they rejected that gospel. I am astonished to hear you put the heathen in the same position as God's people, forgetting that it was out of His mere good pleasure that He chose the family of Abraham, while He rejected the other nations of the world. It was out of God's mere good pleasure that He gave the gospel to man at all. It is by the same good pleasure that He saves all who believe and obey the gospel and condemns all who reject the gospel."

"It has always been impossible for me," said Dr. Hale, "to reconcile the wholesale butchery of the heathen nations at that time by the Israelites by the command of God with the acts of a merciful God."

"We must keep in view," said Crankie, "the position in which the nations of the world were placed in relation to God. He had declared to them His law from Mount Sinai, and according to that law idolatry was treason. All the nations of the earth at that time were in a state of rebellion against God their king. We are not to look on the difference between idolatry and the worship of the only living and true God as a mere sentiment. Idolatry ignores all the duties which we owe to our fellow beings as well as to God. The Apostle Paul has given in the first chapter of Romans, from the twenty-ninth to the thirty-second verse, a description of all the heathen nations, 'Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate—or more properly translated contention—deceit, malignity, of evil disposition, back-biters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, who, knowing the judgment of God that they who commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same but have pleasure in them that do them.' If we carefully study the history of those nations we will find that there is not a crime on the criminal calendar that is

not permitted and encouraged by their religion. These Canaanites, according to the laws of all civilized nations, had forfeited their right to live. Fornication, infanticide, and murder of all kinds was permitted and freely practiced."

"But why," said Dr. Hale, "should innocent babes have been put to death for the sins of their parents?"

"There are many things in the moral government of God which we cannot understand. It is the same in the natural world. When a whole community violates the natural laws by using unhealthy food, drinking impure water or breathing foul air, frequently a contagious disease visits it and infants as well as adults are swept away. In the case of the Canaanites, God employed His own people as the executioners, and we may as well condemn the court and the hangman by whom our criminals are put out of the way as the executioners of God's sentence against the Canaanites. And with regard to the death of infants, though we may not be able to see the cause, yet we may be just as well satisfied, as in the case of contagious diseases, that the causes are good and sufficient. The fact of our not being able to understand the reasons is nothing to the purpose."

"The simplest way to state the case," said Mr. Flint, "is that God out of His mere good pleasure saw fit to exterminate the heathen."

"You should add," said Crankie, "on account of their sins."

"You cannot add that in the case of the infants," said Dr. Hale.

"Quite true," said Crankie; "but if all the adults had forfeited their right to live and were to be executed, what was to become of the children? By whom were they to be supported? Whether would it be the most humane to put them to death or allow them to starve?"

"Why could they not have been required to adopt them into their families and support them?" said Dr. Hale.

"But," said Crankie, "it was known that there was such a hereditary tendency to those sins in the whole race that they were likely to corrupt the whole people. Would it not be for the best interests of all that the whole race should be exterminated? It cannot be disputed but that God, who gives life, has a right to take it at any time and in any way that He may see fit. Has not God the right to dispose of His creatures in any way that He may see to be for the best interests of all?"

"But," said Mr. Flint, "we do not require to go into those elaborate arguments to show that God has chosen His own people and rejected the heathen nations, and it is not for us to canvass the reasons."

"I think," said Crankie, "that a little examination will show us that God is no respecter of persons, that He deals precisely the same with all the nations in the world. All are judged by the same law. The harlot Rahab was not only saved by faith but she was numbered with God's

people. She became the wife of one of God's people and was the great-grandmother of David, while Ruth, a Moabitess, was his grandmother. Hence there was both Canaanitish and Moabitish blood in the royal line from which our Lord was descended. Now, if the rest of the Canaanitish nation had followed Rahab's example and believed and obeyed the gospel, would they not have been saved in the same way? If we examine carefully we will find that through all the ages all the nations in the world have had enough of light communicated to them, if they had only chosen to walk in it, to have been saved. Some of the most faithful subjects in David's kingdom were descendants of these conquered nations. And after the secession of the ten tribes, when the children of Israel began to choose darkness rather than light, God began to communicate a clearer light to the Gentile nations. The most influential man in all the Syrian kingdom, the commander-in-chief of all the Syrian forces, was brought to the knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of a little Hebrew slave-girl, hence that nation had enough of light given to it, if its people had only seen fit to walk in that light, but the king soon dismissed this pious officer from his service and an enemy to the true religion was put in his place. The nation rejected God and soon suffered the fate of all the nations that reject God. Syria was soon blotted from the list of nations. The prophet Jonah was raised up especially for the benefit of the Assyrian nation. His mission to Nineveh was successful

beyond any parallel. By his preaching, in the space of three days the mass of the inhabitants of that populous city, numbering nearly a million, were brought to repentance and reformation. The sentence of destruction which had been pronounced against it was revoked, and the national life was prolonged over two centuries."

"I must say," said Mr. Flint, "that I do not like to hear the heathen nations put on a level with God's people."

"It is the plain Bible account he is giving," said Dr. Hale, "and it is immaterial whether we like it or not. Our likes and dislikes do not alter the facts of the case."

"I think it's time," said the wife of Fairbank, turning to the laird, "to gang to the barn an' see if au's richt there."

The laird, obedient as usual, was soon on his way, and the company dispersed.

CHAPTER XIV.

Elder Pickle Again Visits the Cottage—Crankie Resumes His Argument —Nebuchadnezzar—Daniel—Cyrus—Cicero—Cato—Cæsar—French Revolution — St. Bartholomew's Day—The Triumvirate — New Government—The Sabbath Restored and Its Observance Enjoined—Elder Pickle and Miss Graham—Departed Spirits—"Koortin'"—Crankie Continues.

A FEW evenings after, Elder Pickle again paid a visit to the cottage. Miss Graham, the niece of the wife of Fairbank, was at the piano. She was a skilful player and an excellent singer. Elder Pickle appeared to be quite fascinated. He was something of a musician himself, and had an excellent bass voice. He joined in singing and appeared to enjoy himself vastly. When the other members of the family came into the parlor, Miss Graham rose to leave the piano, but Elder Pickle appeared to be in no hurry to change the exercises. He begged Miss Graham to favor them with another tune, which he named. When this was finished she left the instrument.

Elder Pickle then said: "I was so much interested in the discussion the last evening that I was here that I would like to hear more on the subject. Though I do not agree with everything that is said, I like to hear the opinions of men who differ from me."

Crankie then resumed: "The effect of the great revival of the true religion which was brought about by the

preaching of Jonah was after a time lost. The nation had now plunged headlong into all kinds of wickedness, and were well nigh ripe for destruction, but their king, Sennacherib, knew enough of the only living and true God to write a most blasphemous letter, in which he set the God of heaven at defiance. It was not so much their ignorance of God as a wilful, persistent rebellion against Him, which was the cause of the ruin of that nation. For his heaven-daring wickedness they were brought down to destruction. The flower of that army, which had won so many victories and was believed to be invincible, with their most talented officers, who had so frequently led them to victory, was by one blast of the breath of the angel of death overwhelmed with swift destruction. That proud, haughty and brilliant officer, with his splendid army, had retired into their encampment at night full of hope, life and vigour. In the morning, they were all laid low in death. The king perished by the hand of the assassin—that assassin, his own son. But the nation refused to be warned by all those judgments. They persisted in their course of sin and rebellion till they were overwhelmed with ruin."

"But," said Mr. Flint, "do you really make no difference between God's chosen people and the heathen?"

"All the difference which I feel myself authorized to make is between sin and righteousness, and I think if you would read carefully," said Crankie, "what our Saviour says on the subject, you could not help agreeing

with me. He said: 'The men of Nineveh shall rise in the judgment with this generation and shall condemn it because they repented at the preaching of Jonas and behold a greater than Jonas is here.' Is it not plain that the same rule was equitably applied to both Nineveh and Judah, and that the former had made the best use of their privileges and thereby had condemned the latter?

"After the captivity, when God had to a great extent removed the candlestick from the nations of Judah and Israel, owing to their rejecting of the light which had been given them, a portion of light was given to the other nations, especially to Babylon and Persia. Daniel's mission was to those two nations. His ministry lasted more than seventy years. During that long period he held the highest offices and filled the most influential positions in the kingdoms of Babylon and Persia. By God's blessing on the faithful warnings which he continually gave to the great king of Babylon, and by God's judgments with which he was visited, that great monarch appears to have been at last brought to a knowledge of the truth, and just before the close of his eventful life he made one of the most humble confessions of sin, and one of the most beautiful professions of faith which we have on record. 'And I,' said he, 'blessed the most high, and I praised and honored him, who liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation. And the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according

to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? Now, I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of heaven; all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride He is able to abase.' This may be considered his last profession of faith, as he died shortly after this event. But his son, and especially his grandson, forsook God, and by his heaven-daring impiety in using the sacred vessels at his impious feasts, setting the God of heaven at defiance, he brought upon himself swift destruction. While engaged in his drunken revel, the Persians burst into his palace and his miserable life was ended by a Median dagger, and with it his kingdom. In the new dynasty, which was now established, Daniel held even a more conspicuous place. He was virtually the prime minister of the kingdom, and as such the administration of the affairs of the kingdom rested almost entirely with him. He held the same high position during the reign of Cyrus. If the British nation is highly favored in having a pious queen like Victoria and men of deep piety like Gladstone and others, administering its government (for it is of the piety not of the administrative talents we speak), much more Persia at that time. Her prime minister was not only a man of great natural abilities and high culture, but he was guided by the immediate inspiration of the spirit of God. It was impossible that Cyrus should not be influenced by such a man in such a relation

to him as Daniel was placed. Could the Prince of Wales be ignorant of the characters and principles of such men as Gladstone and Lord Salisbury and be uninfluenced by them. Notwithstanding the opinions of many to the contrary, it is evident that Cyrus must have been under the influence of the true religion. The proclamation which he issued, inviting God's people to return to their own land, is one of the most beautiful and sublime on record. In issuing it he was guided by the immediate inspiration of heaven. It is said that the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia, that he made proclamation throughout his kingdom. 'The Lord God of heaven,' said he, 'has given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah.' How beautiful and simple the language! What humble dependence on God! At this time Cyrus was an old man. His death took place shortly after. His dying charge to his son is in exact keeping with this. It is recorded by Cicero, and if the sentiments are not those of Cyrus, they belong to Cicero. But it is about certain that they were expressed by Cyrus. It is as follows: 'Do not for a moment suppose, my dear sons, that when the spirit has left this body that Cyrus is dead. He has only left this body. While he remained with you, you knew that this body lived from what you saw it do. When it ceases to act it is simply because Cyrus has left it and gone to the better land.' He then exhorts them to lead such lives as shall enable them to attain to

that blissful state. On a careful examination of the literature of the subsequent period up to the birth of Christ, it is surprising what an amount of knowledge of the only living and true God is to be found. This is largely due no doubt to the circulation of the Old Testament Scriptures in the Greek language. It is likewise largely due to the influence of the prophets and the many Jews who were scattered throughout all those nations. Many expressions of Cicero's bear such a striking resemblance to those of Paul, we cannot reasonably doubt that they come from the same source. Let us take for example the words which he puts into the mouth of Cato on his near prospect of death: 'O glorious day when I shall leave this house of clay and soar to those glorious mansions above, when I shall meet all those whom I have known and loved here below, and especially my dear friend Cato, whose funeral rites I performed, while in the course of nature it would have been expected that he should have performed mine.' And in another place he says: 'I am transported with the thought of leaving this vile state and soaring to those realms above.' The speeches delivered in the Roman Senate at that time show a wonderful amount of religious knowledge, and, just as at the present time, their characters were moulded by their religious faith. Take for example Julius Cæsar and Cato. Cæsar appeared to possess such talents as the first Napoleon and Talleyrand combined, the commanding elements, both military and administrative of the one, and the cool,

cunning craft and skepticism of the other; while Cato, if he had lived in modern times, would have been found to possess those sterling qualities which would have fitted him for a Knox or a Calvin or a Cromwell. This is seen in the speeches which they delivered in the Senate on Cataline's conspiracy. In the speech of Cæsar his skepticism, as well as his cool, cunning craft, is observable. He was more than suspected of sympathizing with the conspirators, but to attain his end he feigned great severity. He argues that death is too light a punishment, for he says that 'in the grave there is neither joy nor sorrow, for death is an eternal sleep.' Hence, he argues that rather than put the conspirators to death, which would be only to free them from pain and suffering of all kinds, they should be kept alive that they might endure more of the miseries of this life. Cato, on the other hand, when he began to reply to that part of Cæsar's speech, said: 'We are taught something widely different, viz., that the wicked go into a place separated from the righteous,—a place, foul, fearful and loathsome, to abide there forever.' The general expectation which was to be found all over the East of a mighty deliverer who should appear and redeem the world and restore the golden age, which was only a tradition of paradise, shows the influence which the Jewish scriptures must have exercised. In addition to this, the light which had been imparted at the beginning had never been entirely obliterated. A knowledge of God had to some extent been handed down

by tradition to the rudest nations in the world. Dr. Chalmers once said that the most darkened soul that has ever existed in the darkest part of the world has always had a few rays from the candle of the Lord shining into it, enough at least to reveal God's justice in condemning.' And if enough to reveal God's justice in condemning for the rejection, would it not be sufficient to save if accepted?"

"I have just been waiting," said Mr. Flint, "to see what length you would go, but I hardly expected to hear you declare plainly that men could be saved altogether without Christ, for that is just what all your arguments amount to—no difference between heathens and Christians."

"I beg your pardon," said Crankie. "You totally misunderstand me. I only seek to magnify the gospel, instead of restricting it as so many do. If I am wrong, will you tell me how all that died before the time of Christ were saved?"

"They were saved through Christ, of course," said Mr. Flint.

"Will you explain how?" said Crankie.

"They were saved by faith in a Saviour who had been promised, and who was yet to come, while we are saved by faith in a Saviour who has already come. I am sure any child could answer that."

"How far did that salvation apply?" said Crankie.

"To God's chosen people only," said Mr. Flint.

"And whom do you understand to be God's chosen people?" said Crankie.

"Those whom he chose in Abraham," said Mr. Flint. "I am surprised to hear you ask such simple questions."

"Was there any chosen beyond them?"

"Certainly not."

"Then to what place do you consign Melchisedek and Job and his friends. They were not of the seed of Abraham, so, according to your reasoning, they must all have perished, and there were in all probability many more of the same kind living in the world at that time. We must just come to this conclusion: All who believed and obeyed the Lord Jehovah were saved whether they were descendants of Abraham or not, and God's people were doubtless much more numerous in that early age of the world than is generally supposed. The soundest philosophy in the world can be traced back to Father Abraham. He was far in advance of modern scientists. He comprehended God in nature and nature in God. Moses lived long before Solon, Lycurgus or Draco. All that was valuable in the laws of all those celebrated legislators must be traced back to that code of laws which the Lord Jehovah delivered to Moses from Mount Sinai. Sion is much older historically than Mount Olympus or Parnassus or any of the sacred mountains of antiquity. Indeed, the belief to be found in all the various religions of the heathen nations, that the gods always established their homes on the summits of high mountains, is doubtless

derived from the tradition of the Lord Jehovah descending on the summit of Mount Sinai. The mythology of Greece and Rome is drawn largely from this source. The belief of the ancient Greeks that the home of Jupiter was on the most lofty peak of Mount Olympus, that there he was enshrouded with clouds and darkness, originated in the story of Sinai, when the Lord Jehovah descended upon it in a cloud amid thunder and lightning, and fire and smoke, in such terrible majesty, that even Moses said : 'I exceedingly fear and quake.' The very epithets applied to Jupiter, viz., the thunderer, the cloud collecting Jupiter, are derived from this scene. Hence, he is represented as hurling his thunderbolts against his enemies, as the Lord Jehovah is represented as threatening to thrust through with a dart any who might dare to approach the mountain. The very name itself in its more lengthened form, Diespiter, meaning Father of day or of light, contracted into Jupiter, and still further into Jove is evidently derived from the word Jehovah, the Lord.

"All the various systems of religion in the world are corruptions of that revelation which the Lord Jehovah gave to the human family at the beginning, and which was proclaimed from Mount Sinai in such terrible majesty. Many point to good features in the religious systems of Confucius and Bhudda and Brahma and Zoroaster, etc. It is not necessary to either deny or ignore anything which is valuable in any of these religious systems.

All that is valuable in either, anything to be found in any religious system in the world calculated to make men better, can be traced to this one source. All that is valuable in the laws and institutions of any country in the world can be traced back to that grand old man, Moses, who, under God, was the author of all the laws in the world. The very worst system of religion in the world has in it something of the divine, and is by so much better than no religion at all. If any of us doubt this let us look at a chapter in the history of France, towards the close of last century. That country was at the time of the Reformation one of the most enlightened countries in the world. She gave birth to Calvin, one of the leading reformers, and for a considerable length of time enjoyed the advantages of his preaching. For a time France bid fair to be a burning and shining light to the surrounding nations. But that light was quenched in blood. By the slaughter of St. Bartholomew's day, the saints of God were either slain or banished from the kingdom, and those so banished carried their light and their knowledge and influence with them to other countries. From that time forward the downward course of the nation was rapid. Some short time before the breaking out of that revolution which shook every throne in Europe, a literary society in Paris at one of its meetings was asked by its president if they believed that there was any such a thing as moral obligation. The unanimous answer, given without a dissenting voice, was that

there was no such thing,—that there was no higher law binding on a man than mere utility, that it is lawful for a man to get and keep all he can; and this was a fair specimen of the moral sense of the entire nation. It is little wonder that a nation in which the moral sense was so completely lost was found prepared for the fearful enormities which were perpetrated—that they were found incapable of drawing any distinction between the human government and the divine, nor that when they renounced their allegiance to their earthly king, they likewise rejected their heavenly King, nor that the government fell into the hands of what was called the triumvirate, a body composed of the most iniquitous set of men who ever held the reins of government in any country. A proclamation was issued declaring all religion to be false, and to be an instrument in the hands of tyrants for the oppression of the people. The existence of a God was denied, and an abandoned female, styled the Goddess of Reason, was set up as an object of worship, and it was proclaimed that all who were silly enough to desire any object of worship might worship that object. The Sabbath was expunged from the days of the week, but as it was felt that a day of rest was necessary, every tenth day was appointed for that purpose. Every effort was made to blot out every vestige of religious observance. Under this iniquitous rule the nation was brought to the brink of ruin, and the streets of Paris soon flowed with blood. 'It would

appear,' said a historian, 'as if the natural avenues to death were exchanged for the sword, the bayonet, the gallows, the guillotine, and the sucking ship, a wholesale mode of execution by which a large number of victims were put on board of an old vessel which was then scuttled and sunk, drowning all at once. It would appear as if the death-knell of the nation had been tolled, and all the other nations of the earth had been invited to its execution and its funeral. The nation appeared to have been struck with a national frensy and as if bent on national suicide.' It was estimated that within ten years, in those troublous times, not less than three millions suffered violent deaths. If that state of things had been continued up to the present time the country would have been well nigh depopulated. But just as it is with a fever patient, when the fever has expended itself, the delirium subsides and the reason is restored, so in time this national delirium subsided and the national reason was restored. That iniquitous triumvirate was hurled from power and a new government established. This new government set itself about undoing the iniquitous acts of the former. The Sabbath was again restored to its place in the days of the week and its due observance was enjoined. A proclamation was issued acknowledging God and restoring his worship, and whatever may have been the faults of this and of all the other governments which have existed in that country since that time, none have altogether ignored religion. All

have been at least professedly Christian. The future of that country, as of all other countries in the world, depends on the influence which religion wields among them. Religion is not only a good thing, but it is an essential element in the administration of the government of any country. No country has ever been governed without its aid."

"Very much of what you say is no doubt true," said Mr. Flint; "but you appear to place all religions on a level. I'm not so sure that the Roman Catholic religion and the Mahomedan are any better than none, and all those fearful things might have been done in France, though they had stuck to the Roman Catholic religion."

"Every religion in the world," said Crankie, "as we have already said, has some elements of truth in it, and just to that extent it has a restraining influence on men and prevents them from going to the excesses they otherwise would."

Jock Smithers then said: "Ye shouldna disturb Tam, for its jist as guid as listenin' tae a sermon tae hear him."

"I think ye ha'e heard enuch for the nicht," said the wife of Fairbank. "It's time ye were gettin' in tha wud for the mornin' fire."

Elder Pickle then looked at his watch and expressed his surprise that the evening was so far advanced, and took his leave. The discussion then ended for the evening.

A few evenings after this Elder Pickle paid another visit to the cottage. Miss Graham was at the piano,

She was so absorbed that she failed to notice him entering. She was engaged in playing a plaintive air, and she did it with such expression that the instrument seemed to breathe out her sentiments. When she had ceased to play she turned round and saw Elder Pickle standing near her; tears were stealing over his cheeks. He apologized for being present without announcing himself and said that he was so captivated by the music that he could not make up his mind to disturb her by announcing himself.

"That is a beautiful tune," he added. "I cannot remember when I have heard a tune which has made such an impression on me."

"It is a tune," she said, "which was a great favorite with my favorite brother, who has now been many years dead. I like to play it when I am alone, and I often fancy when I am playing it that he is near me. I had that feeling to an unusual extent this evening."

"I felt strangely impressed too," said Elder Pickle. "My dear sister, likewise long dead, recurred to my memory so vividly that it appeared to me but as yesterday when I used to stand by her and hear her play."

After making a few enquiries about Miss Graham's brother and giving in return some account of his sister, the conversation turned on the possibility of departed spirits taking an interest in their friends in this world and holding intercourse with them.

Elder Pickle was a firm believer in this theory. He related several cases in his own experience in which he believed that he had been warned and directed in dreams by his departed relatives. Some of the experiences which he gave were very striking. In one case, when he was in a state of great perplexity and undecided as to what his future course should be, he dreamed of his father appearing to him and advising him, and at another time, when in great difficulties and perplexities, he dreamed of his father giving encouragement to persevere and that all would end well. "Many call such things delusions," he added, "but be that as it may, I know that I have often been encouraged and strengthened by them."

Miss Graham related some similar experiences of her brother. She then said: "Is it not a great pity when people find themselves agreeing so thoroughly in their religious views and feelings that they should still be separated by being divided into different sects. Why," she continued, "should Christians be estranged from each other simply because they hold some opinions different from each other on some religious doctrine which neither of them understand?"

"That is all very true," said Elder Pickle, "but conscientious men cannot very easily give up their convictions. I have a strong conviction that a certain doctrine is right; another, equally conscientious, believes that another doctrine is right. Would it be right for either of us to act contrary to our convictions?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Graham; "but it is not necessary that we should go against our convictions, or that Christians should hold exactly the same opinions on all doctrines to enjoy Christian fellowship. For example, you conscientiously believe that immersion is the right mode of baptism. I believe that the mode is not essential and that sprinkling or pouring answers equally well. I believe that it is proper to baptize infants—you do not. Why should you compel me to adopt your mode before you can admit me to the Lord's table? or why should I compel you to adopt infant baptism before I can hold Christian fellowship with you?"

Elder Pickle then replied: "We act precisely the same as you do in the matter—we do not admit any to the communion table who are not baptized. You do precisely the same."

"That is a mistake," said Miss Graham. "We invite all who may be willing to communicate with us to do so. We look upon the communion table as the Lord's and not ours. We invite those who may wish to communicate to examine themselves as to their religious condition, and it is a matter between their own souls and God."

"But do you not examine candidates for church membership as to a spiritual change before admitting them?" said Elder Pickle.

"Certainly," said Miss Graham. "We examine those over whom we are to have the spiritual oversight, but those who have been received by other bodies we pre-

sume have been examined, and hence we simply invite them to come. A Baptist requires to make no change whatever to unite with us. He may believe in immersion and practise it, and if he believes it to be his duty to withhold baptism from his children we do not interfere. He is at liberty to act according to his conscience."

Elder Pickle made no reply. At this point Jock Smithers poked his head into the room, and turned back and ran to the wife of Fairbank, and said: "What dae ye think? That big man wae the bunch o' black hair ower his upper lip is trying tae koort Jeannie Graham."

"What gars ye think that?" said the wife of Fairbank.

"His face was na' passin' sax inches frae hers when I ga'ed in," said Jock.

"Weel!" said the wife of Fairbank, "I maun gang in mysel' an' see aboot that." After she had warmly greeted and welcomed Elder Pickle, she told them Jock's opinion of their conduct.

This seemed to be a stunner to the good elder. He said nothing in reply, but was soon relieved from his embarrassment by the laird and Mr. Flint and Dr. Hale coming in. Mr. Flint introduced the subject which they had for some time been discussing. He said: "I sometimes feel at a loss to decide whether you'll make the heathens all Christians or us all heathens."

"I am surprised," said Crankie, "that you should fancy that you see an attempt at either. I simply hold

the same doctrine as was taught by Christ and His apostles —'That God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.'"

"That is capable of being construed into a pretty broad creed," said Mr. Flint.

"There is just as much danger of this being misconstrued by your narrow school as by the broad school. The gospel is adapted to all men in all ages, and we must not lose sight of that. In the time of Christ and His apostles there were many earnest, sincere seekers after salvation who were not suspected by the apostles of taking any interest in religion. Peter, after all that he had seen and heard from the Master himself, and being so plainly commanded with the other ten apostles to go and preach the gospel to all nations, required a special vision to induce him to go and give instruction to the humble, pious, devout Centurion who was earnestly and sincerely seeking after God. Have not God's children been making the same mistake in all ages, viz., narrowing down the gospel and limiting God's mercy. Elijah, holy man as he was, thought he was the only child of God in the world, when there were seven thousand more besides. The Apostle John on Patmos thought he was the only representative of God's church in the world and that when he died God's church would die with him. He did not know of that great multitude, which no man could number, standing around the throne of God. That same light

which shone around the shepherds on the plain of Bethlehem shone on the three wise men, and in the form of a brilliant star guided them to the place where the infant Saviour lay. Those men from unknown regions in the far distant East were as anxiously looking for and expecting the Saviour of the world as were the descendants of Abraham. The question, so earnestly asked, 'Where is he that is born king of the Jews?' was expressive of the eager desire of all nations. The Spirit of God, who guides all earnest seekers of salvation in the way of all truth, guided those men to the Saviour, and it is an interesting fact that the first act of worship paid to the earth-born Saviour king was by those representatives of what were called the heathen nations of the world. When they returned to their own country they doubtless proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to those remote nations, and if there is any truth in the tradition that those men were from parts of the world widely remote from each other—that they had been guided to each other by heavenly signs, and then jointly undertaken the journey—the glad tidings of salvation must have been widely proclaimed among the remote nations of the East. It is an interesting fact that the first worshippers of Christ after he had become incarnate and the first preachers of his gospel were found among the heathen nations."

"We have nothing to do with tradition," said Mr. Flint, "and we have nothing in the Scriptures about the wise men of the East preaching the gospel."

"Very true," said Crankie, "but the invariable effect produced by the gospel upon all who receive it is to create a desire in them to make it known to others, and for those wise men to have undertaken that journey and undergone all the toil and danger connected with it, and after they had found the object of their search to have failed to make it known to others would be contrary to all experience, but you are not alone in seeking to limit God's mercy and the operations of his gospel."

Aleck then said: "Dugald McTavish was of the same opinion when he said to the minister: 'There's nane that's soon roon' here only my ain sel' an' Donald Ross, an' I'm no' jist shure aboot Donald.'"

There was a general laugh, and even Crankie was seen to smile. The wife of Fairbank reminded Aleck that he never could keep his tongue quiet.

Elder Pickle then said: "Though it is our duty to be charitable to all, we must beware of laying down easier terms of salvation than God has given us. We must not forget that 'strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it.'"

While speaking he was observed once or twice to glance his eye at Miss Graham to see if his speech was meeting with her approval.

The wife of Fairbank then said: "The gate is strait an' narrow as far as sinners are concerned, but it's broad enough to admit all true, sincere believers, though they may differ in opinion as to whether they should be bap-

tized by immersion or sprinkling, or whether they've got their children baptized or not."

Elder Pickle was about to reply, but when he cast his eye on Miss Graham, he suddenly stopped. The laird cried out: "Weel din, guid wife. I was feert' ye had lost your tongue, but I see ye hae something tae say yet."

The wife of Fairbank reminded the laird that he was "aye haverin' (speaking nonsense) an' could na' keep his tongue quate," and then added: "I think, John, ye had better tak' your lantern an' gang (go) awa tae the barn an' see if aw's richt there."

John was soon on his way singing as merrily as usual the same old tune. Elder Pickle took his leave and the little group separated.

CHAPTER XV.

Nature of Christ's Kingdom—Arminianism and Calvinism Compared—Elder Pickle and Jeannie Graham—Mr. Bounce gives Elder Pickle the Bounce—He Unites with the Presbyterian Church—Settlement and Marriage.

A FEW days afterwards Elder Pickle was again seated in the parlour at Fairbank. Miss Graham was at the piano playing the same tune as on the former occasion. The Elder was no sooner seated than he began to comment on Jock's conduct in carrying out such a report to the kitchen.

Miss Graham said that as he was not quite all there no one minded him.

"He raised a big laugh at our expense, anyway," said Elder Pickle.

The conversation then turned to the subject which they had been discussing on the previous evening.

"I have felt much interest," said Miss Graham, "in those incidents which you related the last time you were here. It appears to me that the Scriptures encourage the hope that our departed friends minister to us. What can the ninth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelations mean only this? The angel that showed John all those things declared that he was his fellow servant and of his brethren the prophets and of them that kept the sayings of the prophecy of that book."

"It appears to agree with the declaration of Paul," said Elder Pickle, "when he said, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?'"

"It is a sweet, comforting thought," said Miss Graham, "that those departed ones who have been near and dear to us are not separated from us, but may still be near us, taking an active interest in our welfare. It is a great source of happiness to me to cherish the hope that my dear departed brother may be still near to me, and taking an active interest in me."

"I am glad," said Elder Pickle, "to find that we so entirely agree on that subject. It is much more pleasant to talk on a subject on which we agree than one on which we differ, such as baptism."

"I am not sure," said Miss Graham, "that we differ so widely after all, even on that subject. There is not an opinion held by the Baptists which they are not free to hold and practise in the Presbyterian or Methodist churches, and indeed there are many in the Presbyterian church who hold such views quite as strongly as the Baptists and they are not in any way interfered with. I regret to have to say that it is with the Baptists that the responsibility for the difference lies. We recognize their baptism. They refuse to receive ours. Whether do they question our sincerity or our intelligence? Are there not as good scholars in the other churches as in the Baptist church? And why should they be more hampered by

prejudice? Rest assured there is no other way in which a union can be brought about than by leaving this an open question. We have nothing to concede. We have already conceded all. The Baptists are required to concede nothing. They can hold their own opinions on the subject. All they require to do is to allow us to do the same."

"I was not aware," said Elder Pickle, "that we were so near together. I always thought the question between us was sprinkling or immersion, which shall it be?"

"Not at all," said Miss Graham. "It is simply a question of reciprocity. Can we commune on equal terms or not? We accept your baptism. You refuse to accept ours. Until you are willing to reciprocate nothing can be done."

At this point Jock Smithers poked his head into the parlour, turned and went to the wife of Fairbank, and said: "That tall, black-whiskered man is there tryin' tae koort Jeannie Graham again, but his head is no' just quite sae close tae hers as it was the ither time."

"Hoot, gang awa' wae your haverin'," (speaking nonsense), said the wife of Fairbank.

She then rose and went into the parlour to greet Elder Pickle. The Elder then said:

"We have just been talking over the differences between us, and the terms on which a union might be accomplished."

"Weel," said the wife of Fairbank, "Jock was just tellin' us that ye were koortin', but I did'na think ye were gettin' on quite sae fast as to be speaking aboot a union already."

"Hoot, Auntie," said Miss Graham, "you're always at your nonsense. You know well enough what he means. You're always so ready to construe people's meaning to suit yourself."

"You need'na say," said the wife of Fairbank, "that a union between the two o' you would either suit me or otherwise. I have naething tae dae wae either o' ye, but Jock cam in an' said ye were koorting, an' when I came in ye were speakin' aboot a union. Hoo was I tae be blamed for understannin' it the way I did? But jokin' aside, I'm verra glad tae hear that ye were speakin' aboot a union. I mean the ither kine o' union noo. I've been many a time surprised that such a zealous, pious body o' Christians as the Baptists should cut themselves off frae fellowship wae ither Christians without any cause. Hoo can ye fail tae see that ye might dae a great deal mair guid if ye were united wae ithers? I'm share ye must see that thae differences amang Christians are a standing reproach, an' infidels are continually throwing them up tae professors."

"But it is not fair to lay all the blame on the Baptists," said Elder Pickle. "Why do not the Presbyterians and Methodists and Episcopalians unite?"

"They do at communions," said the wife of Fairbank.

"But what of the Episcopalians?" said Elder Pickle. "Do not they hold themselves more aloof from other Christians than the Baptists?"

"They admit others tae their communion. I've taken the communion with them myself. But where thae differences dae the maist ill is on the foreign mission field. When the heathen see the missionaries divided an' refusin' to communicate wae yin anither, because they dinna agree on the mode o' baptism, it has a bad effect."

At this time the laird and Mr. Flint and Dr. Hale came into the parlour. Elder Pickle referred to the subject which they had been discussing. Crankie took precisely the same ground as had been taken by the wife of Fairbank and Miss Graham. He then went on to say:

"It is quite evident from our Lord's teaching that His design was that the church should be one, that those divisions are contrary to His will and commandment. And is it not a little remarkable that the first act of worship addressed directly to Christ which we have recorded was by heathen, viz: the wise men of the east. The gospel was for all nations. It was always offered to all nations in every age of the world. In every land and every age all who believed and obeyed it have been saved, and none have ever been lost from any other cause than rejecting the gospel. Jesus Christ has always been the way and the truth and the life. There has never been any other way of coming to the Father but by Him, and that way has always been open to all in every age of the

world, from the time of Adam to the present. During the days of the apostles this unity was preserved. Their motto was: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.'"

"The unity was not so complete," said Elder Pickle. "We find that Paul and Barnabas differed when they were but a short time engaged in the work and took different ways."

"Very true," said Crankie, "but they did not call themselves by different names or teach any different doctrines or seek to establish rival societies under different names."

"They had not at that time," said Elder Pickle, "three different baptisms. All Christians used the one."

"I thought," said Crankie, in a rather more "crankie" style than usual, "that we had settled that question before. We have not three baptisms, but three modes of baptism, and if there had been fifty modes it would not in any way alter the case. You prefer one mode and call it the only one. We leave the mode an open question. If the high ideal of that kingdom which Christ came to establish in the world is ever to be realized we must cease to separate ourselves from our brethren for such trivial causes, and a broader charity for our brethren must prevail. That kingdom was to be established on totally different lines from any organization ever known hitherto in the world. All the religious communities that had ever been established in the world had been formed on totally different conceptions. The state was

the religious unit in them all. To the state was attached the sacredness which we now attach to the church. The gods were the divine guardians of the land. Their worship was conducted by public officials at the expense of the government. The chief of the state was the high priest. In a system so firmly organized the rights of the private individual were not recognized, liberty of conscience was not thought of. Private was merged in public worship. Access to God was only possible through a state priesthood. Every man's faith was fixed for him by officers of the state, who alone were authorized to interpret the will of heaven. Dissent was treason. In short, the individual was swallowed up in the social fabric of which he was a part. There was no religious community in the world of which the social authority was not the foundation. Even the religion of God's ancient people was on the same principle. Though under the teaching of the Old Testament religion became more and more an inward, spiritual, personal relationship between the soul and God, yet it never freed itself from state control. Everything in faith and morals as well as government was prescribed by public authority. Now, in express contrast to all this Jesus established His kingdom on the principle of individual freedom. This was a totally new departure. He begins by abolishing all human or visible authority in religion, and so each man is to stand alone before God, responsible to Him alone. He is to call no man master. One is to be his master, even Christ, and all who stood in

the same relation to Christ were to be brethren. This was to be in the most far-reaching sense the kingdom of God. Of all its parts alike God was to be the sole central bond. They were to be united to Him and through Him united to one another. It was to be a fraternity of the equal and the free. It was absolutely necessary as a first step to this state of things that every soul should be first reconciled to God. They must be first freed from sin and united to Christ, and they could then stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. The history of the church in its early ages shows us how unprepared the world was for this high ideal. Christ desired his people to build up a spiritual brotherhood of regenerate souls held together only by fraternal sympathy, but admitting that free exercise of those spiritual rights which He himself had purchased for every man, a brotherhood where every man should be taught from above, and enjoy free access to the family of God, and yield to Christ alone an unqualified obedience. But we all know what so soon happened. How soon the rights of the individual Christian came to be surrendered to a mistaken theory of the mission of the church. How the original deposit of Christian truth was vested first in the consenting traditions of apostolic churches, then in the great patriarchates, then in the general councils, last in the see of Rome. The access of the soul to divine grace was restricted, partly to sacramental channels in the hand of a priesthood, partly to the services of what was called the orthodox

church. The clergy assumed the absolute control even over morals by the binding decisions of canon law and by the direction of consciences through the confesssional. A visible external authority grew up in Christendom which supplanted the free fraternity of equal sons of God as Christ had founded it by another system of spiritual rule as vexatious and tyrannical as rabbinism. Under that vast power wielded by the mediæval church, arrogating to pronounce in the name of God and wielding an authority over the soul altogether irresponsible, individual religion was as thoroughly submerged as it was by rabbinism. Now, against this reimposed despotism the Reformation was a revolt, and out of that revolt, with its renewed assertions of individual liberty, sprang those Christian communities which exist at the present day. The object of the reformers was to restore the church to that condition in which Christ had placed it. Liberty, unity, and fraternity were the prominent features in Christ's church. The former they have fully asserted, the two latter have not yet received their due share of attention. The Reformation was the hammer which broke to pieces that despotism which had overthrown individual religion. It first rent Protestant Christendom from Catholic Christendom, then tore Protestantism into shreds. Hence we find Protestants broken up into a multitude of small sects, divided for the most part by petty differences only or by no differences at all, except the accidents of history. Surely the work of disruption has been carried on

far enough. There is surely a constructive work to be done in the church as well as a destructive. Though Christ began by dissolving all human authority and forming His church of individual units it was His design that they should all be bound together in the bonds of love so far as to form a spiritual kingdom. The present divided state of the church is altogether contrary to the design of the Master. It is surely time for Christians to seriously examine the differences and seek to devise ways and means to put an end to them and restore to the church that unity and harmony which prevailed in it in the beginning."

"That will be no easy task," said Mr. Flint. "When we look at the great difference that exists between Arminians and Calvinists I cannot see how either can change without giving up their principles."

"Do you mean to say," said Crankie, "that Arminians cannot be Christians as well as others?"

"I will give no opinion," said Mr. Flint. "God is their judge and not I. I judge no man. But I do say that the doctrine is exceedingly dangerous, and that they cannot be as good Christians as others while they hold such serious errors."

"Are you quite sure," said Crankie, "that they hold such serious errors, or that we are so capable of judging and understanding the points of difference?"

"If you come to that," said Mr. Flint, "I can prove that Arminianism is atheism."

Mr. Johnson, who had been present all the time without making any remark, now said: "You are willing to undertake a pretty heavy task."

"I can do it all the same," said Mr. Flint, "if you'll just give me your attention. We all agree that God foreknows all things. If He does not He knows less than His prophets. They could foresee and foretell what was to take place in the far distant future. Those things which were foreseen and foreknown must have existed in the purposes of God, hence must have been provided for or in other words foreordained. It is impossible to separate foreknowledge and foreordination. If we deny foreordination we deny His foreknowledge. If He does not foreknow He is not God. An Arminian therefore denies God and is an atheist. Arminianism then is atheism."

Mr. Johnson then answered: "Will you be kind enough to explain some of the difficulties in your own system? According to the system of Calvin that everything is foreordained, man is deprived of free will. It is utterly useless for him to make any effort to change the state of things in which he is placed. He is a mere machine. All the providence of God is a vast piece of machinery in which there can be no change, for all has been ordained from all eternity. Calvinism then is fatalism. That is brought about by the blind god Fatum. Hence Calvinists are followers of the blind god Fatum, hence infidels."

"Very well," said Dr. Hale. "You have both succeeded in proving each other to be infidels. It is a pity but we had Colonel Bob Ingersol here. He could shake hands with you both and own you both as brethren and neither of you could very well refuse to give him the right hand of fellowship. Pushing those mysterious subjects to extremes is the right way to make infidels. I am frequently astonished that ministers do not see the evil effects of pushing their religious systems to such extremes. But I must say that the extreme Calvinist finds himself in the most doubtful company."

"How is that?" said Mr. Flint.

"I noticed that in Owen's discussion with Alex. Campbell he continually asserted that the greater part of the evils of life were traceable to the doctrine of free will. He argued that man was controlled by a necessity, and that he is not responsible for his actions. Campbell was under the necessity of defending the doctrine of free will."

"But," said Mr. Flint, "Calvin teaches man's free will."

"Free will was excluded," said Dr. Hale, "in the way you put your arguments, but you may not have done Calvin's system justice."

"Well," said Crankie, "there is always that difficulty in pushing any system to an extreme. There are many who look upon Calvin's system as teaching nothing but fatalism, and others view the Arminian as teaching noth-

ing but man's ability. It would be well to consider that Calvin wrote a complete system of theology, embracing all the doctrines contained in the Scriptures, that Arminius was a pupil and warm admirer of Calvin, and that he was frequently heard to declare that next to the Bible, there were no writings in the world from which he had derived so much benefit. Those two great and good men were entirely agreed on all the doctrines of the Bible except that mysterious and incomprehensible one called predestination. Arminius, with many others, thought Calvin's exposition of this doctrine too rigid, and at the request of a number who agreed with him he gave an exposition of this doctrine which he hoped would free it from many of the objections which were urged against it and make it more acceptable to the church generally. Their followers on both sides have drifted much farther apart than the authors ever did. In the doctrines of our church man's free will is not denied."

"But the arguments used by Dr. Brown of Haddington to prove that Arminianism is atheism cannot be easily answered," said Mr. Flint.

"Quite true," said Crankie, "but you find it just as impossible to disprove the arguments against Calvinism."

Aleck had been sitting listening attentively. He then came forward with Hodge's "Outlines of Theology" in his hand and said: "I'm afraid, Uncle, you're not altogether sound. Every good Presbyterian must sub-

scribe to what Calvin says on that subject. I'll just read, if you like, the five points."

He then proceeded and read :—

"First: That God, from all eternity, determined to bestow salvation on those whom He foresaw would persevere unto the end in their faith in Christ Jesus, and to inflict everlasting punishment on those who should continue in their unbelief and resist unto the end His divine succors.

"Second: That Jesus Christ, by His death and sufferings, made an atonement for the sins of all mankind in general, and of every individual in particular; that, however, none but those who believe in Him can be partakers of this divine benefit.

"Third: That true faith cannot proceed from the exercise of our natural faculties and powers, nor from the force and operation of free will, since man, in consequence of his natural corruption, is incapable either of thinking or of doing any good thing, and that therefore it is necessary to his conversion and salvation that he be regenerated and renewed by the operation of the Holy Ghost, which is the gift of God through Jesus Christ.

"Fourth: That this divine grace or energy of the Holy Ghost, which heals the disorder of a corrupt nature, begins, advances and brings to perfection every thing that can be called good in man; and that consequently all good works, without exception, are to be attributed to God alone, and to the operation of His

grace; that, nevertheless, this grace does not force the man to act against his inclination, but may be resisted and rendered ineffectual by the perverse will of the impenitent sinner.

"Fifth: That they who are united to Christ are thereby furnished with abundant strength and with succors sufficient to enable them to triumph over the seductions and the allurements of sin and temptation."

"Now, you see what a reasonable doctrine that is," said Mr. Flint. "There is nothing but what recommends itself to every reasonable being. God's sovereignty and man's free agency, with the necessity of the regenerating influence of God's Holy Spirit are all fully recognized."

"I wonder ye dinna see," said the wife of Fairbank, "that what Aleck has gi'en you is no Calvin's five points at au'. They are the five points o' Arminius."

Mr. Flint, without waiting to reply, eagerly snatching the book out of Aleck's hand, looked at it, and threw it down in disgust. We may say by way of apology for Mr. Flint that he had never gone through a regular course of training for the ministry. He had been an Elder, and as he always had what they called "a guid gift o' the gab," his minister had recommended him to Presbytery, and he had been got by a short cut into the ministry.

The wife of Fairbank then said: "I wunner ye did'na see that it was yin o' Aleck's tricks. He's aye up tae the like o' that."

"The mair like his mother he is," said the laird, and as he always made it a point to laugh at his own jokes he laughed vociferously at this.

The wife of Fairbank, then turning to the laird, said: "I think if I could'na mak' a better joke than that I wud quit it," and turning to Aleck, she said: "I would like if ye wud'na be sae free wae your jokes when you're amang auler an' wiser folk than yoursel'."

Crankie then proceeded: "It's quite true, as you said, Arminius teaches God's sovereignty and man's freedom, and so does Calvin. And to deny man's freedom would be to drive us into fatalism, and on the other side, to deny God's sovereignty would be to drive us into infidelity of another kind."

The wife of Fairbank then said: "I often think o' a story I read when I was a wee lassie, about a Jew, for they had their difficulties on that doctrine as well as Christians. He was greatly perplexed about it an' he decided to spend a day in praying for licht. After he had spent aboot the half o' the day, he happened tae look up an' he saw an eagle soarin' awa' toward the sun. It gaed out o' sicht, but after a while he saw it returnin'. An' he thocht, 'That's an answer tae my prayer. That bird thoct to reach the sun. It had tae cum back. I thocht to be able to understand that mysterious doctrine. It's as much beyond me as the sun is beyond the eagle.' I can never tak' ony satisfaction in hearin' folk arguin' on't. I'm always minded o' Jenny Linton's definition o' meta-

physics. Jock Tamson said tae Jenny, 'I heard our minister the tither Saubbath talkin' a heap aboot metaphysics. Can ye tell me what's the meanin' o' 't?' 'Weel dae I ken that,' said Jenny. 'It's speakin' aboot what ye dinna unnerstann tae anither that dis'na unnerstann ye.' It always seems to me tae be about the same when ministers begin tae try tae explain thae mysterious doctrines. Neither they nor their hearers unnerstann them. They perplex their hearers an' dae them nae guid. If they wud just stick tae the twa doctrines, God sovereign, man free, and gae them baith their fair share an' mak' nae attempt to reconcile them, they wud dae faur mair guid."

Crankie then proceeded: "The difference between Arminians and Calvinists would never have been so great if it had not become a political question as well as a religious one. At this time there was a war being carried on between Holland and Spain. There was an attempt made to negotiate a peace. It so happened that the followers of Arminius were in favour of peace. The war was promoted by the Prince of Orange. He joined himself to the Calvinists, who were in favour of carrying on the war. The Arminians were accused of being disloyal and of playing into the hands of Spain and favouring popery. There was a great prejudice raised in this way against the Arminians. This was one of the main causes why they were expelled from the Synod of Dort. Hence you will see that it was the political difference rather than

the religious which lay at the foundation of the alienation. We can all easily understand how it would be if our different religious denominations should range themselves with the different political parties. How impossible it would be to have anything like a calm, candid investigation. But as politics have now been to a great extent divorced from religion, it is possible to examine those subjects more calmly, hence the differences are not seen to be so wide."

Elder Pickle looked at his watch and remarked that as it was now getting late he would be under the necessity of taking his leave. The discussion was then ended for the evening.

A few evenings after this Elder Pickle paid another visit. Miss Graham was again at the instrument. It was evident from his manner that there was a warm attachment growing up between him and Miss Graham. The wife of Fairbank said that "the love was no' au' on the yae side either." Miss Graham was playing "Home, Sweet Home," when Elder Pickle came in. She stopped playing to greet him. The wife of Fairbank, who came into the room at the time, said that she could see that "Jeannie's heart was gaun' au' pitty patty."

Miss Graham asked her how she could know anything about the motions of her heart.

The wife of Fairbank answered, "Young folks' cheeks are often a tell-tale, an' let folk know what's gaun' on in the heart." She then withdrew.

Elder Pickle then said: "The old lady has got a pretty sharp eye."

"Yes," said Miss Graham; "she often fancies she sees what does not exist at all."

By the way in which she dropped her eyes when she made this remark Elder Pickle could easily see that her words did not just exactly express the sentiments of her heart. He, however, made no further remark on this topic, but apologized for interrupting her in her music and begged her to begin just where she left off, as he was very fond of that tune. It always made him think of home. After she had played for a short time he suggested a change. He said, "I fear that if I listen to that much longer, I will be impelled to pack my trunk and start for home."

"No danger o' that," said the wife of Fairbank, who had just come in. "The cord that's tyin' you here is ower strong. It'll resist au' the force of 'Sweet Home' played for twa hours."

"Hoot, Auntie," said Miss Graham, "you're always at your nonsense."

"Weel, weel," said the wife of Fairbank, "if I'm in the road I'll just gang awa' oot. I never like tae be in the way o' young folk."

Elder Pickle blushed and made no reply.

Miss Graham said: "Oh, never mind my aunt. She has always been a great tease ever since I could remember."

Elder Pickle then said that he had been greatly interested in the conversations which had been going on; that he had never supposed before that there was so little differences in the doctrines of the different denominations, and the more he reflected on the subject the more he saw of the importance of a union between the different religious bodies."

Miss Graham then said: "The main difficulty is that each one wishes all the others to go over to it. I heard a minister once say, when the question was brought up, 'It would be a fine thing. What a pity it is but all the others would come over to us.' There is no doubt but each of the others thought the same of his denomination. There must be concessions made by all if there is ever to be union."

"I think," said Elder Pickle, "that is a good deal the way with the Presbyterians. They want to make no concessions to the Baptists and yet they want union."

"I think," said Miss Graham, "I pointed out to you clearly that we want no concessions whatever. Baptists can continue in their own faith and practice, but you want us to admit that our mode is no baptism at all, and come over to your mode."

At this point the laird and the wife of Fairbank and Mr. Flint and Dr. Hale came into the room. They were accompanied by a Mr. Staunch, a near neighbour who was a staunch Baptist. He had been brought up a Presbyterian, but as he married a Baptist wife, he had embraced

her religious faith. He was one of those who, whatever he believes, it is with all his heart. He had heard enough of the conversation when he was entering to make it necessary for Elder Pickle to explain and tell them the subject they had been discussing.

Mr. Staunch then said: "Well, I have little patience with people who can believe such absurd nonsense as baby sprinkling. I can call it nothing but a piece of blackguard presumption." He then sought to impress his remark by giving a vigorous nod of his head. He then added, "I'm a man that's never ashamed to say what I think."

Elder Pickle blushed, hung down his head and looked at Miss Graham. No one in the company made any reply.

The wife of Fairbank then said: "I think we may consider that point settled."

"Just as well," said Mr. Staunch, "for no arguments can be brought to prove it. Some of your college men first began it because it was less trouble than the right way, and all the rest follow on, just as a flock of sheep follow their leader."

Crankie then proceeded: "We were observing, the last time we were together, that one great cause of the bitterness that arose between the two parties was caused by the introduction of politics into the question. But if we examine fairly and impartially the position of the two parties in relation to the question we will see that the

difference between them is in reality small indeed. If we take the seventeenth article of the Church of England and compare it with the Confession of Faith we will find that they are substantially the same. We may quote the article itself:

"'Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby, before the foundations of the world were laid, He hath constantly decreed by His counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom He hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ unto everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God be called according to God's purpose by His spirit working in due season. They who through grace obey the calling, they be justified freely, they be made sons of God by adoption, they be made like the image of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; they walk religiously in good works, and at length by God's mercy they attain to everlasting felicity.

"'As the godly consideration of predestination and our election in Christ is full of sweet, pleasant and unspeakable comfort to godly persons and such as feel in themselves the working of the spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh and their earthly members, and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things, as well because it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation to be enjoyed through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God:

so for curious and carnal persons, lacking the spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the devil doth thrust them either into desperation or into wretchedness of most unclean living, no less perilous than desperation.

"'Furthermore, we must receive God's promises in such wise as they be generally set forth to us in the Scriptures; and in our doings that will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared to us in the Word of God.'

"It is unnecessary to quote the corresponding article from the Confession of Faith, but any who have the curiosity may compare the two and he cannot be otherwise than satisfied that they are substantially the same. There are in the Episcopalian church to-day as pronounced Calvinists as are to be found in the world, and likewise those who are equally decided in their Arminian views. Both claim that this article which we have quoted bears them out in their position. The Arminians freely admit that God having foreseen what all mankind would, according to all the different circumstances in which they would be put, do or not do, He upon that did, by a firm and eternal decree, lay that whole design in all its branches, which He executed in time, hence they may subscribe to this article without renouncing their opinion as to this matter. On the other hand the Calvinists have less occasion for scruple, since the article seems more

plainly to favour them. The one side argues that the article as it is, in the plain meaning of those who framed it, does very expressly establish his doctrine, and the other argues from those cautions that are added to it, that it ought to be understood so that it may agree with those cautions, and both sides find in the article such grounds that they do not for a moment suppose that they renounce their opinions by subscribing to it."

"The Church of England, above all others," said Mr. Flint, "have a knack of expressing their doctrines in an ambiguous way. Some of them may mean one thing, or they may be explained to mean the opposite. This ambiguity was very convenient at the time of the Reformation, when the nation was halting between two opinions. The same men were Roman Catholic priests under Queen Mary and Church of England ministers under Queen Elizabeth."

"That is nothing against the doctrine," said Mr. Wilson. "It only shows breadth of mind on the part of those who framed them. But what would you suggest? Would you propose that Christians should remain apart and refuse to co-operate with or hold communion with each other, simply because a number of men, all alike pious, intelligent and thoughtful, fail to explain one of the most difficult doctrines in the Bible in the same way?"

"Oh, but Mr. Flint is a strong Arminian," said Aleck. "You all heard how ably he defended the five points of Arminius."

Mr. Flint hung down his head, and the wife of Fairbank gave Aleck a severe reprimand. Aleck expressed penitence, but it was quite evident that he was more than repaid for all the pain the reprimand gave him by the satisfaction he felt in giving Mr. Flint a cut.

Crankie then proceeded: "There are many points on which both agree. Both sides seem to be chiefly concerned to assert the honour of God and of His attributes. Both agree in this, that whatever is fixed as the primary idea of God, all other things must be explained so as to be consistent with that. Contradictions are never to be admitted, but things may be justly believed, against which objections may be formed that cannot be easily answered."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Flint, "that we ought to begin with the idea of infinite perfection of independency and absolute sovereignty, and if in the sequel difficulties occur which cannot be cleared, that ought not to shake us from this primary idea of God."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Johnston, "that we cannot form such clear ideas of independency, sovereignty and infinite perfection as we can of justice, truth, holiness, goodness, and mercy; and since the Scriptures exhibit God to us most frequently under those attributes, it is more becoming to fix on these as the primary ideas of God, and then reduce all other things to them."

"It appears to me," said Crankie, "that both sides are alike zealous for God's glory. Both lay down general

principles which cannot be easily disproved, and both argue fairly from their first principles ; hence there should be mutual charity and forbearance in these matters."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Flint, "that the practical advantages are on the side of the Calvinist. He is led by his opinions to think meanly of himself and to ascribe the honour of all to God. These thoughts beget in him a deep humility. He is also much inclined to secret prayer and to a fixed dependence upon God for all things. Such reflections are well adapted to cultivate a deep piety and cause him to live near to God, while the Arminian by his system is constantly tempted to trust too much to himself and too little to God."

"It appears to me, on the other hand," said Mr. Johnson, "that the Arminian has in his system, stronger inducements to awaken and improve his faculties, to fill his mind with good thoughts, to raise them in himself by frequent reflection and by a constant attention to his own actions. He sees cause to reproach himself for his sins, and to set about his duty in earnest, being assured that it is through his own fault if he fall short of the kingdom ; he has no dreadful terrors on his mind. The Calvinist must have, whether consciously to himself or not, some modified way of accepting the decrees, or all incentives to prayer would be removed."

"There are, no doubt, equal difficulties on both sides,' said Mr. Wilson. "Whatever may be our creed there is a secret impulse within all God's children moving them

at times to pray, and even in those who are not God's children there is in times of trouble and distress an impulse to look up to some being above and beyond themselves for help."

"I think," said the wife of Fairbank, "that the whole question may be brought within a nut-shell. We must believe that God is sovereign. If He is not, He is not God at all. We must believe that man is free. If he is not free, he is a mere machine an' he's not responsible for his actions. Baith sides hae their difficulties an' there's nae use o' tryin' to reconcile them. It's better jist tae let them alane."

Mr. Wilson then said: "I think the Episcopalian Church may justly boast of having a creed so comprehensive and liberal that all the different Protestant denominations that exercise any considerable amount of influence not only can but actually do subscribe to it substantially. The Presbyterians subscribe to it, or what is the same in substance, just as it reads. The Methodists, with the cautions attached to the seventeenth article, subscribe to it—and hence we find that between the Presbyterians and the Methodists there is no more difference than there is between the high and low parties in the Church of England. The Congregationalists agree to it, and if our friend Elder Pickle could agree to reciprocity and allow us the same latitude of opinion that we allow him, he could subscribe to it, and he could hold on to his own faith and practice. There is nothing in our creed which

in the slightest degree interferes with the principles of the Baptists. What do you say, Elder Pickle?" he said, turning round to him.

Elder Pickle looked at Miss Graham as if he would like to have her endorsement to what he should say. He then said: "Thou almost persuadest me to adopt that creed."

The wife of Fairbank then said: "I would that not only thou but all Baptists would adopt it."

The laird then said: "You'll see if Jeannie does na git him to come ower til't yet."

"Hoot! Ye're haverin'," said the wife of Fairbank. "I think it's time that ye were gaun awa' tae the barn tae see if aw's richt there."

The laird was soon on his way, singing as usual, and the discussion was ended for the evening.

A few evenings afterwards Elder Pickle again called at the Fairbank Cottage. Miss Graham was at the piano. He asked her to play "Sweet Home." She said: "I wonder you are not afraid that it will make you start for home."

"I am getting to feel too much at home here now," he said, "as you may begin to think from the frequency of my visits."

"I'm sure," said Miss Graham, "they are not more frequent than welcome."

She then began to play. When she had ceased, Elder Pickle said: "I wonder what your uncle meant by that remark he made the last evening I was here."

"I don't suppose he had much meaning to it, but he sometimes thinks he must try his hand at making a joke and he generally spoils it."

"After all," said Elder Pickle, "there is a great deal in what your Uncle Thomas, or Crankie, as they call him, says. It never struck me in the same way before, and from the way you put it yourself one evening, the more I think of it, the more difficult it appears to be to defend our position as Baptists. If it was with the question between sprinkling and immersion, I would be prepared to argue the case, but when I think of unchurching all who are not willing to come over to our way, I must confess it does appear to be a little high-handed."

"I am glad that you see it in that way," said Miss Graham; "and if I have in any way helped you to a clearer understanding of the question, I shall feel only too thankful."

"I was brought up a Presbyterian," said Elder Pickle, "but while I was a boy I never heard a single argument used in favour of sprinkling as a mode of baptism. My parents, and all with whom I happened to associate, appeared to take it for granted that theirs was the right way. They got their children sprinkled. Excuse me—I've got into that way while I've been among Baptists, but I must try and break myself off, for I cannot any longer see that it is right to deny that sprinkling is a mode of baptism—but, as I was saying, I never heard an argument in favour of the Pædo-Baptist mode. There

was a Baptist preacher who began to preach in our school house once in a while. I began to go to hear him pretty regularly. He was an easy, fluent speaker, and he got large congregations to hear him. I attended partly because there was a crowd going, and partly because I liked his style of speaking. As a matter of course, it was not long till he took up the subject of Baptism, and his arguments appeared to me to be unanswerable. He quoted our Saviour's baptism and that of the eunuch, and showed that they went down into the water and came up out of the water, 'and what could that mean but immersion?' he said. It appeared to me quite clear. One evening I was a little early at the school house, and I met the preacher alone. He immediately introduced the subject. I asked him how it was that when there were so many learned men in the Presbyterian Church and the Church of England that none of them could understand that subject but the Baptists. He answered: 'They understand it all right, but it came about in this way. In the fifteenth century the priests were careless and lazy, and they adopted this plan because it was easier, and as a matter of course, it was popular with the subjects. It was so much easier and more convenient to be sprinkled in their own houses than to go to a river to be immersed, and by degrees they began to extend the ordinance to children. If the other ministers did not know that we are right, why is it that they do not say a word on the subject?' At this point a number of people came in and

our conversation was broken off. That night, he took for his subject, 'being buried with Him by baptism'; and the way he put it, it appeared quite plain to me that immersion must be the only mode of baptism. A short time after this conversation, I saw our own minister. I told him of the crowds going to hear the Baptist minister, and was about to tell him some of my difficulties, when he said: 'O! they'll soon run themselves out. Their minister has very little education. The excitement will not last long.' I was about to ask him a question when he bade me good-bye and started; he excused himself by saying that he had a pressing engagement to meet and could wait no longer. I introduced the subject not long after to my father one evening. He told me that the Baptists were an ignorant lot, and that they were not worth minding. I began to tell him some of the arguments and asked how it was best to meet them. He told me that there was no use wasting time over them. I told him that the arguments appeared to be quite clearly in favour of immersion, and I said 'If the other ministers are not satisfied of that why do they not answer them?' At this my father got angry and picked up a brass candlestick that was on the table, drew back as if he was going to throw, and said: 'Noo, deevil tak' you, Donald, if ye'll gae me ony mair o' your nonsense, I'll throw this at you. I'm shair ye might think shame tae be gaun against your mother an' my ainsel.' My mother then interfered—told him he ought to be ashamed to get angry at the like of

that. He did appear to be ashamed of his conduct and the conversation was then dropped.

"I did not again introduce the subject at home, but I continued to attend the meetings and my father did not interfere with me. After a short time, there were several who applied for the ordinance of baptism. They said they were convinced that immersion was the only mode of baptism. I was one of the number, and we were all immersed. My father said nothing when he heard of it, only that I had made a great fool of myself. It was the custom in our little society for each of the members to speak in our meetings. We had what we called a mutual improvement society each week. At our meetings we had a passage of scripture which had been appointed the week previous to discuss. We were all expected to express our views. When the minister was present he took the lead and opened up the subject. I enjoyed those meetings very much, and as I always spent as much time as I could spare in preparing for them, I, in time, was able to speak with a considerable degree of ease. My father knew of those meetings, and he was in the habit of enquiring from some of those who were in the habit of attending, how they were conducted, and as he heard rather a favourable account of me, his pride was somewhat flattered and he offered no opposition. After I had been in the habit of attending those meetings for about two years, the preacher asked me to fill one of his appointments which was at a distance from home,

and by degrees I was led on till I found myself in the regular work of the ministry. My father offered no opposition whatever."

"Well!" said Miss Graham, "I do not much wonder at the course you took, considering the strange way in which your father and your minister treated you."

Mr. Flint was out that afternoon with the laird, Dr. Hale was away on a visit to a patient at a distance, and the sole task of entertaining Elder Pickle devolved on Miss Graham. She asked him if he had never yet examined the other side of the question.

He acknowledged that he had not. He said that he never had time and it had never occurred to him that it was a matter of any great importance that he should examine it—that he was perfectly well satisfied that he had the right mode.

She then asked him if he would be willing to read a small volume which she offered to lend him. He thanked her for the offer, and promised to read it carefully. She then gave him a copy of a small work called "Laura Clarence," and he took his leave.

Elder Pickle was so interested in the book that he read it through carefully three times. He then paid another visit to Fairbank Cottage. He found Miss Graham alone again at the piano. She asked if he had read the little book. He said that he had with great interest; that he had never supposed that the Pædo-

Baptist side of the question could be put in such a plausible light.

"That," replied Miss Graham, "is because you had not read anything before on that side of the question, and in that case, as a matter of course, the first must be the best."

"I was particularly struck," said Elder Pickle, "with the way in which he treats our Saviour's baptism."

"But the force of the argument used there can only be seen by Greek scholars," said Miss Graham. "If you understand Greek, of course it will appear in a much stronger light to you than it does to me, as I have no knowledge of the language."

"I have no knowledge of the language either," said Elder Pickle, "but I showed that passage to Mr. James, the teacher of our institute, and he said that the explanation given there was correct, and there was no way of getting around it without doing violence to the laws of the Greek language; and as this is the passage on which most of our people rest their whole argument, I feel somewhat unsettled on the subject."

"It has always appeared to me," said Miss Graham, "that many on both sides make far too much of the mode, and that in many cases in which the inspired writers speak of baptisms, they have no reference to any outward act whatever. Such does not appear to me to be in their minds."

"And to what do you think they refer?" said Elder Pickle.

"Simply to a change of life or conversion," said Miss Graham; "and it appears plain, to me at least, that the Apostle Paul, in Titus 3rd—5th, by regeneration meant baptism; that appears to be what our Saviour in John 3rd—5th meant by being born of water; and it is quite evident from perusing the works of the early Christian fathers that by baptism and regeneration they meant one and the same thing."

"You must then believe in baptismal regeneration?" said Elder Pickle.

"Of a kind," said Miss Graham. "By regeneration the turning from the broad road that leads to death to the straight and narrow road that leads to life, or the entrance upon a new life. The baptism with the water is only the type of the baptism, washing or cleansing of the spirit; and although it was never applied at all, if the spiritual baptism or cleansing has taken place, the lack, if from good cause, would not make the subject any the less a Christian."

"Is not that rather an unusual way of explaining the doctrine of baptismal regeneration?" said Elder Pickle.

"It may be," said Miss Graham, "but it appears to agree with the Scriptures and with the Christian fathers and with common sense. It makes the application of the water simply the type of the spiritual cleansing, and it is

an outward profession before the world that we have entered upon a new life."

"It appears to me," said Elder Pickle, "that by the term you employ, application of water, that you assert that the water must be applied by sprinkling or pouring, and hence preelude immersion."

"I cannot see how we can do otherwise and recognize the connection between the baptism by water and by the spirit," said Miss Graham. "Our Lord just before He left the world promised that He would baptize His disciples with the Holy Ghost and with fire. This promise was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. On that day Peter declared that event to be a fulfilment of the promise of the prophet Joel: 'I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh,' etc. This was the promised baptism of the Spirit. This is the mode of baptism which the Lord Himself used, and for my own part I would be unwilling to employ any other mode in the water baptism than the Lord employed in the spiritual baptism."

"There is considerable force in that," said Elder Pickle, "but after all it is hard for me to see otherwise than that, when Paul, in Roman 6th—3rd, speaks of being buried with Him that is Christ, by baptism into death, he had a reference to baptism by immersion. Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished ministers in the Presbyterian Church and an eminent professor of theology, admitted this."

"Dr. Chalmers is not considered infallible on this question, and it is quite evident that he never gave the subject the attention which most other writers have given it. It is quite evident from the context that the apostle was not treating of the mode of baptism at all. He was speaking of the new life, he was arguing against the supposition that a man might continue in sin because grace did so freely abound, that as they had entered upon that new life by being baptized into the body of Christ—that is His church—and thus united to Christ, they in Him had died and risen again, and were as completely separated from their old life of sin as if death and the grave were now between them and their old life of sin; that they were now new creatures in Him, and the way in which the water baptism had been administered, or whether it had been administered at all or not, did not affect the case."

"That is certainly disposing of the question in rather a summary way," said Elder Pickle. "We will leave that subject for the present, but it does appear strange to me that the church should adopt infant baptism without any command or example in the Scriptures; and then again, the order appears to be faith first, then baptism."

"That has been so thoroughly discussed in the little book which I gave you that I think I need not enter upon it now. You must have seen from its perusal that if the inability in the child to exercise faith should preclude it from baptism, it would likewise preclude it from heaven.

As Christ put away sin from the world by the sacrifice of Himself, I presume we will agree that infants are included; and if they are heirs of salvation, it is independent of their faith. If they can be saved, and go to heaven without faith, why can they not be admitted into His church and be received as His children here below?"

"Do you mean," said Elder Pickle, "that children should be received into the church before they are converted, or that conversion is not necessary before uniting with the church?"

"We must first decide what the spiritual condition of children is. You admit that they are heirs of the kingdom. If not, they are heirs of wrath, and all who die in infancy are lost. Do you believe that?"

"Certainly not," said Elder Pickle.

"If they are then heirs of His kingdom, and fit for heaven, is it necessary that they should some time cease to be heirs of heaven and become heirs of wrath? Has the devil been granted the power to pluck all the little children out of Christ's hands, and make them his own children. They must be children of the devil, heirs of wrath, before they can need to be converted. If they require one conversion they must require two. Christ says that none can pluck His children out of His hand, and that if they abide in Him they shall not perish. But if they abide not in Him they are cast forth as branches and are withered, and men gather them and they are cast into the fire and burned. It is the duty of the

church to keep those little ones in the fold. By baptism we simply recognize them as children of Christ, and pledge ourselves to do our duty to them, viz., to train them up in His fear and His love. It must make a vast difference in the way that we will do our duty to the children of the church whether we believe them to be heirs of wrath, children of the devil, entrusted to our care, that we may labour with them, and try to bring them into the fold of Christ, or whether we believe that they are now in the fold, children of Christ, fellow members of the same church with ourselves, and that they are entrusted to us that we may lead them and guide them along the narrow way that leads to life. It will have a wonderfully different effect upon the child to teach him that he is in the latter relation, viz., a child of God. I have always been deeply impressed by an incident which I heard a minister relate of his own life. He said that when a little boy about seven years of age, he went out with a number of other boys on the Sabbath and spent the afternoon in play. In the evening his mother called him to account for his conduct. He made the excuse which little boys are so prone to make, viz., that other boys did so, and that it was no worse for him than for others. His mother replied: 'It is worse for you than for others. When you were an infant your father and I took you to church, and we there consecrated you to God in the ordinance of baptism. You are God's child. We gave you up to Him. Your conduct to-day has been

altogether unbecoming a child of God.' He said: 'That thought never left me, and when tempted to go astray the thought always came to my mind, I am God's child. Such conduct would not become the child of God. This impression remained with me, and when I was old enough I expressed a desire to study for the ministry. My parents complied with my request, and I am now in the work of the ministry.'

"We all know that in the training of children in the ordinary affairs of life, there is no surer way to make a boy bad than to impress him continually with the thought that he is already hopelessly bad and can do nothing that is right. By such treatment every effort in the way of improvement is effectually repressed. On the other hand, if you teach a child that the path of duty is plain and simple, and encourage him by expressing your satisfaction with every honest effort he makes to do his duty, even if he should fall far short of it, you are taking the best way to make him a good boy. I know from experience how much it helps me in my Sabbath school work to have the impression firmly fixed in my mind that all the children entrusted to my care are little brothers and sisters in Christ, and that it is my high privilege to lead them and guide them along the narrow way which leads to life. I at one time held a different opinion. I looked upon the children as being outside of the kingdom, and I could not then labour with the same zeal or effect."

Elder Pickle did not appear inclined to carry on the conversation any further. Miss Graham saw this, and she went to the piano and proposed that they should have some music. Elder Pickle assented. They spent about an hour in singing and playing, then Elder Pickle took his leave.

On the following Sabbath Elder Pickle required to administer the ordinance of baptism. In his prayer, he prayed that the Holy Spirit might be poured out upon them, and that they might be all baptized by its influence. The subject was a young woman of a highly nervous temperament. She appeared to be nervous and excited. Elder Pickle did all he could to soothe and calm her mind by speaking to her in a comforting and encouraging way and assuring her that as she was obeying a command of God He would take care of her. However, when she was put under the water, she received such a shock that she fainted, and had to be carried to the shore. She, however, received the best attention from those who were present and she was soon restored to consciousness.

Elder Pickle felt considerably depressed in spirit over this painful event, and what added to his painful feeling was that a zealous brother, a Mr. Bounce, challenged him about those expressions used in his prayer about the pouring out of the Spirit and being baptized by the Spirit, and he ended by saying: "You have a right to be called a sprinkler."

Elder Pickle felt much embarrassed, and tried to defend himself. He said that all his expressions were Scriptural, and if any were inclined to criticise them and construe them into a meaning he did not intend, he was not responsible, and he abruptly broke off the conversation. Mr. Bounce was highly offended, and said if Elder Pickle felt himself above hearing a word of counsel from a brother who had only his good in view, he was getting beyond that humble frame of mind in which a Christian minister should always be found.

A young man, who was standing by, said: "I did not know that Elder Pickle was a Christian minister. I thought he was a Baptist."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Bounce, "that Baptists are not Christians?"

"O!" said the young man, "That is not what I meant. I meant the denomination known as Campbellites, who call themselves Christians."

"By taking this name," said the other, "they deny that others are Christians at all."

"That is not what they mean." said the young man; "but how much better are you? When you refuse to admit members of other churches to the communion, you virtually deny that they are Christians."

He then walked away, and left Mr. Bounce to his meditations. After remaining silent a short time, he said: "This all comes from visiting so much at Fairbank Cottage. I hear he has been going there a good deal of late,

and no good Baptist can go there much without getting his principles shaken."

There was a pert girl standing by, who said: "There's a mighty fine looking gal there, a niece of the old woman's. She plays the pianner like forty, and you know Elder Pickle likes music, but I rather think he likes the gal better. They do say he's mighty mashed on her."

Mr. Bounce tightened his lips and nodded his head for some time, as if he had caught a new idea. He, after a time, said: "I see—I see how it is. He'll get ketch'd the way Elder Jones did. He got to running to that Fairbank Cottage, as they call it, and the old woman set her darter arter him, an' they ketched him, an' among them they made a Presbyterian minister of him." He paused for a short time, and then continued: "Well, if he's so easily ketched as all that, why let him go," and he walked hurriedly away.

Next day Mr. Bounce met Elder Pickle on the street. He asked him to step aside for a little conversation. As soon as they were alone, he said: "I have just heard that you are spendin' a good part of your time at that Fairbank Cottage, as they call it, and that you have got in tow of that air gal that's a stayin' there now."

Elder Pickle replied: "I don't see that it's any of your business, Mr. Bounce."

"Well, as to that," said Mr. Bounce, "I suppose that while you are our minister, it is a little of our business how you conduct yourself."

Elder Pickle waited to hear no more, but left him.

A few days after this he again visited Fairbank Cottage. He related to Miss Graham the whole affair between him and Mr. Bounce.

When he had got through with all he had to say, Miss Graham replied: "I think you may now plainly see that with any denomination that bases its faith on such narrow principles, such difficulties are always liable to arise. You can see from conversations we have had that the sole ground on which you separate yourselves from other denominations and organize yourself into a separate body, is left an open question with Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians. There are thousands in all those bodies who hold precisely the same views as you do on the question of baptism, and they are never interfered with They have only to exercise the same charity towards those who differ from them, as others exercise towards them, and if all the Baptists would do the same, they might be united with any of those bodies without changing a single opinion. Before Episcopalians, and Methodists and Presbyterians could unite each of them would have to make some concession. It is true it would not be much, but something in each case would have to be yielded. Baptists would have to yield nothing."

Elder Pickle made no reply for some time. He, at length, said: "I think that if the minister under whom I was brought up had treated me a little differently, I might not have adopted the course I did."

At this point the wife of Fairbank came into the room. They related to her the conversation which had taken place. She then said: "I think it is little wonder that you took the course you did. I think it strange that your minister and your father should have acted as they did; but I know that a great many of our ministers treat the subject in that way. They think it just a waste of time to talk on it as they do not make it any test of church membership. So you can see that the apparent carelessness is caused by the broad view which they take of the subject, but if you see that you have made a mistake, what better way than tae set aboot rectifyin't. You're only young yet, an' if you live tae be an aul' man you'll mak' mare mistakes than that yet."

"Well," said Elder Pickle, "what would you suggest as my best course?"

"I think," she replied, "that the best thing you can dae is tae offer yoursel' tae the Presbyterian Church. They'll likely give you a short coorse o' study, and I think that as ye ha'e a pretty guid name as a preacher, they'll no gae ye a lang coorse, an' I'm sure it would please your mother and your faither baith tae see you come back tae the aul' kirk you were brought up in."

"Very true," said Elder Pickle. "That would certainly be a great satisfaction, but when we come to years of responsibility, we must be guided by our consciences in such matters."

"That's aw' verra true, an' you'll need tae tak' some time tae think aboot it, but I would like if you would hae a talk wae my son-in-law aboot it. He'll be in to-morrow nicht. I would like if you would come an' see him."

When I went in on the following evening, I found Elder Pickle waiting for me. My mother-in-law introduced the subject. He appeared to be quite taken up with the idea. I had a free and easy conversation with him, in which I put him through a kind of informal examination. I agreed to lay his case before Presbytery at its next meeting, and he agreed to be present.

The Presbytery assigned him a two years' course and promised to give him mission work during the time. He appeared to be much pleased with the arrangement. On his way home, he visited the Fairbank Cottage, and he related the whole matter to Miss Graham. He appeared to be much elated over his prospects. The conversation turned gradually to a subject which is much more interesting to young people. The wife of Fairbank once was about to enter the room, but when she saw that they were so earnestly engaged in conversation, she retired quietly without being observed. As this conversation only interested themselves, let us not pry into it; suffice it to say that it resulted in Miss Graham suggesting to Elder Pickle to "ask papa."

At this point, Jock Smithers went into the room. He ran back and said: "Ther's something gaun on there

that's no canny. That Pickled Elder, or whatever you ca' him, had a haud o' Jeannie Graham's haun an' his head was maist near enough tae her tae kiss her."

"Hoot! you great gaumural" (fool), said the wife of Fairbank; "you should na be gaun into a room where there's folk withoot bein' sent."

Elder Pickle heard the conversation and suddenly took his leave.

Elder Pickle shortly after this paid a visit to his parents. He had not visited them for nearly two years. Hence they were rejoiced to see him, but they were overjoyed when he told them of the change which he had made. When he was alone with his mother, he told her of his engagement with Miss Graham. As a matter of course, he spoke in the highest terms of her beauty and intelligence.

His mother, when she could find utterance, said: "O! how thankfu' I am tae oor Heavenly Father that you've been brought back tae the true fold again, an' that you'r gaun tae be a minister in oor ain aul' kirk. This is an answer tae my prayer. O! hoo airnestly I prayed for this. And noo it seems tae me as if I had nae mare tae ask, for my cup o' happiness is just foo'."

He was introduced to the minister—not the one who had been there when he left the church; there had been a change. He was asked to occupy the pulpit on the Sabbath. His mother wept for joy during the greater part of the service. And after they had got home, the

father said that he "could hardly keep frae greetin' (crying) himsel'." After spending a few days at home, he returned to his field of labour.

When he arrived at his boarding place, he found a letter from Mr. Bounce awaiting him. It was an invitation to attend a congregational meeting that evening. He attended. No sooner was the meeting organized than Mr. Bounce rose and said that it had come to his knowledge that their pastor, Elder Pickle, had of late given expression to sentiments that were not consistent with true Baptist principles, hence he moved that his engagement with the congregation should close at the end of the present term.

Elder Pickle then rose and said that he would save them all further trouble on the subject and would at once hand in his resignation, which he did. Mr. Bounce then said that though they had the resignation, that the congregation should still have the privilege of expressing their minds on the subject. He urged that a vote be taken. This was done, and the congregation voted unanimously in favour of dismissing Elder Pickle. He retired at once, and went directly to Fairbank Cottage. He told them there the result of the congregational meeting. I assured him that this was only what was to be expected, and that he had no reason to be discouraged—that employment could be soon found. I succeeded in getting him appointed to a mission station. He was quite successful in his ministry. When the two years were up and he

was licensed he got a call at once to the first station to which he was appointed. As soon as the ordination was over, the time was fixed for the marriage. I was asked to perform the ceremony. It was a quiet affair. Both parties were alike opposed to display. The day after the marriage they moved into the manse which the congregation had provided for them. They were surprised to find it completely furnished and a large party awaiting them. They received a royal welcome.

And now let us leave them.

LECTURE ON MUSIC.

AS this world is the habitation which was fitted up for the reception of man before he was ushered into being, it was to be expected that we would find in it a complete adaptedness to his nature and his wants. Though that complete harmony which originally existed between man and the outward creation was broken by the fall, we find still in the entire world of outward being a close and intimate relation to the five senses of man, especially to the senses of sight and sound. The three remaining senses—viz., taste, touch and smell—are more limited in their range, and have consequently just as much less to do with the spiritual economy of life as an intellectual and religious experience. The senses of sight and sound are pre-eminently conversible and social, hence, moral and religious in their relations, and of the two the sense of sight is more immediately related to the intellectual faculties or reasoning powers of man—the sense of sound to the feelings, the emotions and the affections. God has made this world which we inhabit a fit medium for both; so there is a black-board for the mind, a sounding-board for the heart. Hence it results that we have two languages.

We have first, the language of thought and reason, expressed in words which are for the most part the names of visible objects and of the relations which they bear to each other, and second, the language of feeling expressed in tones differing from each other in time, pitch, quality and inflection; or, in other words, by music.

This was long an unwritten language, but it is now written as accurately as the other. In speech, or vocal utterance, the two are blended. Words are gifted with an additional force or feeling by the tones of voice in which they are uttered. Hence the amazing difference between different speakers in speaking, reading or reciting the same words. Take for example Addison, one of the finest writers in the English language; in speech he was contemptible. Let us take some of the most beautiful lines he has ever written, for example, "The spacious firmament on high," etc., and let them be read by Addison himself, they would fall lifeless on an audience; but let them be read by a man more highly gifted in the emotional, like the late J. B. Gough, who could give to the words a proper expression, and he would impart to them a force and a feeling which would have surprised even Addison himself.

There is a vast difference in the tones of voice which we use in addressing arguments to the reason of our fellow beings and the tones which we employ in prayer to God. It may be that we are not ourselves conscious of the distinction; but the musician who is able to catch and

write down the tones which we use on both occasions could show us clearly that in the former case we use a larger proportion of whole tones, and those more coarsely measured, in the latter case a larger proportion of semitones, or more on the principles of musical notation. This shows us how closely our spiritual nature as creatures of feeling is allied to the laws of sound or music. As the apostle has expressed it, "The invisible things of God, even His eternal power and Godhead, are made manifest by the things which are seen." We have an argument for God more powerful yet in the things which are heard, or conveyed to us through the sense of sound, and it is in this, that there is a grand harmonic law of music which pervades this entire world of outward being and all things without life, woods, hills, mountains, rivers, and the ocean, are all gifted each with its peculiar species of sound, and are capable of expressing the feelings of the human heart, just as if God had made this entire world one vast sounding-board, one vast instrument of music, that our feelings might have play just as our understandings are exercised in the light, the form and the colour of things. What we are in the habit of calling the seven primary sounds of music, the musical scale, or the octave, are as absolutely and permanently fixed in the original appointments of sound as the seven colours of the rainbow are adapted to the optical laws of light.

We may hear the sea roar, when lashed by the furious tempest. We may hear the gentle ripple of the wave as

it breaks peacefully on the shore. We may hear the doleful howling of the tempest, or we may hear the gentle sighing of the summer breeze. We may hear the loud thunders crashing their way in dreadful majesty through the pavements of the sky, or we may hear the gentle patter of the rain as it falls upon the roof. Not only do these, but all the various sounds of nature, both animate and inanimate, whether the lowing of the ox, the bleating of the sheep, the singing of the bird, or the sighing of the wind, come to us as interpreters of feeling, but there is this peculiarity in them all, that they are pitched on what musicians call the minor scale, and are only capable of expressing the plaintive feelings of the human heart. They appear to re-echo the language of the apostle when he says, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain even until now—waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body. They appear to express the feelings of the human heart," when burdened with a weight of sin we groan beneath the load.

It is not at all probable that Burns, the Scottish poet, perhaps one of the saddest, though apparently one of the gayest of men, would have written those sad lines, the refrain of which was "man was made to mourn," had it not been for one sad incident in his life. It is said that when a young man he was under deep religious conviction. He was in a state of great anxiety about the salvation of his soul. He consulted his minister, but sad to say he proved to be a blind leader of the blind. Instead

of pointing him to Christ, he told him that he was only troubled with a melancholy, and advised him to mix in gay company and in this way he could soon drive away those gloomy feelings. The poet followed this advice only too well, and his subsequent life, so deeply stained with sin and so darkly clouded with sorrow, was doubtless in a large measure due to this sad error, which was committed at this time. If Burns had at this time been guided aright, had he been taught the true meaning of the first question of that catechism in which he had been so carefully instructed in his childhood, he would have known that man was not made to mourn, but that he was originally made to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever. It is sin which has caused him to mourn. Had Burns at this time found the way of salvation his muse would have doubtless taken a higher strain, more like Addison's beautiful lines, "When all Thy mercies, O my God, my rising soul surveys," or like David's "O, thou my soul, bless God the Lord." But as there is something in man which has survived all this wreck and ruin of the fall, something within him which responds to the voice of love and mercy from without, by which he is raised up from this low and lost condition, drawn from the horrible pit and miry clay of sin, his feet put on the rock Christ Jesus and a new song put in his mouth; so there is something analogous to this in nature. There is in the temper and quality of all substances a silent music, just waiting to be brought out, capable of express-

ing the feelings of the human heart, and it differs from those natural sounds which we have been already considering in being adapted to the major scale as well as to the minor. They are capable of expressing the joyous as well as the plaintive feelings of the human heart. There is a musical scale in the laws of the air adapted to the musical sense in the soul. There is in the temper and quality of all substances a law adapted to both, so that whatever feelings there may be in the soul, whether war and defiance, joy and gladness, grief and penitence, it can find some fit medium of expression; and it is something remarkable that this musical law operates according to the principles of the most exact science in the world, viz., mathematics, with respect to length, definite proportions and reflective angles. Who would suppose, if it were not pointed out to him, that the cord of the violin is stretched according to the rules of that most exact of all the sciences? Yet it is so. Given a certain length of cord and a certain degree of tension, and the sound produced corresponds with a certain note in the scale. Changing either the tension or the length and another note of the scale is produced. It is the same with the temper and quality of substances. The tuning-fork used by the chorister when made of given dimensions and tempered to a certain degree of hardness gives a certain note of the scale. If either the form or dimensions or temper be changed, it gives another note of the scale, but it always obeys the same law. It is owing to the uniformity of this law that

such a thing as harmony in music is possible at all. This law was understood at a very early age of the world. We are told that before the flood Jubal invented both wind instruments and stringed instruments, for it is said that he was the father of such as play the harp and the organ, while his brother Jabal was the father of such as kept sheep. So we see that the calling of the professor of music is as old as that of the shepherd. From that time to the present this law has been the subject of research, so that it has now been discovered that bodies of all kinds, wood and metals and minerals of all kinds, and even flints can be strung together in such a way that a tune can be played on them. A poor Italian boy of all work in a hotel kitchen, when he was deprived of his violin, of which he was passionately fond, by a tyrannical master, was in the habit of arranging the various kitchen utensils in proper order and by going among them with a stick and striking them, he produced music of such a high character that he attracted the attention of Michael Lambert, one of the greatest musicians of the age, and caused him to cry out: "Those vessels have a voice—they have a soul!" He immediately had that poor boy removed from the hotel kitchen, took him under his own instruction, and under that instruction he soon excelled his teacher and at length took his place among the greatest professors of music of his age. We will now pass on to its effect on man's emotional nature.

Many pieces of musical composition, such as the

"Marseillaise" hymn, have been the means of revolutionizing empires and of swaying the destinies of nations. The power of the third Napoleon during its palmiest days was never capable of resisting the influence of that air. It was prohibited during his reign. To have heard that air played on the streets of Paris by a first-class military band would have caused him more alarm than to have learned that a million of bayonets were arrayed against him. When his power was partially broken by the German war, it was those soul-stirring notes, which were not only the signal for that revolution which followed but were a potent element in that force which swept that empire away, with all its abuses, and established the present republic.

Without this influence, soldiers could not be, as they so frequently are, hurled squadron after squadron against the ramparts of the foe and be caused to rush into the very jaws of death. When the first Napoleon forced the passage of the Alps, a foe more formidable than any he had yet encountered, frequently when his soldiers were wearied and worn out and dispirited by toiling through the deep snow, dragging their cannons with ropes and conveying them over precipices and through mountain gorges that were impassable to horses, he found every means of reviving their flagging energies to fail except this one: it was to bring out a first-class military band, and order them to play the inspiriting notes of the *Pas de Charge*. Under its influence

pickaxes and shovels were wielded, they worked their way through barriers of snow and ice which had been accumulating for centuries, and finally triumped over every obstacle. At the most critical juncture of the battle of Waterloo, when it is said that Lord Wellington was praying for either night or Blucher, he ordered forward the 42nd Highlanders, hoping they would stem the tide which was setting in so strongly against them. He saw to his surprise and dismay that favourite regiment recoil under the fearful fire to which they were exposed. He asked his aide what could be the cause of conduct so unusual on their part. The aide answered: "It is because they have not their own native music. By the order of the day they had only the ordinary military band." The terse order was then issued: "Bag-pipes to the front!" and no sooner did they hear one of their wild mountain airs on their own native pibroch than all their Highland force and fire returned. They now rallied round their torn and bloody standards and were ready, in the language of the poet Campbell, to rush either to glory or the grave. Who does not admire that indomitable courage exhibited by the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava, when the Russian cavalry were hurled back, their ranks shattered and broken, like the wave which has dashed its proud foam on the rock. But perhaps we do not sufficiently reflect how far that splendid outburst of Highland force and fire was fanned by the notes of the pibroch pealing forth the wild mountain notes of "Hullin Megarra."

When the alliance was formed between France and England in 1854 to check the aggressive policy on which Russia appeared to be then entering, just before the allied forces embarked for the Crimea there was a grand review of troops on the Champ de Mars, Paris, and a splendid musical entertainment was given in connection with it. We are not to suppose that this entertainment had no other object than to furnish amusement to those pleasure-loving Parisians. It was intended to answer, and did answer, a much more important end. It did much to cement that alliance which had been formed, and to prepare the soldiers of those two nations, who had been for centuries enemies to each other, to fight shoulder to shoulder against the common foe. It was said that a prodigious effect was produced by the French band playing our own National Anthem, "God Save the Queen," while the British band responded by the soul-stirring notes of "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

It is especially potent in peace as in war. In April, 1875, there was a splendid musical entertainment given in Boston to celebrate the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The British were invited, and accepted the invitation, to take a part in it. They were represented by a first-class military band. It may not be generally known what a large amount of prejudice there was to be overcome on that occasion. This was the celebration of the beginning of that war which resulted in the disruption of that nation and divided it into two different and hostile nations.

When living in the United States, it was long a matter of surprise to me to find in some circles such a deep prejudice against everything British, and this feeling I often found in circles where they were intelligent in other matters. I had after a time an opportunity of solving what had been to me a difficult problem. I was for some time principal of a college. I must in justice say that though there are many colleges which would compare favourably with those of any other country in the world, this was not one of that sort. It was what our friends there would have called a one-horse affair. When I was connected with it I found myself very much in the position of the Irishman who consented to take a ride in a bottomless wheelbarrow, or what Pat called a one-wheeled buggy. Pat was, of course, forced to run along on foot. The frame simply served to keep him in his place. After enjoying his ride for a short time, he swore, by Jabers, that if it was not for the honour of the thing, he might better walk altogether entirely. I soon found that I had while in that position little more than the honour of the thing, and I was soon willing to step down and out. But while in that position I had the opportunity of solving that difficult problem. It was a part of my duty to examine and report on text books. A number of books on history were submitted to me. I may say that although there are histories to be found there, written by such men as Prescott and others, that would do credit to any historian in the world, there are, or at least were at that

time, cheap histories, written by cheap men, small histories written by small men, narrow-gauge histories written by narrow-gauge men, and introduced into small cheap institutions because they were small and cheap Those I examined were principally made up of what were said to be tales of the Revolution. In those tales, red-coats, as the British soldiers were called, were spoken of as as if they were wild beasts, and he was the greatest hero who could shoot the greatest number. I could easily see how impossible it must be to have the young trained amid such influences as these, free from prejudice. You may be sure that no such books found their way into that institution while I was there. Those red-coats that represented the British nation on that occasion, with their instruments of brass, gained a victory which they could never have gained with their favourite weapon, the bayonet. It was said there was a prodigious effect produced by the British band treating them to their own national air, "Hail Columbia," while the American band responded by our own national air, "God Save the Queen." But though we call "Hail Columbia" their national air, I am inclined to believe that, like "Yankee Doodle," it is a British production, we will not say purloined, but appropriated.

But let us hope that this event, with the centennial which followed, and many other favourable events which have occurred since that time, the most important of these, the settlement of all the difficulties existing at

that time by arbitration, have, notwithstanding any breeze that may arise about the Fishery Question, introduced a new era of peace and good will, which will be as permanent and enduring as the human race, and bury the last remains of those ancient enmities in a grave as deep as the ocean which rolls between.

But it is with its influence as an instrument of religion that we are principally concerned. As religion is addressed to our emotional nature as well as to our intellectual, to our feelings as well as to our reason, to our affections as well as to our understandings, and as we have already seen that music is emphatically the language of feeling, it must be clearly seen that it ought to hold a prominent place in religious worship. Many examples are given in the Old Testament Scriptures of its wonderful influence over man's emotional nature. None more wonderful, perhaps, than the effect produced by David upon Saul in comforting him and soothing his maddened brain. But we are not for a moment to suppose that it was the great musical skill of which David was possessed nor any excellency in his instrument which produced the effect. David was not there as a mere amateur player. It was the high state of religious consciousness in which he was. It was the prayer of faith and feeling which he breathed. It was the Spirit of God sweeping like a gale through both him and his instrument. His harp, his hand and his voice were simply the media through which the Divine influence was conveyed

to Saul, which was so effectual in driving away his melancholy and restoring him again to tranquillity. We read that on one occasion Saul was seized with the gift of prophecy. From the question asked in such evident surprise, "Is Saul the son of Kish among the prophets?" it is evident that he was considered an unlikely subject for such an influence. It is important that we should notice the circumstances under which this took place and the influence brought to bear on him. We are simply told that he met a school of the prophets coming down a hill with a psaltery, a tabret, a pipe and a harp, or in modern language accompanied by a band of music. We read that on one occasion, when the prophet Elisha was deeply depressed in spirits, he said: "Bring me a minstrel," and when he played the hand of the Lord was upon him. These and other examples which might be adduced show us clearly that even prophetic vision itself, as revealed in the schools of the prophets, was only a higher state of religious consciousness opened up and kindled by religious music.

Now, why is it that in our modern colleges and universities that science receives so little attention. Why is it that students are carefully instructed in the laws of light, and are only taught the laws of sound as far as they are related to mere external objects, while their relations to man's emotional nature, which is so interesting and important, is almost, if not altogether, ignored? Why is it that students in training for the

ministry are taught so many different languages, while this language by which the heart is most effectually reached receives so little attention? Ministers who are not trained in music are only partially prepared for their work. We have several excellent female colleges in the country, and they are doing a good work. Music has a prominent place in them all. But with the exception of those engaged in teaching, the knowledge of music there acquired, is turned to very little practical account beyond furnishing entertainment for the parlour. Now, there is no good reason why they should not be employed in singing the gospel while the men preach it. They could use that language which appeals most directly to the heart, while their brethren appeal to the reason and the understanding, and they might accomplish in an orderly and regular way what the Salvation Army is attempting in their own peculiar way, and there is little doubt but from woman's more highly wrought nervous temperament, her stronger emotional nature and her greater susceptibility to religious impressions, that just as she took the lead in bringing man down into this state of sin and misery in which he is at present, she would just as far take the lead in raising him up again and restoring him to a more glorious Paradise than that which was lost by the Fall, if the way were only opened up for her, and it would be by using that talent which God has so liberally bestowed on her in the way which has been suggested. In the German universities this science is cultivated to a

much greater extent than with us. Luther was fond of music and was a skilful musician. It was said that when cast down and dispirited, he was in the habit of taking his flute, of which he was a skilful player, and singing some of the grand old psalms, accompanying them with his flute, and in this way his flagging energies were revived, and that high state of enthusiasm to which he was wrought when he gave that memorable answer to those who sought to dissuade him from meeting the Elector of Saxony at Worms, "I will go, if there should be as many devils to oppose my progress as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses," was largely inspired by music. A minister in one of the Protestant churches in the United States visited St. Peter's church, in Rome, a few years ago. He said that when he saw the large multitude of worshippers that were continually to be found there, kneeling on the bare, stone floor, weeping and wailing forth their grief and penitence to the solemn tones of the organ as if completely swayed by its influence, he was impressed with a sense of the power of music as an instrument of religion, in a way that he never had been before, and felt more deeply the great loss all the different Protestant bodies sustained by not employing it more extensively.

When Moses was about to celebrate the passage of the Red Sea, if he had been guided by modern ideas, he would have prepared a splendid oration and employed his brother Aaron, who was an accomplished speaker, to

deliver it; but that was not the mode which he adopted. He wrote a song and got his sister Miriam, assisted by a number of other women with instruments, to render it. Now, let us note, the object was to produce a profound religious impression, and such an impression was produced, and let us note that women were the instruments. How carefully this part of the temple service was ordered is well known to all careful Old Testament readers. How accurately the different choirs were arranged, the one to answer the other, whether in the deep wail of grief and penitence, the soft response of love, or the festive sweep of joy and gladness, or all flowing together in one grand choral multitude of praise which might be supposed to shake even the rock of Zion itself.

And let us note that this Divine ordinance of song was ordained by God Himself: "And he set the Levites in the house of God with cymbals, psalteries and harps according to the commandment of David and of Nathan, the prophet, and of Gad, the Seer; for so God had commanded by the mouth of His prophet. And the priests and the Levites praised God day by day, singing with loud instruments to the Lord." It was probably in dedicating one of those anthems of praise to the temple service that the grand words of the 95th Psalm were employed, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," etc.

There was a vast power in that grand temple service. And, knowing its great power, there is little wonder that when Jeroboam raised the standard of secession that he

found it to be a political necessity to establish a new worship as well as a new capital for his kingdom. For, though he could bring more than a million of men into the field and could afford to sacrifice more than half a million in one battle, there was one thing which he could not do and which he dared not attempt—that was to face the music of those priests and Levites, as with their instruments they praised God in the temple. He knew that if he would expose his people to such an influence as this his claim to that kingdom would not be worth an hour's purchase, that their hearts would soon be won back again to the worship of the true God and their allegiance to their rightful king.

Can we find any piece of religious composition in the world that has exercised the same amount of influence as that small Book of Psalms? How much have they done in all lands and ages and under all circumstances in melting down the hearts of men, of inspiring their devotions, and aiding them in their approaches to God, and in times of persecution and trial inspiring them with courage to endure their great fights of affliction.

Though our lines have been cast in pleasant places, and at the present time, and especially in our highly favoured country, such a thing as persecution on account of religion is almost unknown, it was not always so. The time is not long gone by when, in the land from which many of us and our ancestors have come, men were hunted like partridges in the mountains simply for claim-

ing the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Let us take one incident. A small band of the faithful lurking in the Highland hills are suddenly confronted by their enemies. Just before the shock of battle you hear to Dundee's wild warbling notes or some other wild mountain air, the grand old words of the 76th Psalm, which was the watchword or battle cry of the Cameron clan. This was a force on which Claverhouse did not count. It is a force which is rarely estimated by military men, but it is frequently found to be potent in deciding the fate of battles.

But it is not in the storms and the tempests of war that their influence is most felt. It is precisely the same in the spiritual world as in the natural. It is not those forces in the natural world which are most potent to the eye and ear, such as the thunder and the lightning, the storms and the tempests, which do most in moulding and forming the earth's crust; but the gentle raindrop, making its way into the crevices of the rock, and expanding by the influence of the frost, bursts the solid rock, hurls it from its seat and sends it crashing and thundering into the plain, and by the same forces silently operating, the rock is dissolved to dust. This process going on century after century is gradually levelling down mountains, raising up valleys and gradually extending the arable surface of the earth. So those Psalms, operating in the lower strata of society in moulding the religious life and character of the people have in all ages

and in every country where they have been introduced exercised a powerful though secret influence. Such scenes as are so beautifully described in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," which were universal over all Scotland at that time, have done much to mould the life and character of that people and to give to Scotia's sons that influence which they exercise in every part of the world where their lot has been cast. If those Psalms have exercised such an influence in the form in which they have been handed down to us, weakened by being translated into another language so different from that in which they were originally written, and still further shorn of their strength by being turned into rhyme according to rhythmic laws so different from the original, it is left to our imagination to conceive what a vast power they must have been as they came from the hands of the sweet singer of Israel, accompanied with instruments of music and rendered by a choir under his own immediate direction.

We come now to the question, What place should music have in our modern worship? We have seen that it was an ordinance of God's own appointment, and it is generally conceded that none but He has the right to annul one of His own appointments. This is the way that we defend the ordinance of infant baptism, and I am free to confess that if it cannot be defended on that line, it cannot be defended at all. We have already noticed that music is the language of the feelings, hence while

the constitution of our being remains as it is, music must continue to be equally effectual when addressed to the heart and equally necessary as a part of worship.

Besides all this, I would ask if it is void of all significance that the grand proclamation of peace and goodwill to men, conveyed by the herald angels to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, was given in the voice of song. Are we correct then in asserting that singing the gospel, as has been so successfully practiced by Sankey, is an innovation? It is no innovation. It is simply returning to the good old way. The question may now be asked, should such aids be introduced into all our churches? That must depend altogether on the circumstances. We have shown that it possesses a great power, but that power must be consecrated before it can be acceptable to God as a part of worship. If we could get a minister to come before us every Sabbath with a piece of religious composition equal to the best ever penned by Addison, and deliver it with a force and a skill equal to Demosthenes and Cicero combined, if we knew that he was a worldly-minded man whose heart was not in the work, we would expect but little good from his ministrations and we would not be disappointed.

Precisely the same with the service of song. If we could secure the services of a choir modelled after the schools of the prophets, where every heart, every voice, and every instrument was thoroughly consecrated to God, where the instruments and voices are simply the media

through which the Divine affluence is conveyed, such a church would be in possession of a power which would be mighty for the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and of Satan. But, if these conditions are wanting, however excellent the voices and instruments may be and however great the musical skill may be, it is a mere musical performance, and little good will be accomplished. But though choirs of the former model may be beyond our reach we need not have them of the latter. Every church should make the best arrangements within its reach, always aiming at having as far as possible consecrated talent employed, so that all may be done to edification.

We will, before closing, briefly direct your minds to the bearing of this subject on the future life. It has been made a question with some, how far the happiness of the saints in the future life may depend on this exercise.

It must be admitted that our current representations on this subject are derived largely from the book of Revelations. Neither can it be denied that the anthems of praise that the seer of Patmos heard in heaven were mere visional anthems, just as the four beasts and the four and twenty elders were mere visional beings. Neither can it be denied that they have a reference to scenes of history yet to be acted on earth. But after admitting all this and making due allowance for all this they appear to encourage the impression, if they do not teach, what is actually transacted in the future state. This much appears to be clearly taught, both here and elsewhere in the

Scriptures, viz., that souls are organs of feeling, and if there is great feeling to express it would be strange indeed if the language of feeling were not there to express it. And as we have already seen that music is emphatically the language of feeling, it would be strange indeed if that language were absent. And though we may know just as little of those sounds that shall be, as we know of the bodies that shall be, yet there may be and there is likely to be a finer medium of sound, a more spiritual music, which those grosser sounds of earth but faintly image and represent. Just as there is a finer medium of body, what the apostle calls the spiritual body, of which those grosser bodies of earth are but the types or shadows, and as all things on earth are but types and shadows of those in heaven, and as we have already seen that there is a grand harmonic law of music which pervades this entire empire of being, what should that be to us but a prophesy and a promise that those celestial arches shall forever thrill with the ecstacies of song. As it is so beautifully described by the seer of Patmos: "I heard the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings, saying, 'Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'" Note the language. Many waters, mighty thunderings, grand chorus of both sea and air, wide and deep as both, vast as eternity, with all the clearness of purity, with all the fulness of love, with all the tremendous emphasis of righteousness, echoing forth their final Amen to the final judgments with which God shall wind up this final dispensation.

GLOSSARY.

Ain—own.
Ain sel—my own self.
Aul—old.
Authegether—altogether.
Aw—all.

Baith—both.
Bell—bald.
Bit—piece.
Buddy—body.

Cau—call.
Caw—drive.
Coors—Course.
Canna—cannot.
Coo—cow.

Daft—foolish ; crazy.
Dinna—don't ; do not.
Din—done.

Een—eyes.
Eneuch—enough.

Frae—from.
Fecht—fight ; struggle.
Folk—people.

Gie—give.
Guid—good.
Greet—cry ; weep.
Gurred—forced.
Grun—ground.

Hech—indeed ; truly.
Hoos—house.
Hame—home.
Haud—hold.
Hinna—have not.

Ken—know.

Licht—light.
Lane—lone.
Lee—lie.

Luff—palm of the hand.
Lug—ear.

Maun—must.
Mak—make.
Ma—my ; mine.
Ma—for certain.
Munny—many.

Na—no ; not.
Nane—none.
Nae—no ; not.
Noo—now.
Neebor—neighbour.

O'—of.
Oor—our.
Oot—out.
Ower—over ; too much ; too great.

Pate—head.
Pow—head.

Quate—quiet.
Quoth—says.

Richt—right.

Sair—sore.
Shin—soon.
Shoon—shoes.
Stickit—balked ; stuck fast.

Tae—To.
Tak—take.
Taen—Taken.

Unco—strange ; extraordinary.

Verra—very.

Weel—well.
Wunnerfu'—wonderful.

Yae—one.
Yin—one.

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